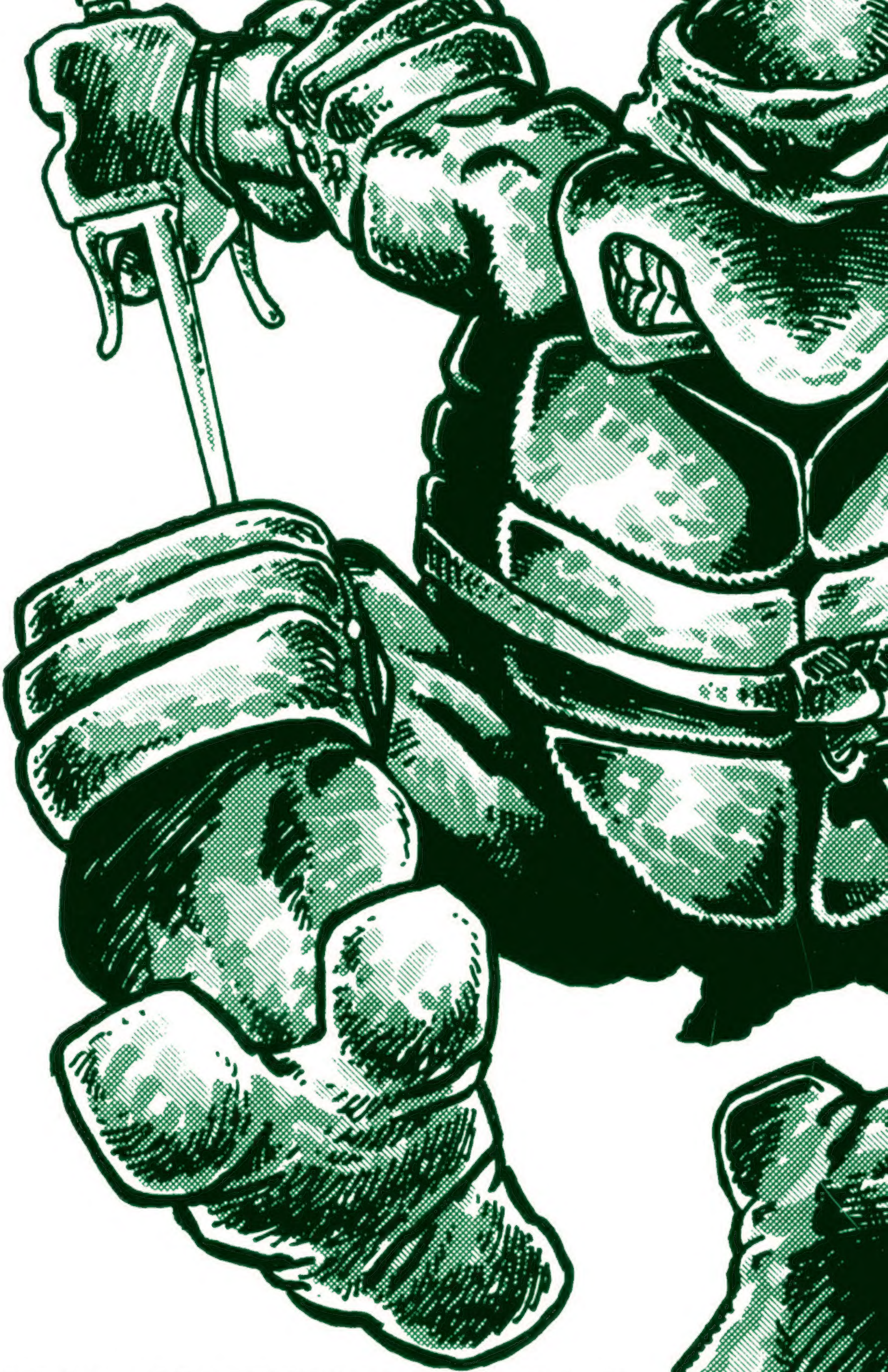
# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION, VOL. 1



# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION, VOLUME 1

COVER BY
KEVIN EASTMAN

COVER COLORS BY
RONDA PAMISON

COLLECTION EDITS BY
JUSTIN EISINGER
AND ALONZO SIMON

COLLECTION DESIGN BY
ROBBIE ROBBINS

PAGE ANNOTATIONS BY
KEVIN EASTMAN

nickelodeon™

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles created by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird.
Special thanks to Joan Hilty, Linda Lee & Kat van Dam for their invaluable assistance.

ISBN: 9781623022983 DIGITAL

IDW®

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales

Become our fan on Facebook facebook.com/idwpublishing
Follow us on Twitter @idwpublishing
Check us out on YouTube youtube.com/idwpublishing
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION, VOL. 1. AUGUST 2011. FIRST PRINTING. © 2011 Viacom International Inc. All Rights Reserved. TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES and all related titles, logos and characters are trademarks of Viacom International Inc. Excerpts from Peter Laird's blog at peterlairdstmntblog.blogspot.com © 2011 Peter Laird. Used with the permission of Peter Laird. All Right Reserved. © 2011 Idea and Design Works, LLC. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published by Mirage Studios as TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES Issues #1–7 and the one-issue RAPHAEL MICRO-SERIES.

PAGE 4

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #1

First Printing: May 1984
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
**The Turtles' origin is told.**

PAGE 48

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #2

First Printing: October 1984
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
**TMNT vs. the Mousers.**

PAGE 88

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #3

First Printing: March 1985
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
**The great chase.**

PAGE 128

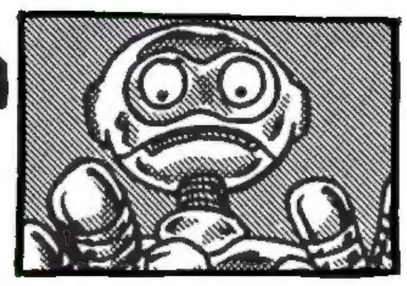
## RAPHAEL ONE-ISSUE MICRO-SERIES

First Printing: April 1985
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
**"Me, Myself and I."**

PAGE 156

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #4

First Printing: June 1985
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
**Rescuing Master Splinter.**

PAGE 196 

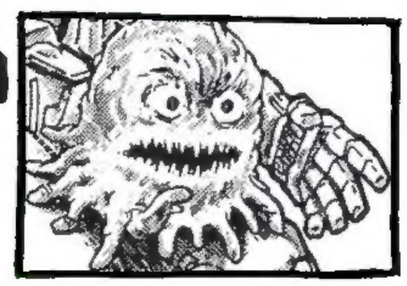
## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #5

First Printing: October 1985
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
Letters by Steve Lavigne
**Teaming up with Fugitoid.**

PAGE 236

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #6

First Printing: February 1986
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
Letters by Steve Lavigne
**The Triceraton Homeworld.**

PAGE 276 

## TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #7

First Printing: May 1986
By Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird
Letters by Steve Lavigne
**All is revealed.**

# EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

#1

MY NAME IS LEONARDO. WE MADE A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE. NOW WE'RE CAUGHT, OUR BACKS TO THE WALL IN THIS TRASH STREWN ALLEY. BARRING THE WAY OUT ARE FIFTEEN MEMBERS OF THE PURPLE DRAGONS, THE TOUGHEST STREET GANG ON THE EAST SIDE. THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL LET US OUT OF HERE IS IF WE'RE **DEAD!!**

I HOLD MY KATANA IN A RELAXED READY POSITION. TO MY LEFT, DONATELLO AND MICHAELANGELO FOLLOW SUIT WITH STAFF AND NUNCHAKU. RAPHAEL GUARDS MY RIGHT SIDE... I SENSE HIS BODY QUIVERING WITH TENSE ENERGY, WAITING TO BE TRIGGERED INTO SAVAGE, SLASHING RELEASE!!

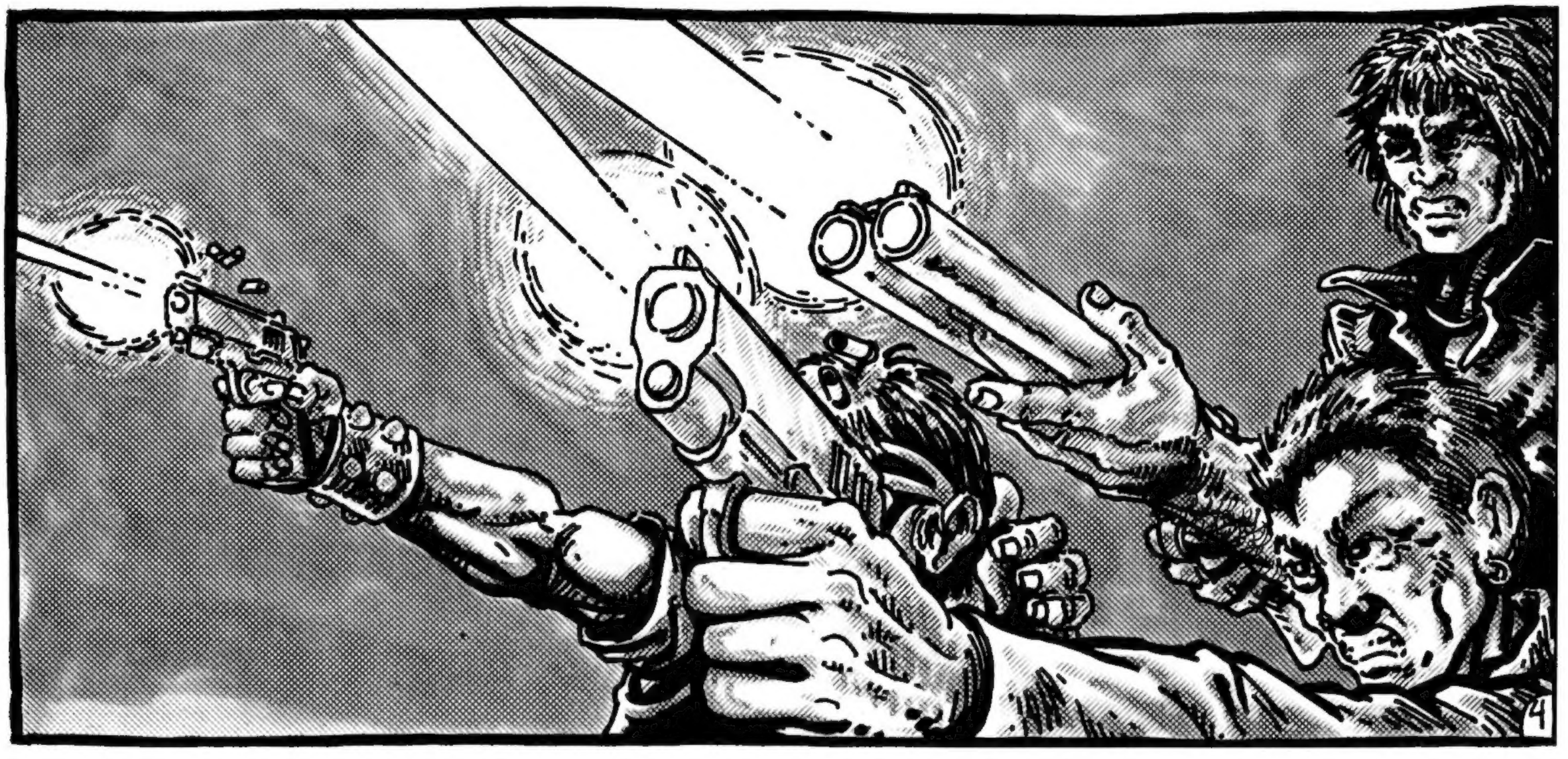
YOU'RE DEAD, FREAKS!! NOBODY TRESPASSES ON PURPLE DRAGON TURF AND GETS AWAY WITH IT... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE WEARING STUPID **TURTLE COSTUMES!**

HE'S WRONG...
WE'RE NOT WEARING COSTUMES.
EASTMAN and LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
2
3

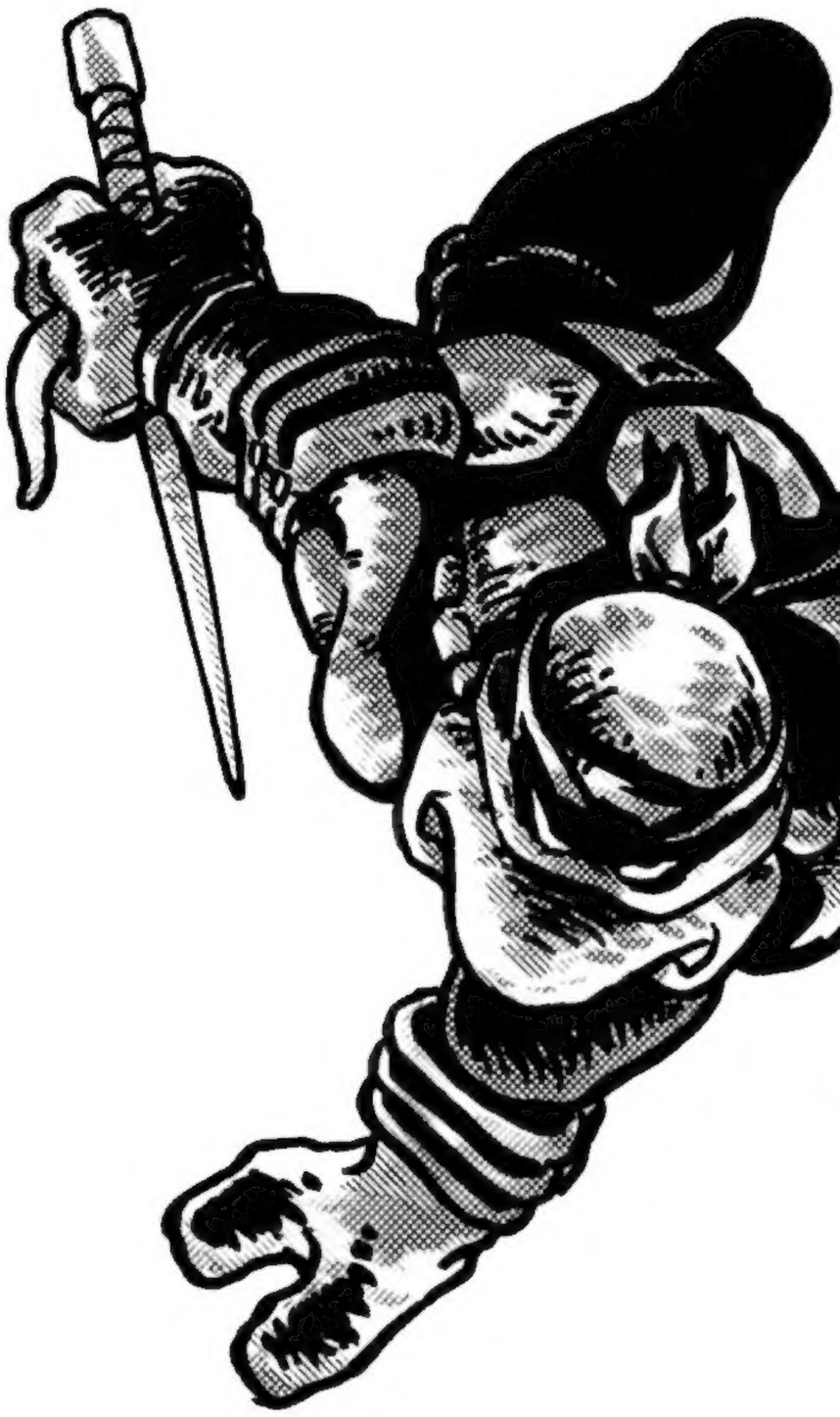
THESE GUYS ARE YOUNG, BUT NO ROOKIES. THEY'VE BEEN AROUND, TOUGHENED BY THE STREETS. THEY'VE FOUGHT AND BEAT EVERYTHING ON TWO LEGS IN THIS AREA.....EXCEPT US.

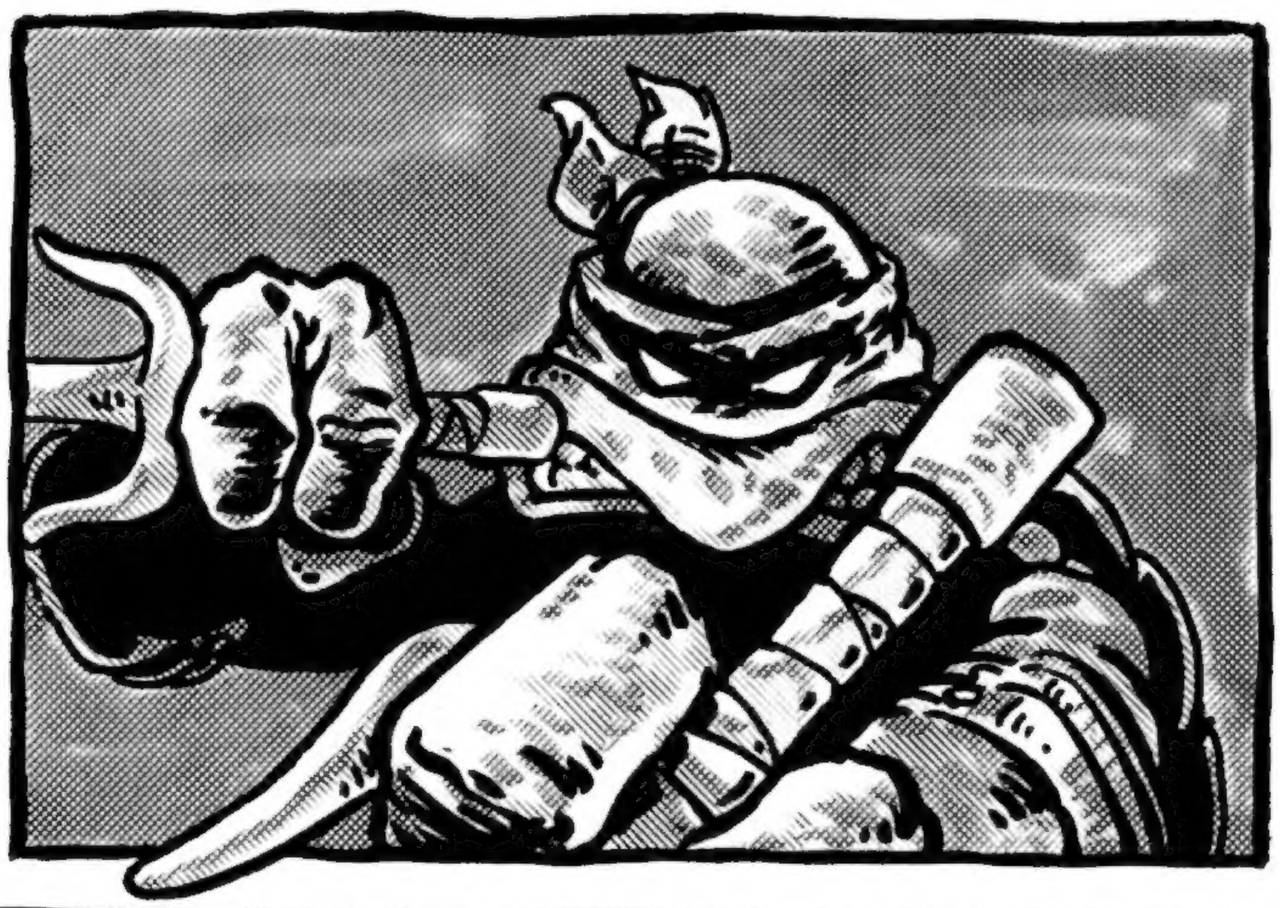
WE HIT THEM AIR-BORNE. I CUT TWO ON THE WAY DOWN. DONATELLO TAKES OUT A THIRD WITH HIS STAFF.

THE PUNKS DON'T WASTE MUCH TIME ON HAND-TO-HAND. THEY BREAK INTO SMALL GROUPS, AND OPEN UP WITH THEIR ARTILLERY!



RAPHAEL LOVES THIS STUFF. THERE'S A FLASH AS HIS SAIS COME OUT...





...THE THREE TOUGHS DON'T EVEN SEE THAT.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS--?

DON'T KNOW... SOME KINDA FREAKS!

BUT EVEN FREAKS CAN BLEED! CUT 'EM!

YES, WE CAN BLEED...

...AND SO CAN YOU!

OUR FIRST MAJOR SKIRMISH IS OVER AND WE ARE STILL STANDING. OUR TRAINING HAS SERVED US WELL... **SPLINTER** WILL BE PLEASED.

A POLICE SIREN WAILS CLOSE BY, COMING FAST. WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY WILL FIND ONLY WHAT IS LEFT OF THE PURPLE DRAGON GANG.

WE DO NOT LIKE TO RUN FROM THOSE WHO WOULD BE OUR **ALLIES**, BUT WE MUST. THEY WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND US.

THE STORM DRAIN BECKONS. WE ARE NEVER FAR FROM A MEANS OF ESCAPE...

...FOR WE ARE TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF **NINJITSU.**

WE STRIKE **HARD** AND **FADE** AWAY...

...INTO THE NIGHT.

THE STORM DRAINS ARE OUR HOME. WE KNOW EVERY INCH OF THESE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

KLAK!

CREEEEEEKKKK!

FOR ALL OUR YEARS WE HAVE DWELT IN THESE DARK DEPTHS...

...LEARNING, GROWING AND BUILDING.

AH, MY SONS... YOU HAVE RETURNED AT LAST! YOU HAVE FOUGHT..?

AND WON, MASTER SPLINTER. AGAINST FIFTEEN FOES!

AH, YOU HAVE DONE WELL. YOUR SKILLS ARE AT THEIR PEAK.

I HAVE FORSEEN THIS NIGHT FOR MANY YEARS. NOW IT IS TIME...

...TIME FOR YOU TO BE TOLD OF THE MISSION FOR WHICH I HAVE TRAINED YOU THESE PAST THIRTEEN YEARS.

YOU WILL LEARN OF MY LIFE, AND HOW YOU CAME TO BE.

THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS

JANSON'S HISTORY OF ART

CARE AND KEEPING OF YOUR TURTLE

THE NINJA

MY TALE BEGINS SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I WAS A YOUNG RAT, A PET BOUGHT AND CARED FOR BY MY BELOVED MASTER, **HAMATO YOSHI**. MY CAGE WAS KEPT IN HIS DOJO, AND I WATCHED HIS DAILY PRACTICE.

IT AMUSED HIM TO SEE ME MIMIC HIS MOVEMENTS....

BUT IT WAS MORE THAN MERE MIMICRY. SLOWLY I LEARNED HIS ART, **THE MYSTERIOUS MARTIAL ART OF NINJITSU.**

I COULD NOT HAVE HAD A BETTER TEACHER, FOR IT WAS SAID THAT HAMATO YOSHI WAS THE GREATEST SHADOW WARRIOR OF HIS CLAN.

HE WAS ONE OF THE FAMOUS "**FOOT**" CLAN, THE MOST FEARED WARRIORS AND ASSASSINS IN ALL JAPAN. ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE "**FOOT**" CLAN WAS **OROKU NAGI**. HE AND MY MASTER YOSHI COMPETED FIERCELY IN ALL THINGS, ESPECIALLY FOR THE LOVE OF A YOUNG WOMAN, **TANG SHEN**.

BOTH TRIED TO WIN HER, BUT FROM THE START SHE LOVED ONLY ONE: MY MASTER, YOSHI.

NAGI WAS INSANELY JEALOUS. ONE FATEFUL NIGHT, HE WENT TO TANG SHEN'S HOME AND **DEMANDED** THAT SHE LOVE HIM. SHEN REFUSED, SAYING THAT SHE WANTED ONLY YOSHI. IN A **JEALOUS RAGE**, NAGI BEGAN TO **BEAT** HER. AT THAT MOMENT YOSHI, COMING TO VISIT HIS LOVER, ENTERED THE ROOM AND SAW NAGI POISED TO **STRIKE!!!**

**SHEN!** OH GODS... NO....!

**HAH, YOSHI DOG!** IF I CAN'T HAVE THIS **WENCH**... THEN NO ONE WILL!

YOSHI'S WORLD VANISHED IN A **RED HAZE**...

...AND WHEN IT CLEARED, NAGI WAS NO MORE.

YOSHI'S SHAME WAS GREAT. BY KILLING ANOTHER MEMBER OF HIS CLAN, HE HAD DISHONORED HIMSELF. HIS CHOICES WERE SIMPLE, BUT NOT EASY: TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE AND HOPE FOR HONOR IN THE NEXT LIFE; OR FLEE WITH SHEN TO ANOTHER COUNTRY AND TRY TO START LIFE AGAIN.

HE CHOSE THE LATTER, TAKING WITH HIM A FEW BELONGINGS, INCLUDING ME, AND CAME WITH SHEN TO **NEW YORK**. HERE MY MASTER FORMED A SMALL **MARTIAL ARTS** SCHOOL.

13

MEANWHILE, IN JAPAN...

NAGI

... NAGI'S FAMILY, ESPECIALLY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER **SAKI**, WERE MOURNING HIS DEATH. THE SEVEN YEAR OLD SAKI VOWED **VENGEANCE** ON YOSHI. THE **FOOT** TOOK HOLD OF SAKI'S ANGER AND USED IT TO BEND HIM TO THEIR OWN PURPOSES. SAKI BEGAIN **INTENSIVE** TRAINING IN THE **NINJA'S ART**, AND SOON SURPASSED HIS TEACHERS. AS HE GREW OLDER HIS HATRED OF YOSHI GREW **DEEP** AND **BITTER**.

**OROKU SAKI**, YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF. THOUGH YOU ARE ONLY EIGHTEEN, YOU ARE OUR MOST **CUNNING ASSASSIN**...

...AND AN ABLE LEADER. THERE FORE, WE HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO GO TO THE U.S. AND HEAD THE **NEW YORK** BRANCH OF THE "**FOOT**!"

**AT LAST!** A CHANCE TO AVENGE MY BROTHER'S **DEATH!**

SAKI MOVED QUICKLY. WITHIN A YEAR HE HAD BUILT THE NEW YORK "**FOOT**" INTO A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

UNDER SAKI'S LEADERSHIP, THE FOOT WAS SOON INVOLVED IN MANY CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES: DRUG SMUGGLING, ARMS RUNNING... AND THEIR SPECIALTY, **ASSASSINATION.** SAKI, NOW CALLED **"THE SHREDDER"**, WAS SUCCESSFUL, BUT NOT SATISFIED. IN HIS HEART BURNED HATRED FOR **HAMATO YOSHI** AND HIS WIFE, TANG SHEN.

ON A NIGHT NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, SAKI FINALLY MADE HIS MOVE...

THE TIME IS RIGHT... I HAVE TRACKED THEM DOWN...

...FOR THE MURDERER OF MY BROTHER, THERE WILL BE NO **ESCAPE!!**

MY MASTER YOSHI CAME HOME THAT EVENING, NEVER EXPECTING THAT HIS MOST **DANGEROUS ENEMY** WAS LYING IN **WAIT!** ENTERING THE APARTMENT HIS GAZE FELL ON THE **STILL, SILENT** FORM OF HIS BELOVED **SHEN.**

THEN HE SAW HER **KILLER.**

GOOD LORD!! =CHOKE= WHO ARE YOU?!

I AM **OROKU SAKI!**

OH NO!

IN THE STRUGGLE MY CAGE WAS SMASHED. I WAS FREE... BUT MY MASTER WAS **DEAD**. IN MY GRIEF, I WANDERED THE STREETS, LIVING OFF SCRAPS OF **GARBAGE**.

THEN ONE DAY WHILE I WAS SEARCHING A TRASH CAN FOR MY NEXT MEAL, I WITNESSED AN ACCIDENT. AN OLD BLIND MAN CROSSING THE STREET WAS ALMOST RUN DOWN BY A LARGE **TRUCK**.

**SKREEEE....!!**

T.G.R.

AT THE LAST MOMENT A YOUNG MAN LEAPED AT THE BLIND MAN AND **KNOCKED** HIM OUT OF THE TRUCK'S WAY. AS THE TRUCK SCREECHED TO A JARRING STOP, A METAL **CANISTER** BOUNCED OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AND STRUCK THE YOUNG MAN NEAR HIS **EYES**.

UNNOTICED BY THE CROWD, THE **STRANGE CANISTER** BOUNCED SEVERAL MORE TIMES, STRIKING AND SMASHING A GLASS JAR WHICH HELD FOUR SMALL **TURTLES**... YOU FOUR, AS **INFANTS!!**

YOU FELL INTO THE MANHOLE, FOLLOWED BY THE **CANISTER**. FORTUNATELY A PILE OF DEAD LEAVES AND PAPERS BROKE YOUR FALL. BUT THE **CANISTER** SMASHED OPEN, RELEASING A **GLOWING OOZE** WHICH COVERED YOUR BODIES AS YOU CRAWLED AROUND IN IT.

T.G.R.

16

I FOLLOWED YOU DOWN INTO THE STORM DRAIN, AND, NOT KNOWING EXACTLY WHY, GATHERED YOU UP IN A COFFEE CAN. I TOOK YOU TO MY BURROW AND WASHED OFF AS MUCH OF THE **GOO** AS I COULD.

THE NEXT MORNING I AWOKE TO FIND THE CAN TIPPED OVER, AND THE FOUR OF YOU **DOUBLED IN SIZE!!** SOMEHOW, THAT STRANGE **OOZE** HAD AFFECTED YOUR GROWTH. AS I LEARNED LATER IT HAD CHANGED ME ALSO...MAKING ME MORE INTELLIGENT, AND LARGER.

BUT I DIDN'T GROW AS FAST AS YOU DID. WITHIN A YEAR, YOU HAD REACHED YOUR CURRENT SIZE.

YOU FOLLOWED ME EVERYWHERE I WENT, EXCEPT ABOVE GROUND. I COULD NOT RISK YOUR BEING DISCOVERED.

I WAS AMAZED AT HOW INTELLIGENT YOU SEEMED, BUT EVEN SO I WAS NOT READY FOR WHAT HAPPENED ONE DAY...

SPLIN-TER?

...ONE OF YOU ACTUALLY SAID A WORD...**MY NAME!!**

MORE WORDS FOLLOWED, AND SOON YOU **ALL** WERE SPEAKING.

AROUND THIS TIME, YOU STARTED TO STAND **UPRIGHT**, AND COPY MY MOVEMENTS...

I BEGAN TRAINING YOU THEN, TEACHING YOU ALL THAT I HAD LEARNED FROM WATCHING MASTER YOSHI. I TAUGHT YOU THE USE OF WEAPONS, THE ART OF STEALTH, AND ALL THAT I KNEW OF THIS WORLD. IN TIME YOU SURPASSED MY LESSONS, AND BECAME TRUE **NINJA**.

USING A BATTERED COPY OF A BOOK ON RENNAISSANCE ART THAT I HAD FISHED OUT OF THE STORM DRAIN, I CHOSE NAMES FOR EACH OF YOU:

LEONARDO,

MICHAELANGELO,

DONATELLO,

AND RAPHAEL.

NOW, I AM OLD, AND THERE IS A TASK THAT I WOULD HAVE YOU PERFORM BEFORE I LEAVE THIS LIFE. NOW, I MUST ASK YOU TO DO THAT WHICH NO BEING SHOULD ASK OF ANOTHER.

I ASK YOU TO AVENGE THE CRUEL DEATH OF MY MASTER, HAMATO YOSHI, AND HIS WIFE TANG SHEN.

I ASK YOU TO CHALLENGE AND KILL THE MURDERER OROKU SAKI... **THE SHREDDER!**

18

AH, THE NIGHT AIR... I LOVE IT.

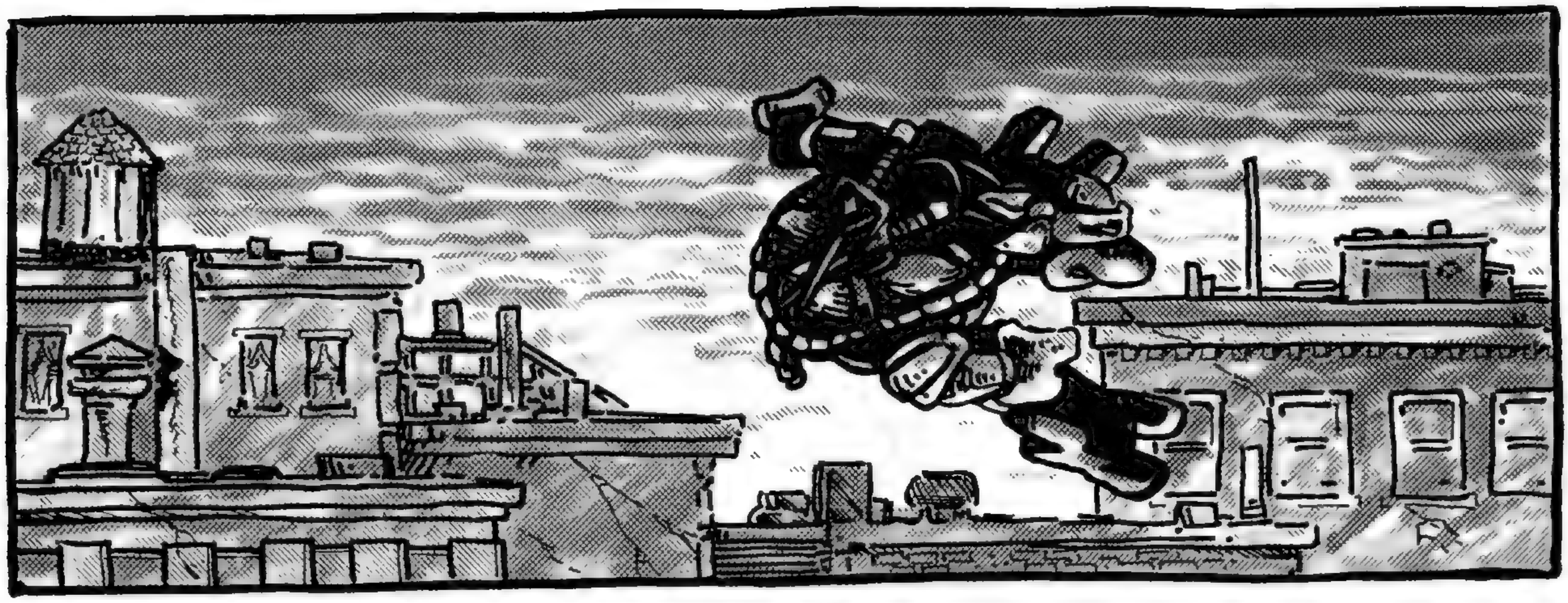
I DESPISE THE DAMP, DANK UNDERGROUND. MY BROTHERS DON'T SEEM TO MIND IT...

...BUT THIS IS WHERE I BELONG. SUCH A FEELING OF FREEDOM, SO MUCH ROOM TO MOVE ABOUT!

I AM **RAPHAEL**, NINJA **TURTLE**... AND MY MASTER SPLINTER, CHOSE ME FOR THIS TASK...

...TO DELIVER A MESSAGE OF CHALLENGE TO THE SHREDDER!

19



THEY'LL BE MY CALLING CARD!

20

INTRUDER!

STOP HIM!!

THEY'RE ARMED, OF COURSE...

THAT'S OK.

I AM, TOO.

HAIII!!

THE THIRD GUARD SEES THE ACTION, BUT DOESN'T SOUND THE ALARM...

...HE THINKS HE CAN TAKE ME OUT BY HIMSELF.

WHO ARE YOU?

NINJA?

TURTLE!

WE CONNECT IN MID AIR...

...WHEN WE LAND, I'M STANDING...

...HE ISN'T.

NOW TO MY TASK.

THE MESSAGE IS WRAPPED AROUND ONE OF MY **SAIS**...

I CAN SEE **OROKU SAKI** INSIDE TALKING TO SOME **FWNKIES.**

IT'S AN EASY SHOT.

SO YOU SEE, MR. MCADAM, IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE..

...TO HAVE MY **PROTECTION.**

22

YAA!

HEY!

GOOD LORD! WHAT IS THAT!?

OROKU SAKI ALSO KNOWN AS THE SHREDDER--

YOU HAVE SHAMED AND DISHONORED THE NAME OF YOUR FAMILY BY MURDERING HAMATO YOSHI. I GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO REGAIN YOUR HONOR. MEET MY FOUR DISCIPLES FOR A DUEL TO THE DEATH TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS: 45TH STREET, HI

MR. OROKU, IS THIS THE PROTECTION YOU WOULD HAVE US PURCHASE? IF YOU CAN NOT KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEX SECURE...

OUTRAGEOUS!

...THEN WE CANNOT BELIEVE THAT YOUR PROTECTION IS ANYTHING!

WORTH

GOODBYE, SIR!

WHO CAN THIS CHALLENGE COME FROM? WHAT FOOL WOULD PIT HIS MINIONS AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE SHREDDER?

IT DOESN'T MATTER... HIS EFFRONTERY WILL COME TO GRIEF SOON ENOUGH.

THERE WILL BE A DUEL, AND THERE WILL BE DEATH...

THEIRS!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

...USE YOUR CLIMBING CLAWS...

...AND GO SILENTLY!

ARBEED

CONSTRUCTI

THIS IS IT MY BROTHERS...

SHREDDER, WE ARE HERE!

SHREDDER... FACE US!!

WHO ARE THESE FOOLS?

I STILL DO NOT QUITE UNDERSTAND WHY AFTER SO LONG THIS COMES BACK TO **HAUNT** ME...

I KILLED YOSHI **FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!**

NO MATTER, MY MEN ARE IN PLACE...

...AND THE TIME IS NEAR.

I SHALL FINISH THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SHREDDER, DO YOU FEAR US?

I AM HERE...

...COME FACE YOUR DOOM!!

FOOT... JOIN ME!!

28
29

THESE GUYS ARE GOOD!

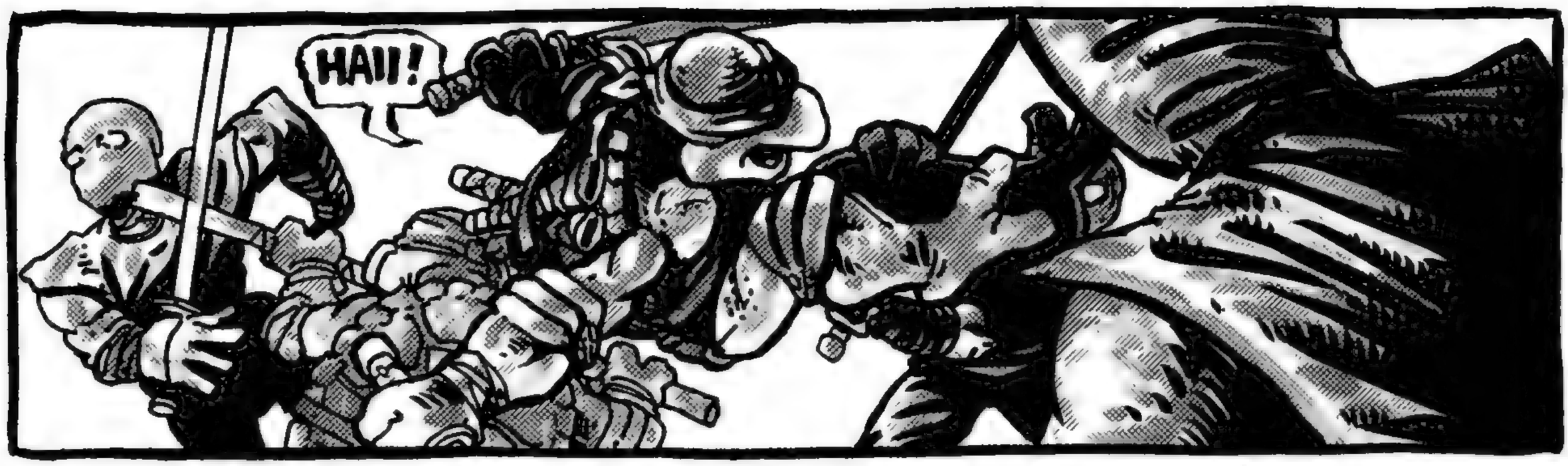
ARRG! TOO GOOD!

BUT WE..

...ARE..

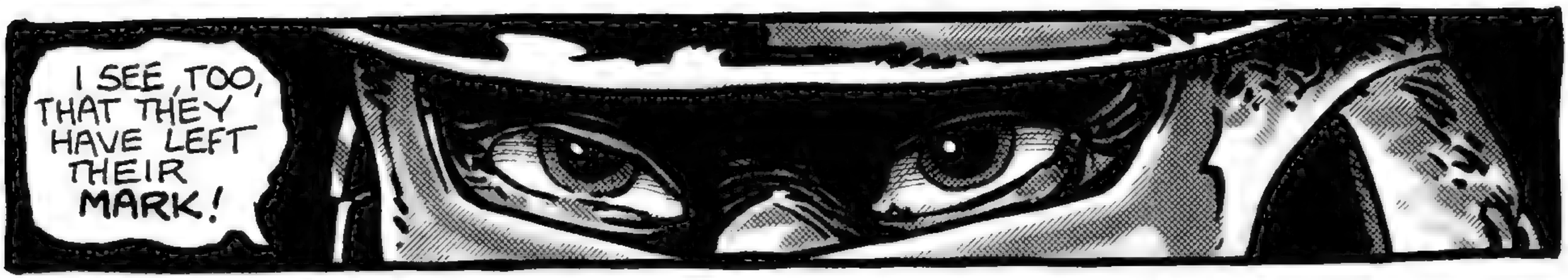
..BETTER!

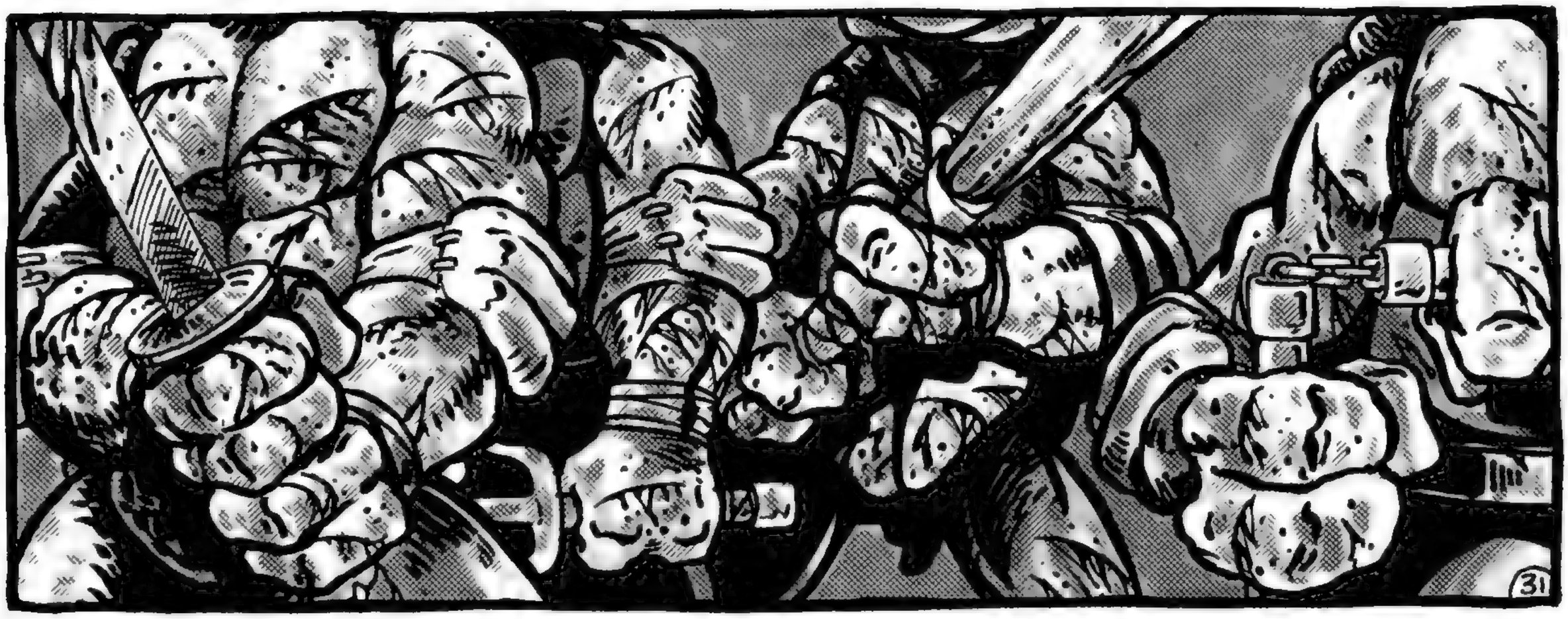
30


HAII!

YOUR NINJA HAVE FALLEN, SHREDDER!

SO I SEE...
THEY WERE GOOD MEN... MY BEST!


I SEE, TOO, THAT THEY HAVE LEFT THEIR MARK!


31

BUT THAT WAS JUST STUDENTS FIGHTING STUDENTS; NOW YOU MUST FACE A **TEACHER**. A **MASTER!!**

**COME**.... ONE AT A TIME OR ALL AT ONCE, I DON'T CARE. FOR ONLY I WILL LEAVE HERE **ALIVE!**

**ME FIRST!!**

**YAAG!**

**SHAK!**

**HAH!** YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN!

YOU ARE MUCH TOO **SLOW!**

ARRG!

AMATEURS!!

COME, GAIJIN... YOUR BROTHERS HAVE FALLEN! YOU ARE NEXT!

YAAA!!

UNGH!

BAH.. FOUR FOOLS!

HE IS TOO SKILLED FOR US TO FIGHT **ONE ON ONE**, BROTHERS! USE GROUP TACTICS...AND HIT FROM A **DISTANCE!!**

UNN!

THUNK!

AGH!

THUP!

34

DODGE THESE, "MASTER"!

OOF!

CURSE YOU!!

UNGH!

HAH!

AGH!

THIS IS THE END FOR YOU, SHRED--UNH!

KRAK!

UMP

YOU ARE OVERLY CONFIDENT, FOOL.

HAH!!

PERHAPS HE IS, SHREDDER...

...BUT PERHAPS NOT!!

NOW...YOU ARE **BEATEN.**

SO...FINISH...IT **FOOLS!** I AM... HELPLESS...SLAY ME **NOW!!**

WE TURTLES ARE NOT DOGS WITH-OUT HONOR...

...UNLIKE YOU, **OROKU SAKI.**

I WILL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO REDEEM YOUR HONOR.

TAKE THIS KATANA...AND COMMIT **SEPPUKU.**

**NEVER!**

IF...I MUST...**KILL** MYSELF....I WILL... TAKE...ALL OF YOU.. **TURTLES...** WITH **ME!**

THIS...**THERMITE...** **GRENADE..** WILL WIPE..THIS ROOF-TOP CLEAN OF ALL LIFE... **INCLUDING YOU!**

NO!

38

OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED... OUR MASTER'S MASTER IS AVENGED!

I'M TIRED LEONARDO...

YES... SO ARE WE ALL, MICHAELANGELO. LET'S GO HOME.

UH..! I ACHE ALL OVER!

A HOT BATH WOULD BE NICE.

LEONARDO, LOOK! THAT PIECE OF ARMOR...!

HMM... IT SEEMS THAT THE SHREDDER...

...HAS BEEN SHREDDED!

WE ARE THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES...
...WE STRIKE HARD AND FADE AWAY...
...INTO THE NIGHT!
THE END
40

# ANNOTATIONS

## KEVIN EASTMAN

I think it was late October, early November when it happened officially–and I'll get back to that in a second…

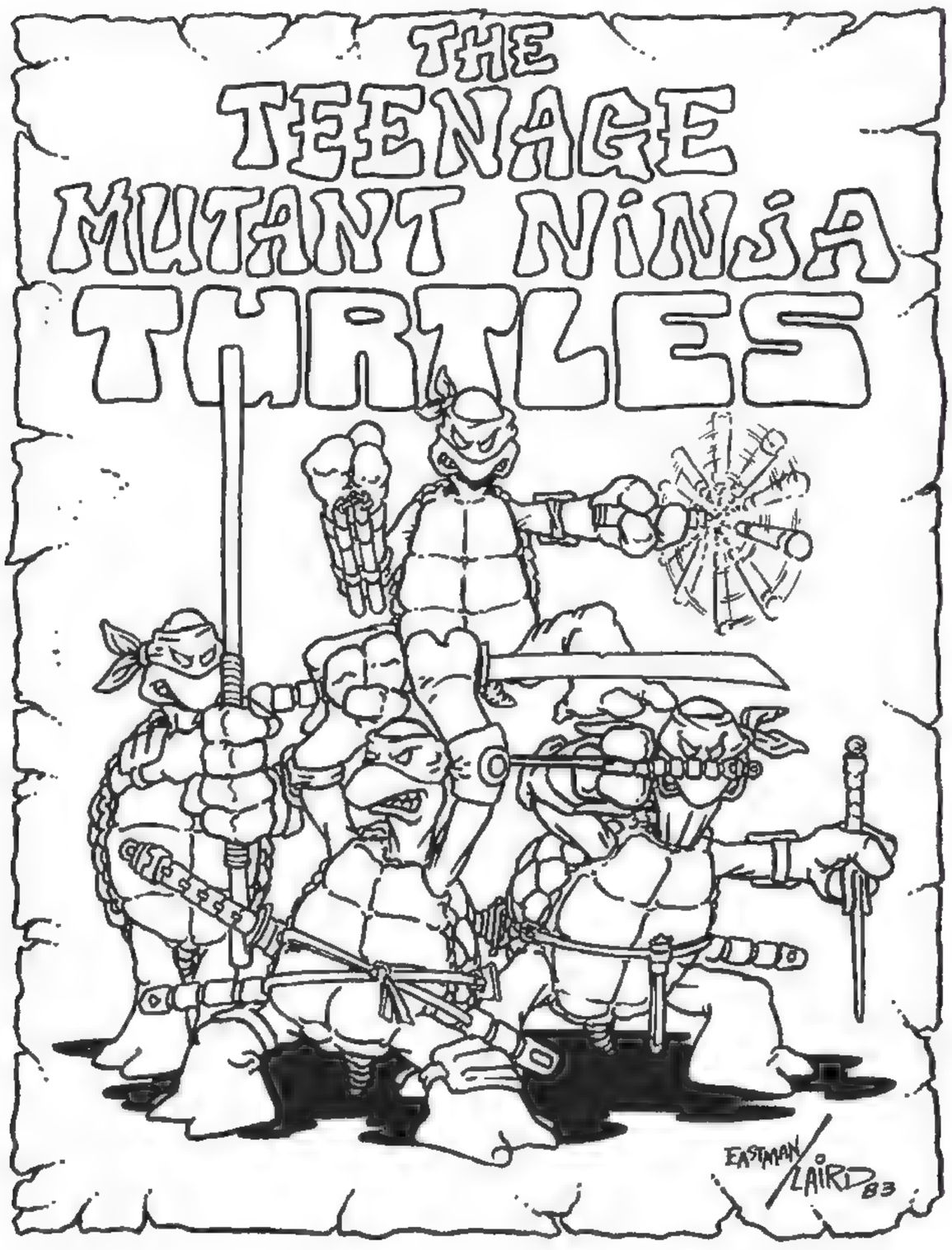
In September, I rented a room in a house in beautiful Dover, New Hampshire, that Peter Laird and his future wife, Jeannine, were living in—and we formed Mirage Studios. It was a mirage because it wasn't a real studio; it was just a living room we shared drawing space in and called our studio. We'd decided to team up and see if we couldn't make a name for ourselves in comics—and who knows—maybe even get paid for it.

So, when Peter was watching his favorite TV show, it was my job to annoy him, and I did so that night by doodling a sketch of a turtle standing upright, with a mask on, and nunchucks strapped to his forearms. I dubbed it a "Ninja Turtle!" and we had a good laugh. A few hours later, in a typical night of studio nuttiness, we had a finished drawing with four martial arts characters in dramatic poses and a title, "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!"

Standing firmly on the shoulders of all the giants that came before us (Jack Kirby), as well as many of the contemporary innovators working around us (Frank Miller), and groundbreaking self-publishers (Dave Sim), we set out to make our own mark in a medium we had both been inspired by our whole lives… comic books.

We threw all our favorite ideas into a blender, lined up a story that made sense, then—all things considered—spent the next five months drawing it. After spending all the money we had plus one thousand dollars we borrowed from my uncle Quentin, we printed 3,000 copies—pretty sure we would only sell one copy—and ended up selling them all in roughly thirty days…

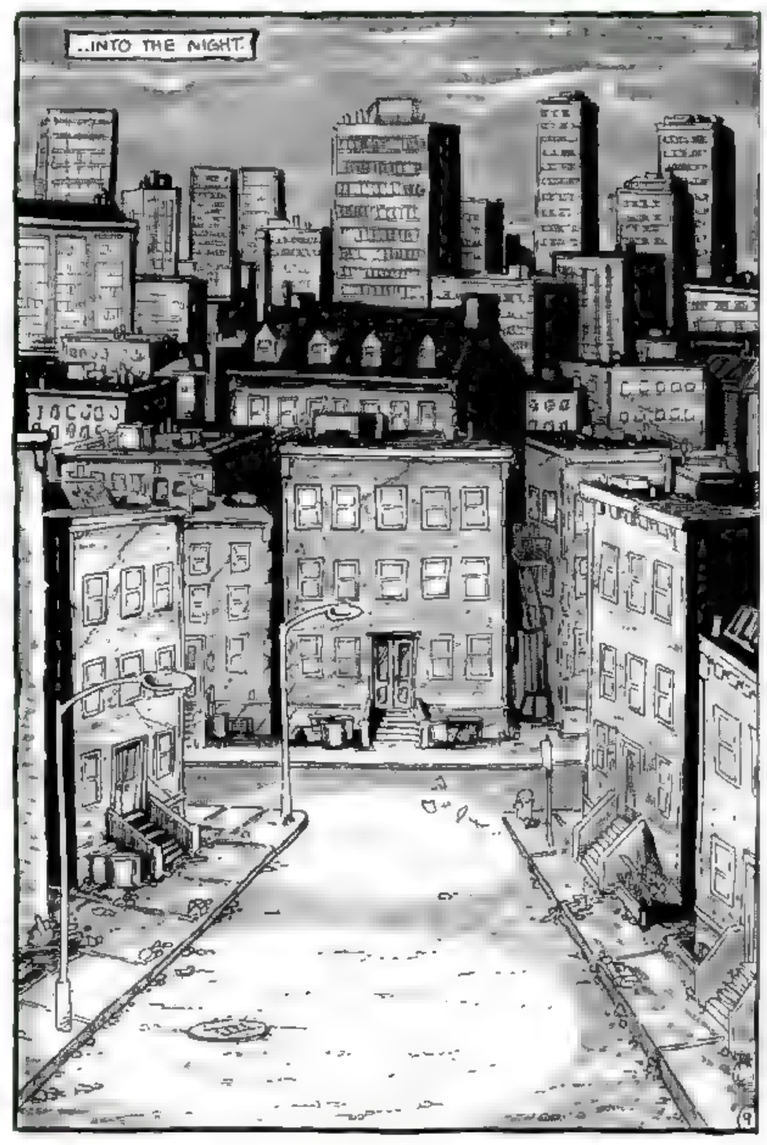
That was 1984, kids. It was our first self-published comic, and we sold out… life couldn't get any better than that…




## PETER LAIRD

On that issue, and most of the subsequent issues we worked on together, we made a strenuous effort to have each of us pencil and ink on every page. There may have been more penciling or inking by one of us on one page than on another page, but our working method—which, strangely, a lot of people seem to have a great deal of trouble grasping—involved literally passing the pages back and forth in an attempt to get a true blending of our respective styles on each and every page.

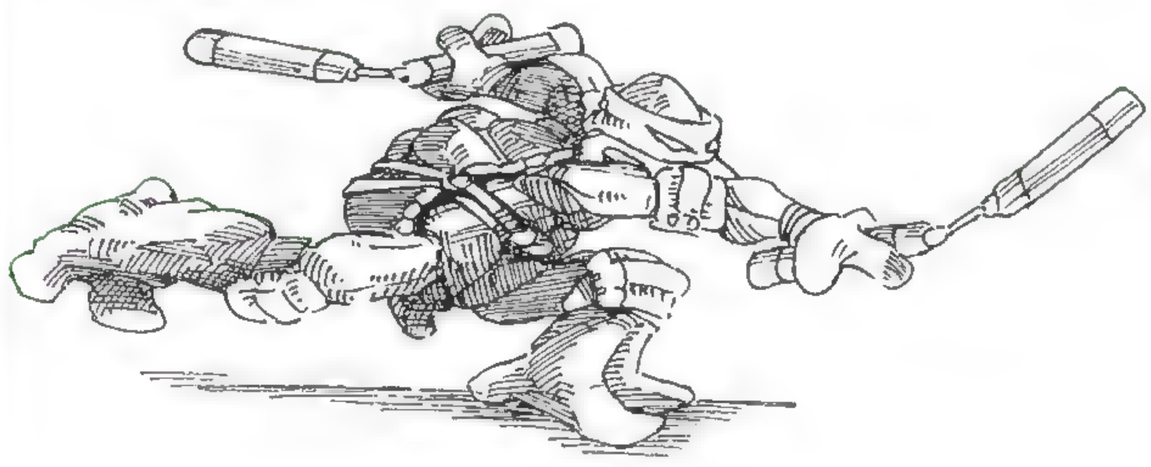
The one possible exception to this process, at least in this first issue, might be the full-page cityscape—it's page 13 in this collection—which, when we were planning that first issue, I thought we didn't need, and argued with Kevin about it. He won the argument, the page was included, and I later came to agree that he had been right. When I look at that page now, I don't see my hand in it, at least in the inking. It is certainly possible that Kevin not only penciled that page by himself, but also inked it by himself. I really can't say for certain.

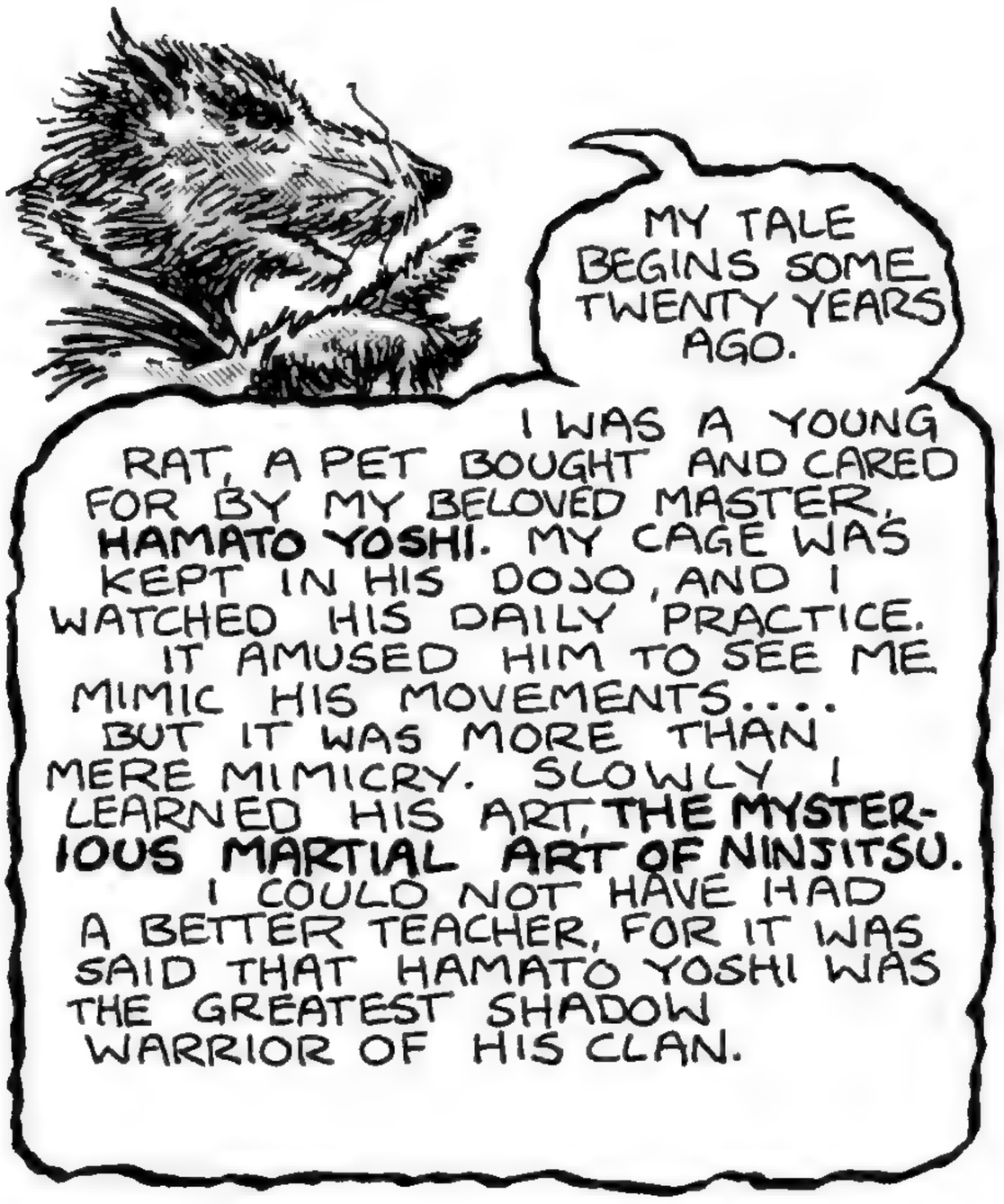



I suppose it's possible that there might be other pages in issue #1 where one of us inked the whole page, but I don't recall any, and it certainly wasn't the normal way we worked on that book.

There is a quote attributed to Kevin Eastman that includes a comment about why we gave the Turtles the names of Renaissance artists—"...we didn't want to make up Japanese names because we thought they'd seem too strange to American readers." This was news to me, as I have always remembered it differently, and have said on many occasions that the reason we didn't give the Turtles Japanese names was that at the time, neither of us felt confident that we could come up with authentic-sounding and appropriately cool Japanese names for our main characters.

The idea that we felt Japanese names would "seem too strange to American readers" sounds bizarre and illogical to me, as we did use names of that sort for several characters (Hamato Yoshi, Oroku Nagi, Oroku Saki). Also, I think a compelling argument could be made that the names we finally DID use—Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Donatello—might sound nearly equally strange to American ears.




MY TALE BEGINS SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO.
I WAS A YOUNG RAT, A PET BOUGHT AND CARED FOR BY MY BELOVED MASTER, HAMATO YOSHI. MY CAGE WAS KEPT IN HIS DOJO, AND I WATCHED HIS DAILY PRACTICE. IT AMUSED HIM TO SEE ME MIMIC HIS MOVEMENTS.... BUT IT WAS MORE THAN MERE MIMICRY. SLOWLY I LEARNED HIS ART, THE MYSTERIOUS MARTIAL ART OF NINJITSU. I COULD NOT HAVE HAD A BETTER TEACHER, FOR IT WAS SAID THAT HAMATO YOSHI WAS THE GREATEST SHADOW WARRIOR OF HIS CLAN.

**Page 1:** We dedicated the first issue to two of our biggest heroes, Jack Kirby and Frank Miller. And to open the story we wanted to do two things—have that classic Kirby splash page that brought you into the story at a very exciting moment…

**Pages 2–3:** …and then blow your mind with the all-action two-page spread that followed like Jack did, especially in his DC Comics "Renaissance" period! This is what he laid down and because we could do anything we wanted with our little self-published comic, THAT was what we wanted.

**Page 4 (plus):** Using captions and dialogue we'd seen in countless comics, along with Frank Miller—style layouts and jagged panel borders, we wanted to introduce you to our characters in a way to get your blood pumping! By the time I finished breaking down the opening fight with the Purple Dragons, to when they escaped into the sewers when the cops arrived, OUR blood was pumping and we were dying to get in there and start inking those pages—but we agreed to wait…

Because Peter and I were both writers and artists, we decided early on that we wanted to make sure the art would have a mix of both of us on every page—both with pencils and inks. So we waited until I laid out all the pages, and Peter worked out the final script, before we jumped in wholesale!

**Page 9:** Funny point here. Because the Duo-Shade tinting paper we were using (I'll explain more later) was so expensive, Peter and I debated for some time if we wanted to waste a whole page showing an empty street with a sewer cover in the foreground with the "…into the night." caption. But in the end we both liked the mood it set and kept it.

Also, and I'm still not exactly sure why—because I was the world's worst speller in those days—I was elected to do the lettering and continued to do so for the next several issues! Whoa, what a chore that was!

**Page 11:** I can't imagine what it must have been like for the earliest readers skimming the Turtles fighting in the opening pages, then returning to their sewer lair to the "Rat Master" who starts telling them, and the readers, the origin. I'd guess they either put it down and walked away or were so freaked out that they were hooked!

**Page 18:** Getting the readers and us from page 11 to 19, where the origin story ended, was a complete trip. Wearing all our inspirations on our sleeves, we tried out every angle we could find or create to make all the pieces fit to our satisfaction. Now it was time to set up the mission that would make them men—or turtle men—which was to kill the Shredder!

Here, where Splinter was telling the Turtles where he got the names for them, was the first time I misspelled "Michelangelo," and it would stick for many years to come. Crazy that the first Turtle ever drawn was Mike, but we spelled his name wrong. Originally I wanted to name Donatello "Bernini" (who was my favorite sculptor from that time period) but Pete didn't think it fit and suggested Don. Good call!

**Page 19:** Of the 40 pages we knew we had to tell the whole story, and with nearly half of them already spent, it was time to get past the backstory and get onto the action pieces! Besides, those were my favorite pages to design and we still hadn't set up the bad guy with a time and place for the final showdown. What better messenger to deliver the invitation than my favorite turtle, Raphael!

Most people still find it hard to believe that the concept of the Shredder came from a dishwashing session at the Dover house. I was drying off a metal cheese grater that Pete had just washed, and I stuck my hand inside and held it up and said, "Man, can you imagine a bad guy with a cheese grating weapon on his forearms—we'd call him the 'Grateman!' and Peter thankfully said, 'Or the Shredder!'"

**Page 24:** By the time we got you here, we had you right where we wanted you, and now it was time to take the whole thing home. We pretty much knew it would be an all-out fight scene straight to the end, so this is where the figuring out a fight scene came in. Years later, when the TMNTs had become quite a hit, a lot of people asked if either Peter or I had studied martial arts. We explained it was more like studying Bruce Lee films or the "Kung Fu" TV series; we were just bluffing our way through it.

What I did through most of these pages was just try to think logically—striking with a right hand (or sword) would naturally be followed up with a strike from the other hand. The same goes for the defender—a block with one hand would lead to a following block with the other. The same goes for kicks or combinations of both, and that is how I worked it out. I didn't want the strikes to be poses, I wanted it to seem like a real fight, and I think that helped sell it.

**Page 31:** At this point it was full on. We saved page space so we could do a second two-page spread on 28–29 and blow through the rest of Shredder's warriors. The Turtles had beaten the best he had trained and now it was down to him, and he'd pull out all the stops.

**Page 34:** After each Turtle took a crack at Shredder, they fell back to recall the strength of their brotherhood and their master's training—then decided to attack as a group. It worked!

**Page 36:** Leo, the leader when Splinter isn't around, leads his group perfectly and gets to the killing blow—and being a turtle of honor, offers to let the Shredder do the honorable thing and take his own life, Samurai style.

**Page 37:** Of course we can't have a nasty-assed bad guy be completely scummy unless he tries to unfairly take all of you out with a THERMITE GRENADE, now can we?

So with some fast moves from Donatello we take the Shredder over the side of the roof and blow him all to hell, but in a way where you never find the body in case you want to bring him back…

Actually, Peter and I said back then, once we kill a bad guy, we won't keep bringing him back again and again like other comics—we'd keep him dead—but I also think we thought there would never be a second issue…

...UNLIKE YOU, OROKU SAKI.
I WILL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO REDEEM YOUR HONOR.
TAKE THIS KATANA...AND COMMIT SEPPUKU.
NEVER!
IF...I MUST...KILL MYSELF....I WILL... TAKE...ALL OF YOU.. TURTLES... WITH ME!
THIS...THERMITE... GRENADE.. WILL WIPE..THIS ROOF-TOP CLEAN OF ALL LIFE... INCLUDING YOU!

**Page 40:** So, with the Shredder shredded, we were able to fit in that one final splash page, restate the name of our heroes, and use a saying we liked when we first introduced you guys to them…

"…WE STRIKE HARD AND FADE AWAY… INTO THE NIGHT!"

# #2

KISS YOUR BUTT GOODBYE!!!

# EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

HEY! C'MON, YOU GUYS... CUT IT OUT! SPLINTER CAN'T HEAR THE T.V. WITH YOU SPARRING IN THE SAME ROOM!

YAAH!

DON'T BOTHER, LEONARDO... WHEN RAPHAEL GETS THIS WAY, YOU JUST HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL HE WEARS HIMSELF OUT!

... AND MICHAELANGELO'S ALMOST AS BAD!

CRACK!

HMM, VERY BAD...

WHAT IS?

THIS NEWS PROGRAM... LISTEN, LEONARDO...

SO, DR. BAXTER STOCKMAN, YOU BELIEVE THAT THIS LITTLE... THING WILL SOLVE THE CITY'S RODENT PROBLEM?

THIS "LITTLE THING", MS. HYNES, IS A FULLY OPERATIONAL RODENT HUNTER/SEEKER/KILLER... WE LIKE TO REFER TO IT AS A "MOUSER"!

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE CONSTUCTED THIS MAZE TO SIMULATE THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE MOUSER WILL OPERATE.

NOW MY ASSISTANT APRIL WILL RELEASE FIVE RATS INTO THE MAZE...

...TEN SECONDS LATER I ACTIVATE AND RELEASE THIS ONE MOUSER AT THE SAME SPOT.

THE MOUSER UNIT IS NOT IN ITSELF A VERY INTELLIGENT MACHINE...

IT'S INTERNAL PROGRAMMING CHIP IS DEDICATED TO CONTROL OF...

...MOTIVE FUNCTIONING. A LARGER CENTRAL "MOTHER"..

...COMPUTER COORDINATES ALL SEARCH AND RETRIEVAL FUNCTIONS...

...AND WHEN IT'S WORK IS DÖNE, OR WHEN ITS STORGE CAPACITY OF FIVE AVERAGE-SIZED RATS IS FILLED, EACH MOUSER UNIT RETURNS TO A PREASSIGNED "DROP" POINT DIRECTED BY A REMOTE "MOTHER" UNIT.

WELL DR. STOCKMAN, THIS MOUSER CERTAINLY MADE SHORT WORK OF THOSE FIVE RATS... JUST UNDER THREE MINUTES.

YES, MS. HYNES, APRIL AND I ARE QUITE CONFIDENT THAT THE CITY WILL FULLY RECOUP ITS INVESTMENT IN MY PROJECT...WITH THE TOTAL ERADICATION OF...

THE RAT PROBLEM!

KAH!

YAAAH!

OH, NO...

HAH!

# SMASH!!!

OH NO, NOT ANOTHER PIECE OF FURNITURE?
SIGH...

MASTER, WHAT ABOUT THIS DR. STOCKMAN'S MOUSER?
WE MUST BE MORE CAUTIOUS FROM NOW ON, FOR ONE THING. HMM... LET ME THINK ON THIS A BIT!

I AM GOING TO MEDITATE. OH, AND RAPHAEL...

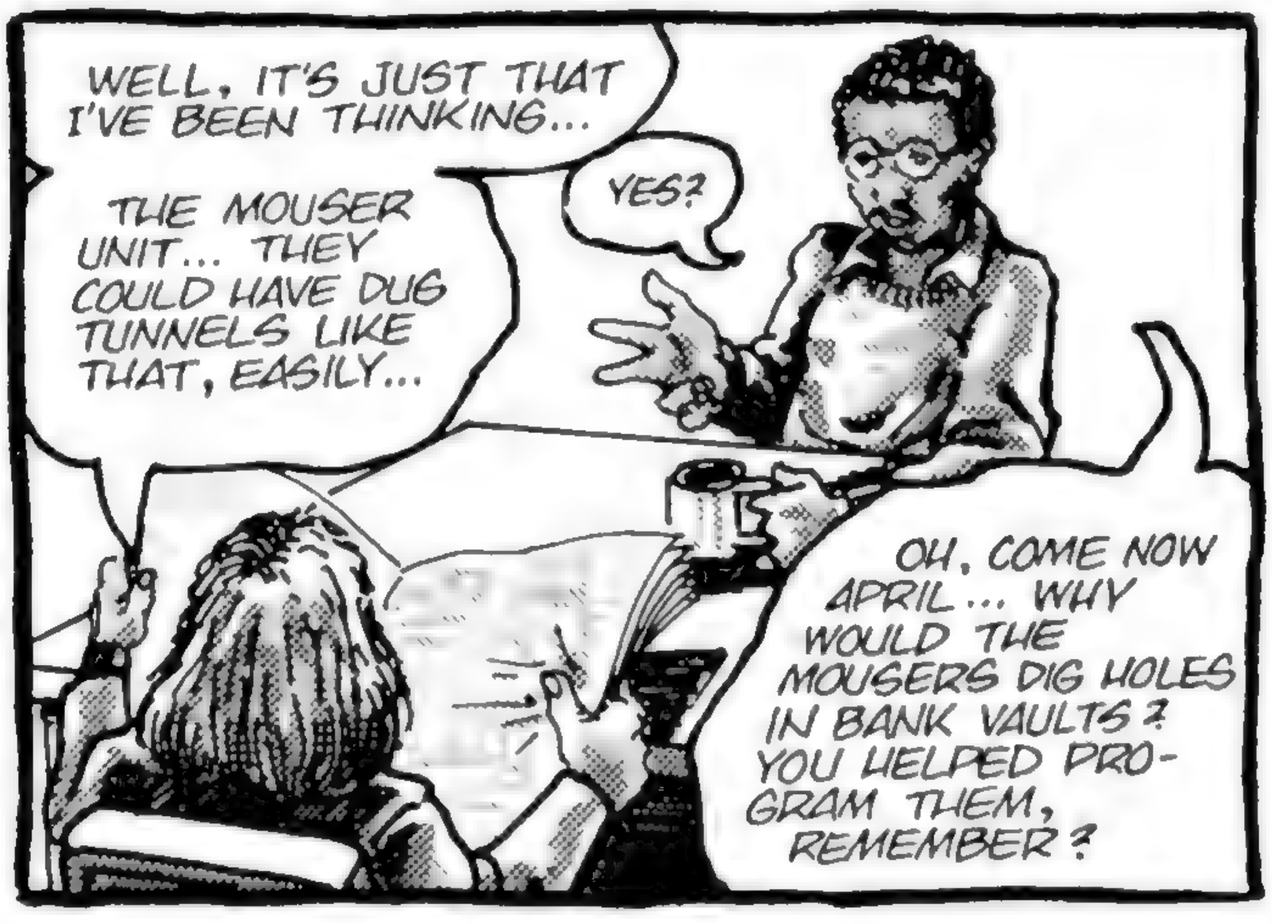
...HELP MICHAELANGELO CLEAN UP THIS MESS!

SEVERAL WEEKS PASS... MANY RATS ARE CAUGHT BY DR. STOCKMAN'S "MOUSERS" ...BUT THE CITY ALSO EXPERIENCES A RASH OF BIZARRE BANK ROBBERIES.
LISTEN TO THIS BAXTER...

...IT SAYS THAT THE POLICE WERE BAFFLED BY THESE BANK HEISTS...
THE DAILY HUMP!
...THEY CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THE VAULTS WERE TUNNELED INTO SO SWIFTLY AND NEATLY, THROUGH CONCRETE AND STEEL!

THE TUNNELS WERE SO NARROW ONLY A CHILD COULD HAVE CRAWLED THROUGH THEM!

...OR A VERY SMALL ADULT. APRIL, WHY ARE YOU BORING ME WITH THIS?


WELL, IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN THINKING...
THE MOUSER UNIT... THEY COULD HAVE DUG TUNNELS LIKE THAT, EASILY...
YES?
OH, COME NOW APRIL... WHY WOULD THE MOUSERS DIG HOLES IN BANK VAULTS? YOU HELPED PROGRAM THEM, REMEMBER?

BUT WHAT IF SOMEONE ELSE HAS GOTTEN CONTROL OF A COUPLE MOUSERS, AND REPROGRAMED THEM?

THE DAILY WUMPIE

REALLY APRIL... THE MOTHER COMPUTER WOULD KNOW IF THAT HAPPENED, AND WOULD TELL ME!

I... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BAXTER...STILL, I...

APRIL, I ASSURE YOU THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS CONTROL OVER THE MOUSERS EXCEPT YOU AND I.

COME ON... I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

I'VE SEEN THE ELEVATOR BEFORE...

HA, HA, HA! NO, THIS IS DIFFERENT.

WHAT'S THAT, BAXTER?

EMERGENCY

YOU'LL SEE!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON!?

SHHH...

BAXTER, WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'VE JUST PASSED THE GROUND FLOOR AND BASEMENT, ... HOW CAN WE GO DOWN ANY FURTHER?

B1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

SHHHH! IT'S O.K. JUST BE QUIET...

AND THIS?

SECURITY CHECK.

SECURITY CHECK! WHAT FOR...

GOOD LORD.

WHERE DID YOU GET ALL OF THESE MOUSERS? THE CITY ONLY GAVE US ENOUGH FUNDS FOR TWO DOZEN...!

...AND THERE ARE MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED IN THIS ROOM! STILL MORE ARE BEING ASSEMBLED AS WE SPEAK!

TIC TIC CHIT

BUT BAXTER, HOW DID YOU GET THE MONEY...

OH, NO...!

VERY GOOD, APRIL, VERY PERCEPTIVE. I WOULD HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED AT ANYTHING LESS.

YES, THOSE RECENT BAFFLING BANK ROBBERIES ARE MY DOING!

WITH THE AID OF MY MOUSERS, I HAVE ALREADY STOLEN OVER $900,000!

OF COURSE, THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. AT THIS MOMENT, HUNDREDS OF MOUSERS ARE TUNNELING THROUGHOUT THE CITY, UNDERMINING AND WEAKENING THE FOUNDATIONS OF CERTAIN LARGE AND IMPORTANT BUILDINGS!

WHEN THEY ARE NEARLY DONE, I'LL HOLD THE CITY FOR **RANSOM**... AND IF I'M REFUSED, I WILL ORDER MY MOUSERS TO FINISH THE **EXCAVATION**... AND THOSE BUILDINGS WILL FALL!

BUT-- WHY?

WHY, BAXTER? YOU COULD MAKE MILLIONS LEGALLY!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, APRIL... THE MONEY IS ONLY AN INCIDENTAL..... A BY-PRODUCT.

I'M REALLY DOING IT BECAUSE IT'S **FUN!!** **HAH, HAH, HA HAH!**

I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING! THIS JUST ISN'T THE DR. STOCKMAN I'VE WORKED WITH ALL THIS TIME!

**HA, HA, HA HAH, HAH!**

HE'S IN HIS OWN WORLD RIGHT NOW... I'D BETTER MAKE A RUN FOR IT WHILE I CAN!

WELL IF YOU WANT TO BE THAT WAY, THEN **GO!** I DON'T NEED YOU!

I DON'T NEED ANYONE EXCEPT MY **MOUSERS!**

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO RUSH OFF AND TELL THE **POLICE** ABOUT ME AND MY PLAN...

SIGH... ONE MUST DO WHAT ONE MUST DO, I GUESS.

OH. WAIT... I NEED THAT I.D. CARD TO WORK THE ELEVATOR...

BAXTER, WAIT!

SLAM!

NOOOO!

SORRY APRIL...

YOU MUST REALIZE I WON'T... **CAN'T**... HELP YOU TURN ME IN...

SO I'M MAKING IT A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO LEAVE, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE. WATCH YOUR **STEP!**

HA, HA, HA!

DRAMATIC HUH? SORRY ABOUT THE...

...MUCKY WATER, BUT IT COLLECTS THERE AFTER IT **RAINS!**

AT LEAST IT ISN'T OVER YOUR HEAD!

BAXTER YOU SLIME PUPPY!

WELL I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE IN THIS **FOUL SMELLING HOLE,** AND THIS TUNNEL LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY OUT!

**YUCK!** I HOPE THIS TUNNEL ENDS SOON...

HMM... IT LOOKS LIKE IT OPENS INTO A LARGER TUNNEL UP AHEAD!

NOW WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

TRICKING YOU INTO THE STORMDRAIN TUNNELS HAS GIVEN ME THE TIME TO PROGRAM YOUR IMMINENT DEMISE...

HMM... HOW MANY SHOULD I SEND AFTER HER?

THREE? FIVE? TEN, MAYBE? NO... THREE WILL BE **PLENTY!**

**HA, HA, HA!** WHAT DELIGHTFUL IRONY! SLAIN BY THE VERY TECHNOLOGICAL MARVELS WHICH HER COMPUTER SKILLS MADE POSSIBLE!

"I'VE GIVEN THEM ENOUGH DATA TO TRACK HER DOWN...

"...HER SIZE, SCENT, HER VOICE PRINT... GOODBYE APRIL!"

HA HA HAH HAH HAH

MEANWHILE...

IT'S SO DARK AND CREEPY IN HERE!

I HOPE I FIND A LADDER SOON!

EH?

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?!

OH, NO...!

THE MOUSERS!!! THAT TWISTED BAXTER! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!!!

GOT TO RUN!

GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THEM!

WHAK!

SPTANG!

CHTAK!

I CAN'T...

DEAL WITH...

THISSSS...

LATER...

... FAINTED, SPLINTER. THEN WE CARRIED HER, AND THE REMAINS OF THOSE THREE "MOUSERS", BACK HERE!

HMMM... I SUPPOSE YOUR UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE WAS QUITE A SHOCK TO HER SYSTEM.

OF COURSE, BEING CHASED THROUGH DARK TUNNELS BY A PACK OF **BLOOD THIRSTY ROBOTS** PROBABLY DIDN'T HELP...

SHE'S WAKING UP!

OHHH...

**OHH!!** SO... ...SO... YOU ARE REAL!! I WASN'T IMAGINING YOU! WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE SAFE, YOUNG WOMAN...

...SAFE IN OUR HOME.

WH...WHO...?

MY NAME IS **SPLINTER**, AND YES, I AM A RAT. I AM ALSO THE TEACHER OF THESE TURTLES WHO RESCUED YOU...

...LEONARDO...

...DONATELLO...

...AND RAPHAEL!

THERE IS ALSO **MICHAELANGELO**, WHO WAS HERE AT HOME.

HI!

WELL... THANK YOU ALL FOR SAVING ME FROM THOSE ROBOTS. UH... JUST WHAT ARE YOU, AND WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING...?

NOT AT ALL! OURS IS A LONG STORY, THOUGH...

(FOR THE ORIGIN STORY OF SPLINTER AND THE TURTLES...

...:SEE ISSUE #1 OF THE **TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES**.)

ONE HOUR LATER...

WHAT A FANTASTIC STORY!

NOW THAT YOU'VE AVENGED YOUR MASTER AND DEFEATED THE **SHREDDER**... WHAT WILL YOU DO? WHAT PURPOSE WILL INSPIRE YOUR LIVES NOW?

THAT IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION, APRIL. IT DEPENDS MOSTLY ON WHAT MY STUDENTS...

MASTER SPLINTER! COME QUICK... THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE T.V. YOU SHOULD SEE!

...POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS HAVE EVACUATED THE BUILDING...

... AND CLEARED THE AREA AROUND IT, IN CASE THE BUILDING IN FACT DOES FALL, AS THE MYSTERIOUS TERRORIST HAS THREATENED.

HERE AGAIN IS THE VIDEO-TAPED "RANSOM" NOTE DELIVERED TO CITY HALL JUST ONE HOUR AGO:

GREETINGS CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

WHO I AM IS NOT IMPORTANT...

...WELL, NOT **AS** IMPORTANT AS WHAT I AM PREPARED TO DO!

MY GOD... THAT'S BAXTER!

I INTEND TO EXTORT ONE BILLION DOLLARS FROM THE MAJOR BUSINESSES OF NEW YORK CITY!

HOW DO I INTEND TO DO THIS, YOU SAY?

**SIMPLE!** BY SYSTEMATICALLY HOLDING HOSTAGE EVERY CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING IN THIS CITY!

IF I AM NOT PAID THE RANSOM I SET FOR EACH BUILDING I PICK, THEN ONE BY ONE I WILL **DEMOLISH** THEM! THE AIR WILL **SHUDDER** WITH THE SOUNDS OF **TORTURED**, TWISTED STEEL, SHATTERING GLASS, AND EXPLODING STONE!

NOW JUST TO SHOW THAT I AM NOT JESTING... AND TO SHOW THAT I'M NOT A CHEAP KIND OF GUY... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A **FREEBIE!**

I HAVE IN MY HAND A SMALL MODEL OF THE **RETXAB** BUILDING...

...ITS REAL LIFE CONTERPART IN DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN (VACANT EXCEPT FOR A FEW SMALL OFFICES SINCE THE PREVIOUS OWNERS VANISHED **MYSTERIOUSLY**) WILL CEASE TO EXIST AT 3:00 PM TODAY!

CRUNCH!!

...AND TOMORROW, AT 3:00 PM...

ONE OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWERS WILL TOPPLE...
...UNLESS I AM PAID **20 MILLION DOLLARS!**

THE UNIDENTIFED TERRORIST THEN WENT ON TO DESCRIBE A COMPLEX ARRANGEMENT FOR DELIVERY OF THE RANSOM MONEY.

HOWEVER, IT HAS NOT BEEN DETERMINED IF THIS THREAT IS FOR REAL OR MERELY PART OF AN ELABORATE HOAX; AS YOU CAN SEE IT IS NOW 3:03 PM AND THE **RETXAB** BUILDING IS STILL STANDING.

SO I GUESS THIS WILL WRAP IT... HUH?

GOOD LORD!

CHOKE!

OH MY GOD... BAXTER... NOOO!

JONIN SPLINTER... THIS MAN IS MAD! HE MUST BE STOPPED!

:SOB:

APRIL... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO BAXTER'S SECRET LAB?

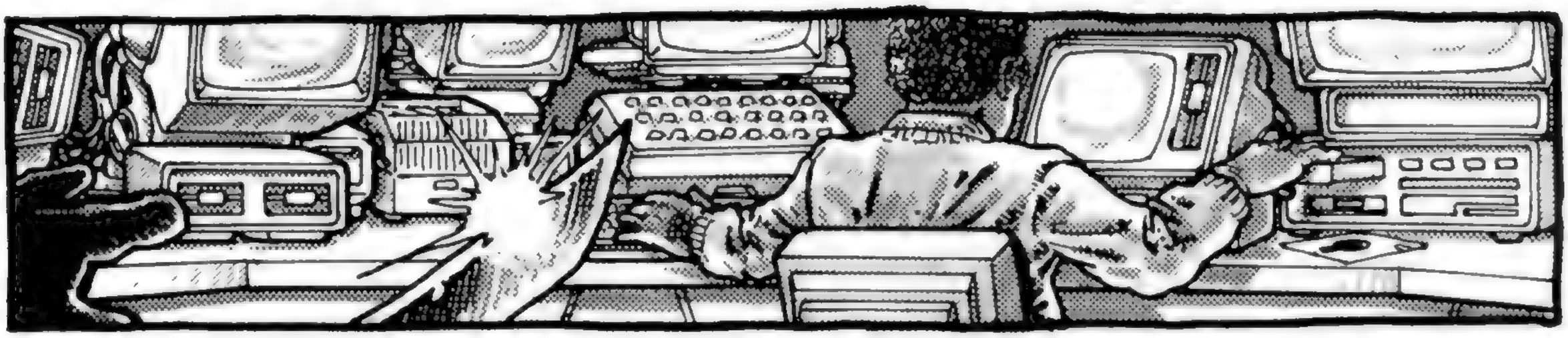
I... I... THINK... ...SO...

"THEN GO WITH HER, MY NINJA... AND USE YOUR EVERY SKILL TO QUENCH THIS MADNESS!"

LATER...
MARVELOUS...!

THIS IS GREAT!
I THINK I'LL RUN THOSE TAPES AGAIN!

CREAK!



YOUR REIGN OF TERROR HAS ENDED, STOCKMAN!
EH?

W--WHAT! WHO ARE YOU?

H-HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

THEY CAME WITH ME, BAXTER...

...TO HELP STOP YOUR SCHEMES!

APRIL! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

DON'T MOVE ANOTHER INCH, BUCKO!

NO THANKS TO YOU, CREEP! YOUR MOUSERS WOULD HAVE KILLED HER IF NOT FOR US!

NOOO...

NOW, LET'S SEE... I'M SURE I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO SHUT THIS SYSTEM DOWN...

NO! I WON'T LET YOU RUIN MY BEAUTIFUL PLAN!

GRAK!

OW!

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

OOF!

HAH! YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME NOW!

GOT YOU!!!

ARR... TOO LATE, FREAK! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA,! I'VE LOCKED IN THE SELF DESTRUCT PROGRAM!

CLAK!

HA, HA, HA, HA! YOU'LL ALL DIE NOW!

SHUT UP, FOOL!

NOW THE MOUSERS WILL FOLLOW A NEW PROGRAM... THEY'LL COME BACK HERE AND WON'T STOP EATING UNTIL THEY'VE DESTROYED EVERYTHING IN THIS WHOLE ROOM... INCLUDING YOU!!! HAHAHAHAHA--!

RAPHAEL, SHUT THIS LOONEY UP!

THE END

NICE WORK, RAPHAEL!

MY PLEASURE!

APRIL... IS WHAT STOCKMAN SAID TRUE?

IT--IT MUST BE, LEONARDO... NONE OF THESE CONTROLS ARE RESPONDING!

WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

IS THERE A WAY OUT OTHER THAN THE TUNNEL?

THE ELEVATOR!

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE, MICHAELANGELO?

IT'S-- UNGH...! -- JAMMED.

I'LL TRY THIS-- UGH!

GR-

EAK!

YOW!

RUMBLE!

POP

THE WHOLE SHAFT IS **JAMMED** WITH **ROCKS!** ANOTHER BIT OF STOCKMAN'S BLASTED PLAN!

OH MY GOD... WE'RE TRAPPED! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!!!

WAIT A MINUTE, APRIL! I'M FAMILIAR WITH SOME COMPUTER SYSTEMS... AND YOU HELPED PROGRAM THE **MOUSERS**. MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING TO CANCEL THIS **DESTRUCT PROGRAM!**

I SUPPOSE IT'S POSSIBLE, DONATELLO...

...BUT IT WOULD TAKE **TIME** -- AND THOSE MOUSERS WILL BE HERE **SOON!**

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MIGHT DELAY THEM, APRIL!

IF BAXTER KEPT ANY **EXPLOSIVES** HERE...

HEY, LEO... I THINK I'VE GOT WHAT YOU NEED HERE!

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES... LOOKS LIKE BAXTER WAS COVERING ALL THE BASES!

GREAT, RAPHAEL-- THESE LITTLE BABIES SHOULD BUY US SOME TIME!

OPEN THE DOORS TO THE TUNNELS!

SNIK

WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY!

DO IT!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HIS PLAN IS, RAPHAEL...

YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW THE TUNNEL, RIGHT?

YOU GOT IT!

PUT THEM HERE... ABOUT **30 YARDS** FROM THE LAB! WHEN THESE **SUPPORTS** GO, THE TUNNEL WILL COLLAPSE AT THIS POINT... THAT SHOULD SLOW THEM DOWN A LITTLE!

THERE... ALL DONE!

O.K. ... LIGHT'EM UP!

UT-OH...

CHIT SCRATCH-TIC-TIC-TIC-CHITTER-SCR

MOUSERS! HERE THEY COME! GET READY...

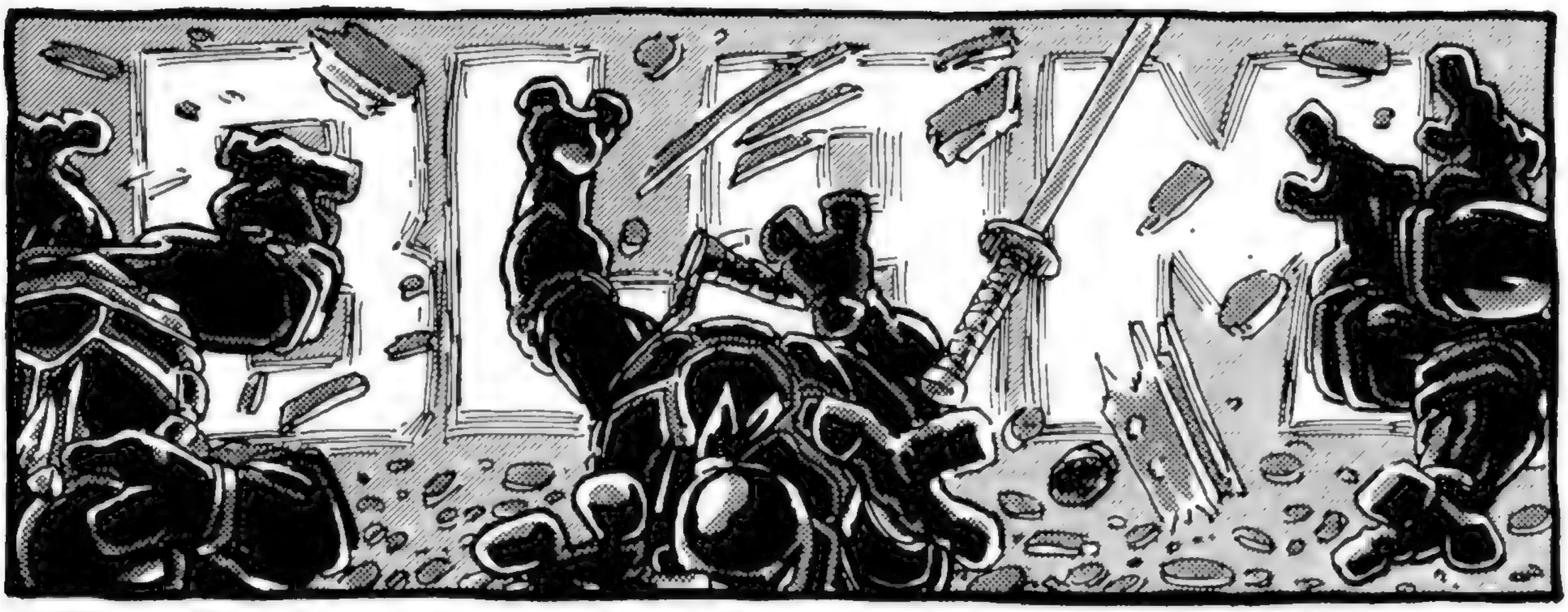
LIGHT'EM!

TIC TIC CHITTER CHIT

SCRAT

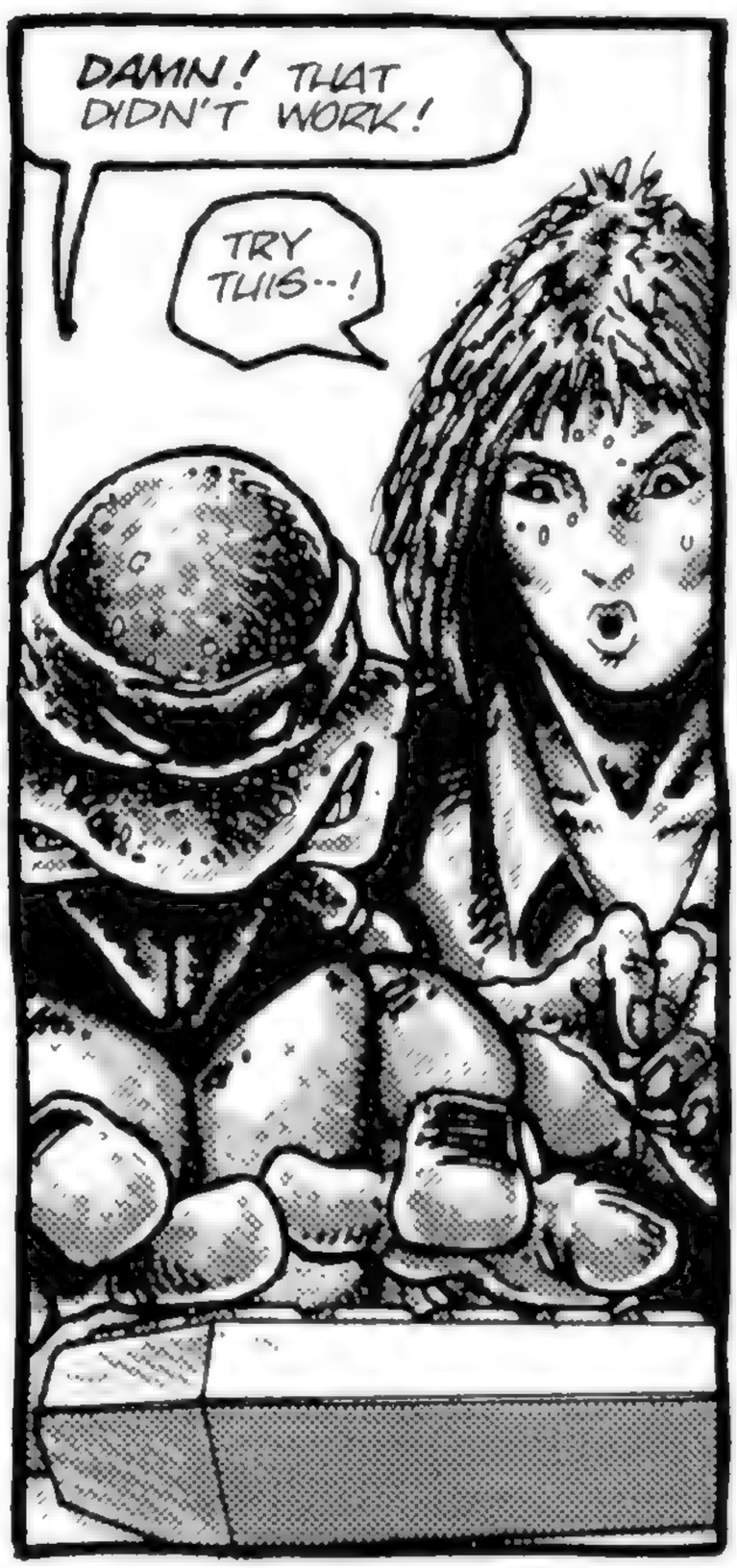
CHITTER CHIT CHIT

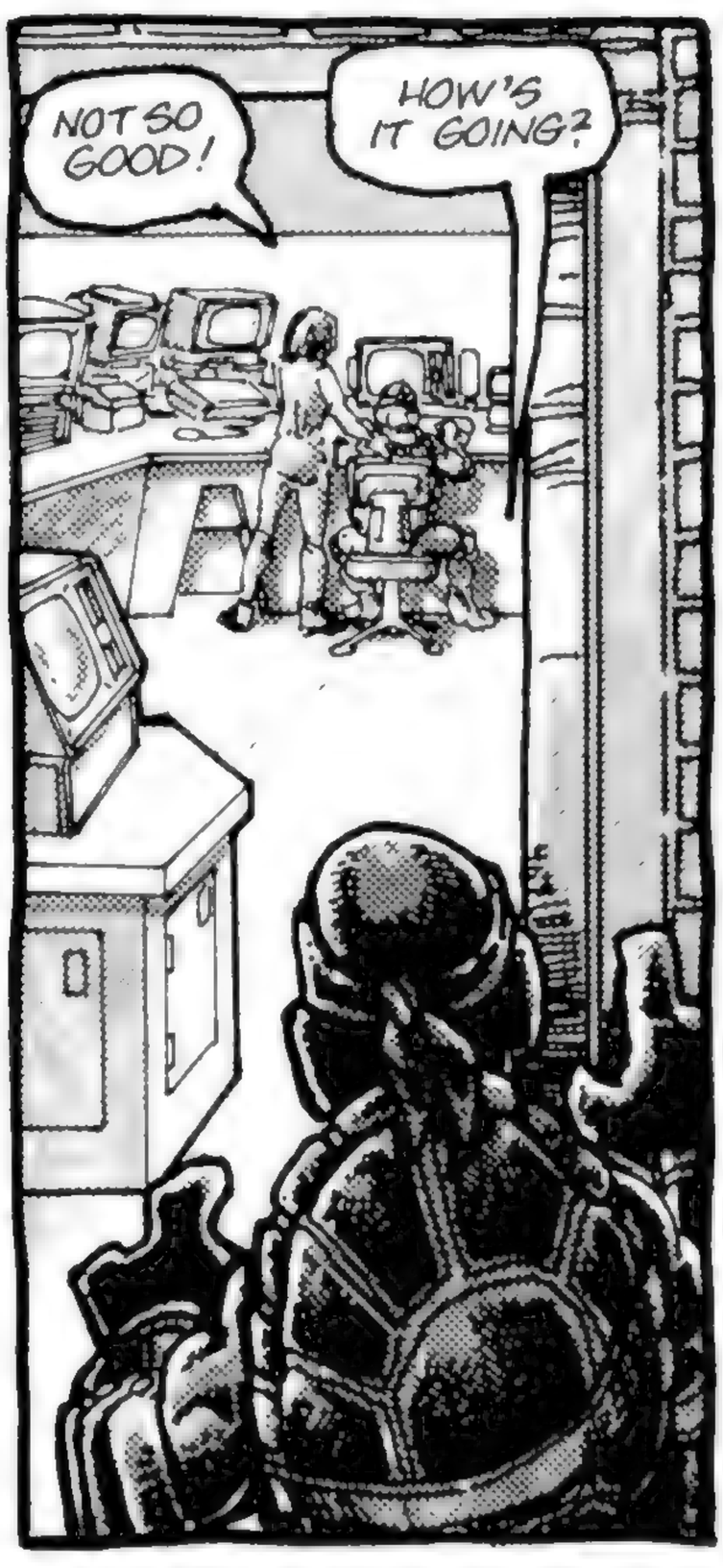
YAAA



EVERYBODY O.K.?
MUFF...
MY EARS HURT...

SEEMS LIKE WE BOUGHT OURSELVES SOME BREATHING SPACE!
I'LL CHECK TO SEE HOW APRIL AND DONATELLO ARE DOING BACK IN THE LAB!!!
COUGH COUGH


DAMN! THAT DIDN'T WORK!
TRY THIS--!


NOT SO GOOD!
HOW'S IT GOING?

MICHAELANGELO... COME QUICK! THEY'RE ALMOST THROUGH THE RUBBLE!

NOOO!!!

BAXTER'S SICK, BUT QUITE **BRILLIANT!** HIS FAIL-SAFES INCLUDEDAN ELECTRICAL OVERLOAD THAT BURNED OUT A LOT OF THESE CIRCUITS...!

I KNOW-- IT'S FRUSTRATING! HOW ABOUT WHIPPING UP A QUICK "**VIRUS**" PROGRAM THAT WOULD "**INFECT**" THE SYSTEM, AND "**KILL**" IT!

THERE'S ONE!

I'VE GOT IT!

THERE...!

TWO MORE...!

NO GOOD! NOT ENOUGH TIME... IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO WRITE A **VIRUS PROGRAM**... WE'VE GOT MINUTES!

BLAST!

ROBOTS MAKE MY SKIN CRAWL!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW ARE THE MOUSERS CONTROLLED... BY RADIO?

WHY, YES- THE COMPUTER'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE BEAMED TO EACH UNIT'S RADIO RECEIVER!

IF WE CAN SOME HOW SHUT DOWN ALL THE POWER, THE TRANSMITTER HERE WILL STOP BROAD-CASTING THE, COMPUTERS ORDERS TO THE MOUSERS!

ASSUMING OF COURSE THAT THE TRANSMITTER IS PART OF THIS SYSTEM!

WE'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

WAIT...! I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING HERE!

IT LOOKS LIKE AN EMERG-ENCY SHUT DOWN PROGRAM!

IT MIGHT WORK!

THERE ARE TOO MANY, COMING TOO FAST!

MICHAELANGELO, RAPHAEL--!

FALL BACK TO THE LAB... RUN!

OH NO... THIS PROGRAM IS SET TO SHUT THE POWER OFF STARTING WITH LEAST ESSENTIAL SYSTEMS!

YOU MEAN...

YES! THE MOUSERS' RADIO TRANSMITTER WILL BE THE LAST TO SHUT DOWN!

DONATELLO!!! ON MY COMMAND...

CLOSE THE TUNNEL DOORS!

CHIT

CHIT

CHIT

CLOSE THOSE SUCKERS...

...NOW!

NO GOOD, LEONARDO...

CHIT

... THEY'RE ALREADY STARTING TO COME THROUGH THE WALLS!

THE PROGRAM IS WORKING... BUT... BUT... JUST NOT FAST ENOUGH!

IT... IT... HAS TO BE!

TIC

SCATCH

TURTLES-- DIE WITH HONOR!!!

COME ON--!

GO, GO, GO--!

TIC TIC CRASH SMASH CHIT CHITTER BLANG CHIT ZARROOUNNN CHIT CHITTER CHITTER CRASH TIC TIC CHIT

HAI THUMP CRASH BANG TIC CHITTER CHIT CHITTER TINKLE TINKLE! CHIT TIC

CHIT SLASH THUMP THU-WACK CHIT CHITTER

HEY...

I GUESS IT WORKED!
END

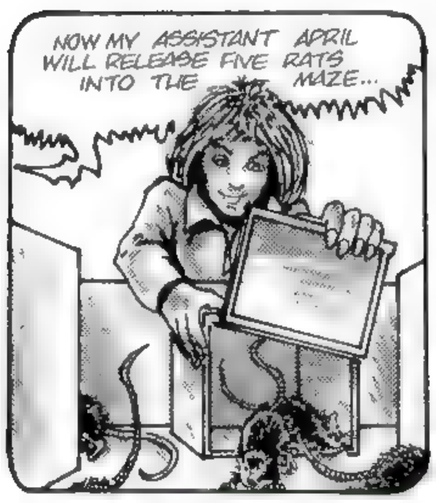
# ANNOTATIONS

## KEVIN EASTMAN

A funny thing happened on the way to issue number 2 of the TMNTs—mainly, we didn't know we'd need one! After we shipped the first printing of 3,000 copies in May of 1985 from the studio in Dover, New Hampshire, I still had a summer job cooking lobsters up in Ogunquit, Maine (Memorial Day to Labor Day, dude!). So back to work I went. Meanwhile, we were still getting calls from distributors for book #1, so we reprinted it, and after those 6,000 sold out they asked when we were going to put out issue #2!

So, in the fall of 1985, Peter and I started hammering out some ideas of what we thought would make a cool second issue. When Pete came up with the concept of these robotic rat killers as part of a much bigger plot by the evil genius that created them, we had some meat we really liked and started building a story around it.

One of the ideas we both liked early on was the guys having a human friend, and we wanted it to be a girl, so April was brought to life! I actually don't think we even had a last name for her in this issue—that came later.



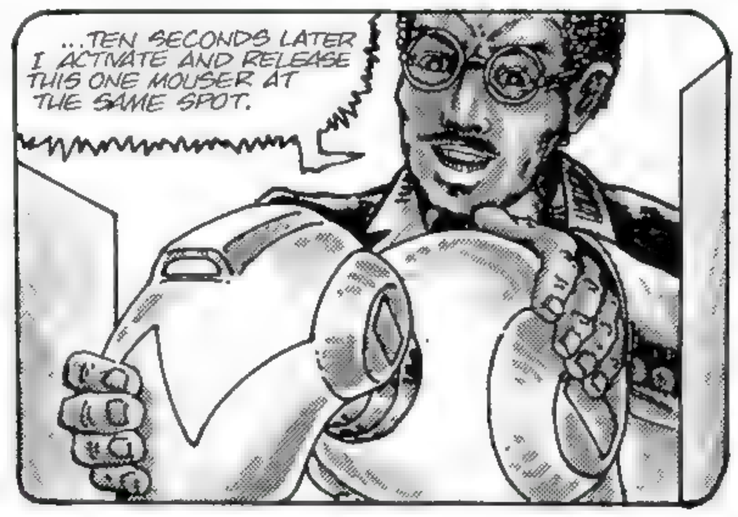

Peter and I shared the layout chores on this one. Most of the drawing was done through the mail; I lived in Portland, Maine, at the time, and Pete had moved to Sharon, Connecticut. But I think it held together very well. We were still figuring how to make sure that we both worked on all the pages to blend styles and not make it look too much like two different guys were doing the work.

## PETER LAIRD

Two design sketches were done by me before Kevin and I started working on issue #2 of the original Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles comics, so that would have been sometime in summer or fall of 1984. Apparently, at the time these sketches were done, two important things had not yet been decided upon—Baxter Stockman's race and April O'Neil's name.

I was going for a real "nerd" look for Stockman, whichever color he ended up being. April is just labeled "assistant" at this point. And I guess I was still trying to work out how the Mousers would move when attacking.

Back in the early days, when we were doing comic shows together, one of the most common questions was "How do you guys work together?" and it never ceased to amaze me that so many people just couldn't quite comprehend that both of us worked on penciling, inking, and toning each and every page of the artwork. (In fact, a lot of people couldn't quite get the fact that one of us wasn't "the writer" and the other one "the artist.")




**Pages 1–3:** These pages had the classic layout form of our hero, Jack "King" Kirby, with the single-page splash on page 1 then a two-page spread. Loved that stuff! This issue was one of the few TMNT books that actually had TWO two-page spreads. We added a second in the climactic battle scene.

**Page 9:** Man, could Peter draw amazing robots and machinery! I loved it. Check out the mind-bending detail in the bottom panel here. Way too cool.

**Pages 14–17:** Great fun working out this chase scene. April being hunted by the Mousers and just as she is about to buy it—enter the guys! Classic movie star hero entrance!

**Page 19:** Another classic scene that would be replayed in a bunch of different movies and TV series—April wakes up on the couch in the Turtles' sewer lair and gets the origin story! Of course, here we just did it old school "Comic Book Style" by leaving the full retelling out, saying "See Issue #1" in a middle panel and cutting back to April saying "What a fantastic story!"

**Page 22:** So after we cut to the "Evil Genius" laying out his plot to take over the city on TV—the TMNTs decide they have to stop him and enlist April to help. They have now become classic vigilante crime fighters!

**Page 24:** From here through to the end on page 38 was all classic edge-of-your-seat movie stuff! We were doing these mega-sized stories and we wanted to get our money's worth—telling a story that got us as excited to draw as we hoped people would be reading it.

**Page 26:** The pace was intense. Baxter Stockman gets knocked out by Raphael, but not before he hits a self-destruct button that will bring all the Mousers back to the lab to kill/destroy everything in it—so we had our ticking bomb!

**Page 27:** We set up Donatello as the tech Turtle—all Peter's doing—he was the nut for the tech stuff and secretly wanted to be Don, as much as I secretly wanted to be Raphael!

WAIT A MINUTE, APRIL! I'M FAMILIAR WITH SOME COMPUTER SYSTEMS.. AND YOU HELPED PROGRAM THE MOUSERS. MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING TO CANCEL THIS DESTRUCT PROGRAM!
I SUPPOSE IT'S POSSIBLE, DONATELLO.
BUT IT WOULD TAKE TIME -- AND THOSE MOUSERS WILL BE HERE SOON!

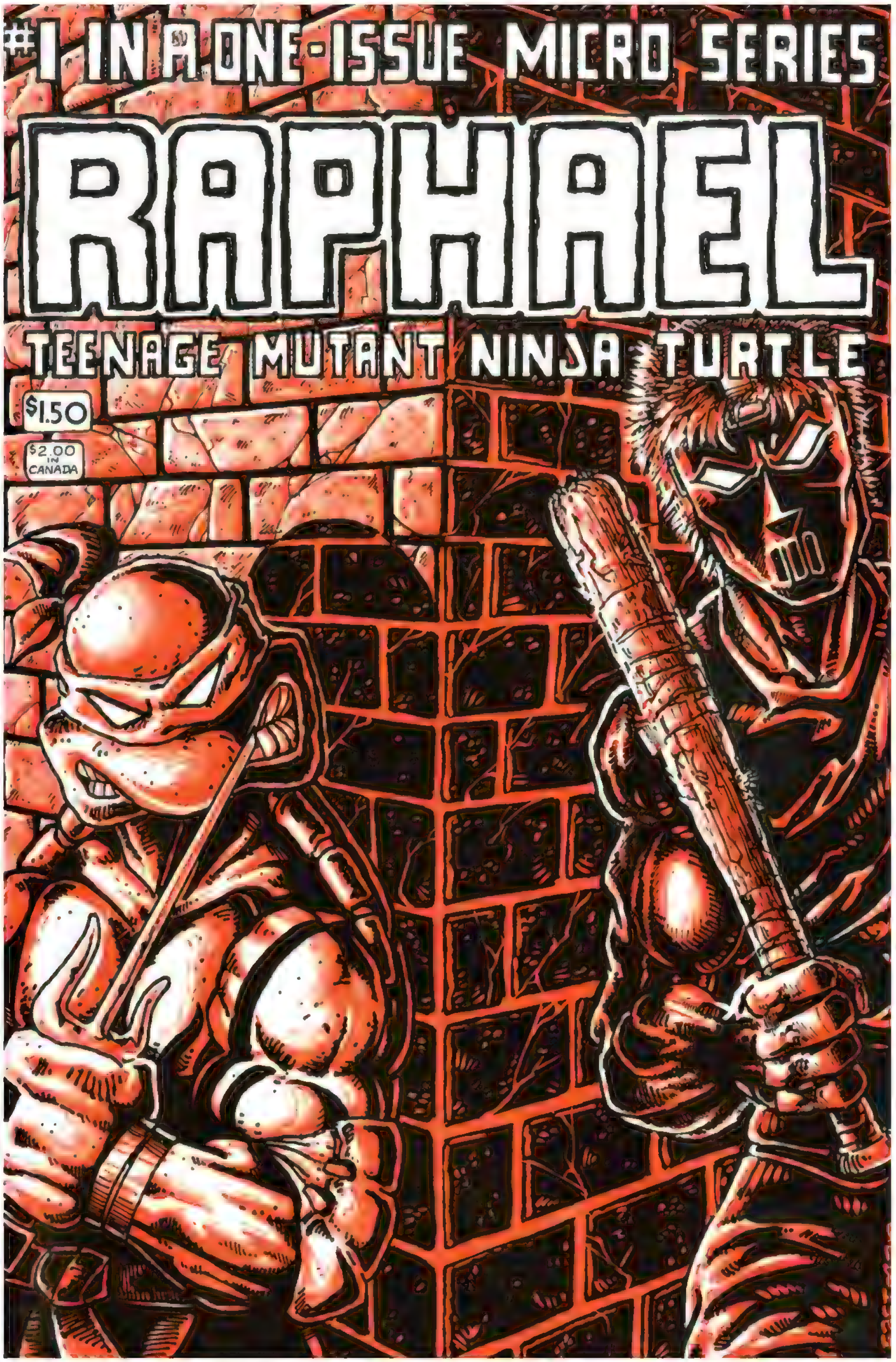
**Page 29:** Blowing up the sewer tunnels while trying to slow down the Mousers so April and Don could figure out how to shut them down was a blast!

**Page 32:** Cutting back and forth, beads of sweat on both Turtle and human alike, as they are losing ground—and one of my favorite lines: "Robots make my SKIN CRAWL!"

**Pages 34–35:** A dream spread—I always wanted to try and create that 3D feel that Kirby gave to so many of his panels and I feel like we pulled it off here, big-time.

**Page 37:** Just as they are about to meet their end, and just before the lights go out, what else is there to say but "Turtles Die With Honor!"

**Page 38:** One of my all-time favorite last pages. And, looking back, that's a final line that would provide a little foreshadowing of things to come for the TMNTs, when Leo says, "I guess it worked!"


#1 IN A ONE-ISSUE MICRO SERIES
RAPHAEL
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE
$1.50
$2.00 IN CANADA

# RAPHAEL

HAH! GOOD FALL, RAPHAEL!

WHUFF!

RAPHAEL, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE IN:

YOU'VE HAD IT, MIKE!

FRIEND OR NO, YOU'VE GOT TO GO!

# ME, MYSELF, AND I

BY KEVIN B. EASTMAN AND PETER A. LAIRD

HMM... GOOD REVERSE PUNCH!

YAAA--!

HAI!

NICE ROUNDHOUSE KICK, TOO, RAPHAEL--

--NOT A BAD DRAGON PUNCH EITHER!

BUT YOU SET YOURSELF UP FOR THIS--

CRACK!

--AND THIS-- HUH?

GRRARRR!

THAT-- THAT WAS A LUCKY PUNCH, MIKE!

SMAK

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GOOD--

RAPH OOF

FUDD

--BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT ME!

BAP

NOT NOW--

--NOT EVER!

OH REALLY?

YOU'RE TOO COCKY, RAPH!

SMASH

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL, BUDDY...!

ARR... GRRR!

SNIP

CRINKLE

YOW!

RRR--

NO!!

NO--
Y-YOU--
CHEATED!

WE'VE GOT TO SOUND-PROOF THIS CELLAR--

YEAH... I'D BETTER QUIET THOSE GUYS DOWN BEFORE --HEY!

YOU DIDN'T BEAT ME!!!

HEY, RAPH- COOL IT! IT'S JUST PRACTICE!

RAPHAEL, DON'T!

WHAT DO--

--YOU THINK--

--YOU'RE DOING!!?

RAPHAEL-- HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!

I--LEO-- MIKE--I--

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED MIKE IF YOU'D HIT HIM WITH THIS!

RAPHAEL, WE'RE ALL TENSE-- SPLINTER'S GONE, WE'RE LIVING IN A STRANGE NEW PLACE-- BUT YOU CAN'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE LIKE THAT!

LEO-- I--I--

NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND COOL OFF!

GO!

LEO-- DID YOU SEE HIS EYES?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?!

MIKE'S MY BEST PAL!

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME BACK THERE?

SEEMED LIKE EVERYTHING WENT BLANK--

TWANG!

--ALL I COULD FEEL WAS INTENSE ANGER!!!

SOMETIMES IN A FIGHT-- EVEN JUST SPARRING--I WANT TO KILL!

AM-- AM I CRAZY?

GOT TO GET UP--

--INTO THE OPEN AIR!

AIR WILL CLEAR MY HEAD...

...I WISH IT COULD EASE MY HEART AS WELL!

OH, MIKE... MY FRIEND... I'M SORRY... SO SORRY...

I PITY THE MAN THAT MESSES WITH ME! I'LL KILL YA!

POW!

BLAM, BLAM BLAM, BUDDA, BUDDA!!! TAKE THAT, YOU STREET SCUM!

VIP VIP SPANG!

YOU TELL HIM, T.J.!

YEAH, DO IT!

FRANK MILLER

SHUT UP OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

BLAM!

WELL, DO YOU FEEL LUCKY, PUNK?!

LOOK HE'S RUNNING! SHOOT 'EM!

BA-DOW!

OFF 'EM! HA, HA, HA HA!

GANGS, THIEFS, MUGGERS, MAKE MY SKIN CRAWL! I WANT THEM OFF THE STREETS! BLAM, BLAM, BLAT BOOM!

GEEZ...THOSE GUYS HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA: GET THE **SCUM** AND **DIRT-BALLS** OFF THE STREETS! BUT THERE'S SO MUCH **SCUM**...

AND SO FEW OF US **GOOD GUYS!**

THE COPS CAN'T HANDLE IT -- THEY NEED HELP!

**MY HELP!**

TO DEFEND THE CITIZENS OF THIS FAIR CITY FROM THE VILE SCUM THAT SNEAKS ABOUT MY CITY!

YEAH, THE CITY... MY CITY, HOME OF: **CASEY JONES!**

IT'S A TOUGH JOB, BUT SOMEONE'S GOTTA DO IT!

HEE, HEE HEE, HEE!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

EH?

GIVE US THE BAG, MOMMA--

HERE!

DON'T HURT ME!

HEY, DON'T SWEAT IT FOX! YOU BE NICE TO US...

...WE BE REAL NICE TO Y--!

HUH?

UT-OH!

BAP

HEY-- A CRIME!

FUMP

AND A FELLOW FUNNY-LOOKING GREEN CRIME-FIGHTING, DE-FENDER OF JUSTICE!

HEY, WAIT-- HE'S LETTING THEM GO!

GO ON, GIT!

HERE'S YOUR PURSE MA'M...

GET AWAY!

YOU'VE STOLEN YOUR LAST PURSE, DOG BREATH!

HUH? IF THOSE THUGS HAVE GRABBED SOMEONE ELSE, I'LL...

TASTE HARDWOOD, ARMPIT!!!

WAP

-UCK!

WOW!

I'LL GET YOU HAIRBALLS OFF THE STREETS!

LOOKS LIKE THEY PICKED ON THE WRONG GUY!

FEEL THE BAT OF DOOM, CREEPS!

BAT...

NO-- NO-- AGH!

HEY-- HE'S NOT LETTING UP! HE'S NOT JUST STOPPING THOSE PUNKS-- HE'S GONNA KILL 'EM!!!

HEY!

HUH?

COOL IT, PAL!

I'LL COOL YOU OUT TOO, PUNK--!

EH?.--THE LITTLE GREEN FREAK! WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

HEY-- WATCH IT--!

OW!

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU--

...SO I'LL JUST TAKE THOSE BATS AWAY FROM YOU!

YEAH? BIG DEAL. YOU FREAKIN SCUM! I GOT MORE WHERE THOSE CAME FROM!

SO DO I!!!

REMEMBER-- YOU STARTED THIS--

YAH!

...BUT I'LL FINISH IT! HAI!

YOU AND WHAT ARMY, ZIPHEAD?!

BLAP

GURK!

FOR A -- NUT CASE -- YOU'RE -- PRETTY GOOD -- WITH THAT HOCKEY STICK!

UNH-- OK... OK... I GIVE UP-- YOU WIN--

...ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE!

1...2...3...

ALMOST GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE ME OUT!

UGG!

WUMP

FORE!!

HA, HA, HA, HA! ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST!

LOOK OUT, SCUM--! CASEY'S COMIN'!

OOOOOOOHH!

OOHHH, MAN...

...THAT HURT! OW... NOW I GOTTA FIND THAT GUY-- HE'S NUTS!

I GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEBODY! HE THINKS HE'S SOME KIND OF SUPERHERO--

--OUT TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM STREET CRIMINALS!

BUT HE'S REALLY JUST A LUNATIC VIGILANTE ON A RAMPAGE!

AND HE'S GOT A GOOD HEADSTART ON ME...

...HOW WILL I FIND HIM?

HOW?

I LOVE NEW YORK!

ESPECIALLY IN THE EVENING--

--CUZ THAT'S WHEN THE GOOD CITIZENS HIDE IN THEIR HOUSES--

--AND THE **SLIMEBALLS** SPILL OUT INTO THE STREETS!

HEH?

I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME--

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

USED CARS

--JACKPOT!!!

YO, FRANKIE-- HURRY IT UP, MAN!

EH, CHILL-OUT BRO-- JUST ONE MORE WIRE TO CUT--

HOWDY, BOYS! NICE NIGHT, HUH?

THUMP!

GOOD NIGHT FOR HUNTIN'--

SLAP

--AN' MY PREY RUNS IN PACKS!

CRACK

UNGH--!

HA, HA, HA ONE DOWN--

JEEZ-- TH' GUY'S LOCO!

I'M SPLIT-TIN'--!

--ONE TO GO!

STRIKE THREE, TURKEY-- YOU'RE OUT!

WHAP!

OW!

SNAP!

MEAN WHILE...

I LOST HIS TRAIL AGAIN... MAYBE HE'S HIDING IN THAT PARK--

UNNH... NO, PLEASE--!

HUH--?

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN--!

AW-- POOR BABY! DOES YOUR POOR WIDDLE LEG HAVE A BOO-BOO?

YOU-- YOU BROKE IT, MAN! M-MY LEG IS BUSTED!

THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING, SLIME! WHEN CASEY GETS DONE WITH YOU--

OH, NO--

--YOUR WHOLE BODY'S GONNA BE BUSTED!

SEE YOU IN THE NEXT LIFE, DUNG-BALL!

WHA--

WRONG, YO-YO--

WHAT--! AGH!

I'M STOP-PING YOU RIGHT HERE--

FHOOF!

VUMP

AKK!

AHK!

—AND RIGHT NOW!

NOW LOOK, PAL-- THERE'S SUCH A THING AS MAKIN' THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME! SEEMS LIKE WITH YOU EVERYTHING'S A CAPITAL OFFENSE!

LISTEN TO MR. BLEEDING HEART! YOU'RE NOT ONLY AN UGLY FREAK, YOU'RE STUPID! THESE SCUM DE-SERVE EVERYTHING THEY GET!

NOW GET OUTTA MY WAY-- I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!!

BOMP

BUT, HEY-- IT'S BEEN REAL!

SWINE!

SO LONG SHORTY!

HONEST

CAR

HEH HEH HEH!

I-I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM-- I'LL BE SEEN!

REEEEE!

BEEP BEEP

SKREE

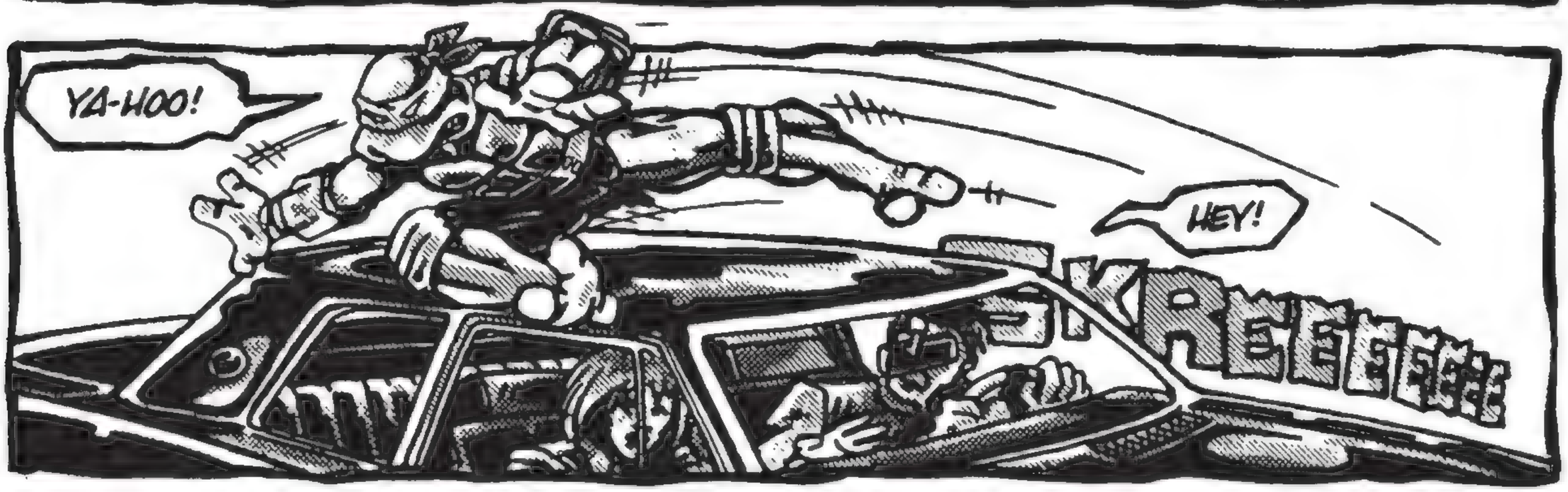
ALL THOSE LIGHTS-- PEOPLE! LEO WOULD KILL ME IF I DIDN'T STICK TO THE SHADOWS!

BUT IF I DON'T FOLLOW-- THAT MANIAC WILL GET AWAY!

BUT IF I DO, I'LL ...I'LL...

AH, THE HELL WITH IT!

BEEP BEEP
NO GUTS, NO GLORY!
SKREEEE!
HONK


YA-HOO!
HEY!
KREEEEE!!

WHAT WAS THAT!?
GOOD GOD! IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FLESHY HEADED MUTATIONS, SECRETLY PLANNING TO TAKE OVER THIS PLANET! I READ ABOUT IT IN BLAZE MAGAZINE! OR...

NOW WHERE DID THAT FOOL GET TO--?
...OR A MOB HIT MAN OR A...

I DON'T LIKE THIS...

WE'RE ON HIS TURF, NOW...

THAT'S RIGHT, BOY--

JUST A LITTLE CLOSER--

CLOSER!

ARR--!

SUR-PRISE!

THUD

DAMN!

I SHOULD HAVE HEARD THAT ONE COMING!

LUCKY SHOT, CASEY!

OW

GUESS MY LUCK IS HOLDING, CREEPO!

GRRR!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME!? I'VE GOT HIT TWICE AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS! SPLINTER WOULD GIVE ME HELL FOR THIS...

UNGH!

CAUGHT YA DREAMING BOY, AN' I GOT YOU! BUT THAT'S MY JOB--

--GETTING RID OF VILE DUNG LIKE YOU!

EURRR--

BYE, BYE, FREAK! YAAH!

I'M ... NOT DEAD ...YET...

...AND IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN YOU TO SHUT OUT MY LIGHTS!

WHACK

--AN' HERE'S WHERE I START PROVIN' IT!

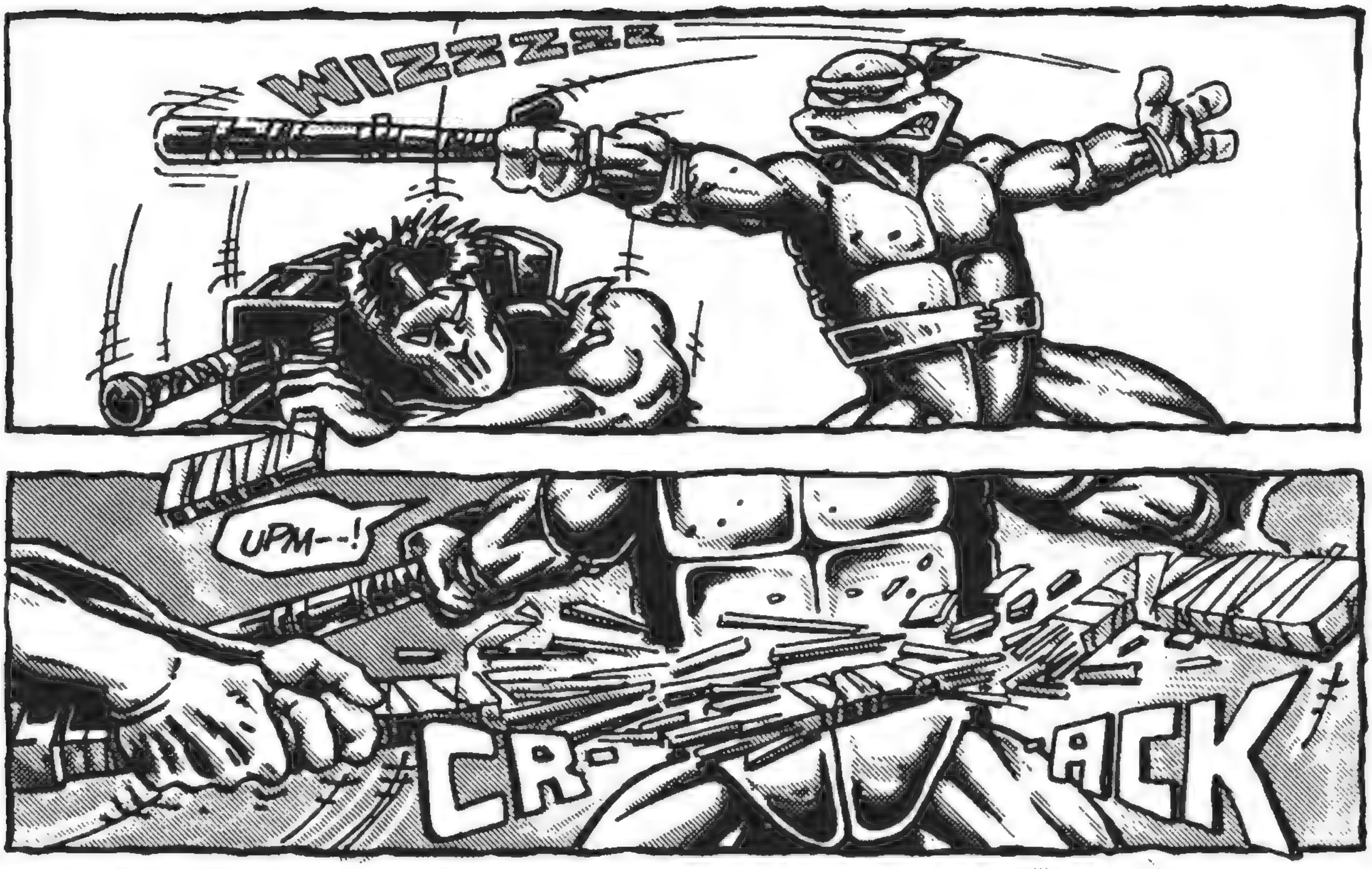
UMP!

WUMP

OOMF!

OW!

OOF!


WHIZZZZ
UPM--!
CRACK

THIS THING IS JUST TOO TOUGH--IT WON'T FALL! I'VE GOTTA MAKE A RUN FOR IT WHILE IT'S STUNNED... BUT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
CATCH YA ON THE FLIP SIDE, GREENIE!!!
NO WAY, YOU CRAZY FOOL--!

--YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE EXCEPT DOWN FOR THE COUNT!

BLUDD

COUGH! I CAN'T --UNH-- BELIEVE IT!

CLIP

SMACK

OUU-- --YOU-- UNGH-- GIVE UP--?

OW!

WHACK

CHUD

CHIP

CHIP

POMP!

BEATEN BY A... A... LITTLE GREEN FREAK! I'VE =COUGH= HAD ENOUGH!

HEY, PAL-- YOU BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF! YOU CAN'T GO AROUND KILLIN' PEOPLE FOR STEALIN' TAPE DECKS! THAT'S JUST-- CRAZY!

YEAH, RIGHT-- I'M CRAZY! BUT SOMETHIN' TELLS ME YOU AIN'T ABOVE TAKIN' SOMEBODY OUT IF THEY TICK YOU OFF--!

I HAVE A TEMPER. TRUE-- BUT AT LEAST I TRY TO CONTROL IT--

--YOU DON'T!

SHUT UP-- GIMME YOUR MONEY!

EH?

HELP!

SOUNDS LIKE A MUGGING-IN-PROGRESS, HERO! Y'GONNA JUST STAND THERE?

I-- I DON'T KNOW--! I GUESS I CAN'T LET YOU GO SLAUGHTER THE PUNKS!

WELL, SHORTY-- DO WE HELP THE CITIZEN, OR WHAT?

ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! BUT REMEMBER, WHILE WE'RE STOPPING THOSE MUGGERS-- I'M KEEPIN' ONE EYE ON YOU!!!

FAIR ENOUGH!

LET'S GET'EM!
HELP! HELP ME PLEASE!
THE END

# RAPHAEL

## KEVIN EASTMAN

During this period in comics history the Four-Issue Mini-Series was all the rage as they could easily be collected into trade paperbacks after the original run. Those collections were becoming popular not only because they were making some headway out of the direct market into mainstream book stores, but also because publishers could sell the same material twice. So, naturally, we had to do our own version—and the One-Issue Micro-Series was born.

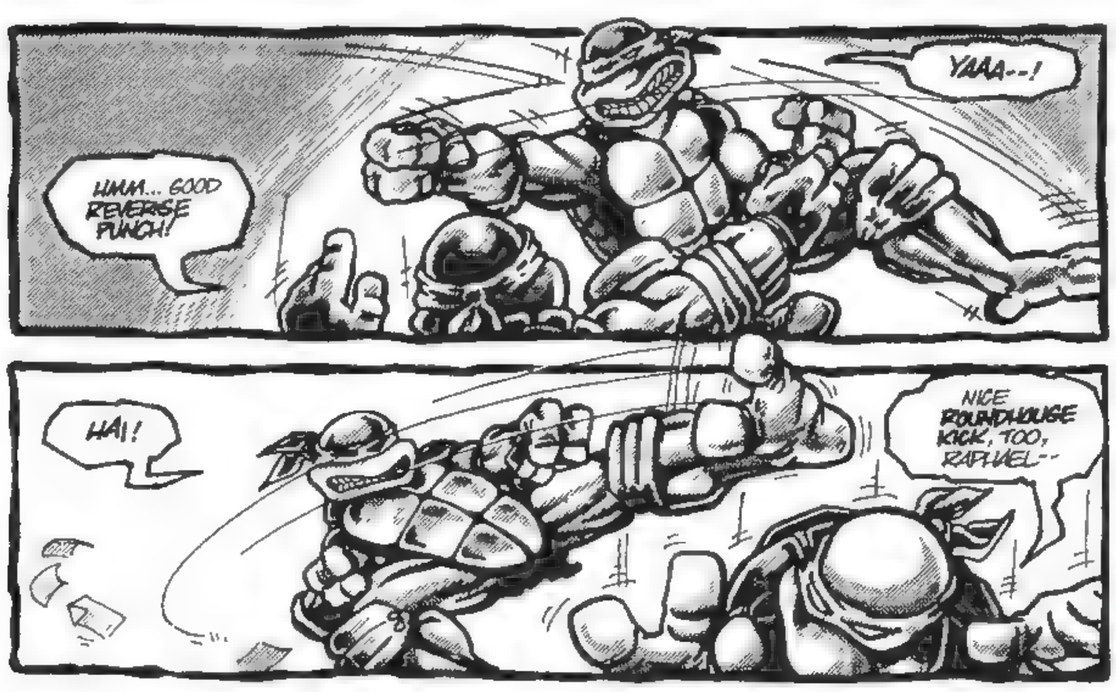
We both felt like this was a great way to explore the individual personalities a bit more. And besides, we were still pretty much figuring them out at the same time we were presenting them to our readers!

As Raphael was the hothead of the group, there were two things I wanted to work out in this issue: How deep does it go? And can he see in himself what his temper is really doing to others? One of the best ways to show that is to have a character look in a mirror—or meet someone who's even more of a nutjob than he is.

Which is where the title "Me, Myself, and I" came from, and the newest character in the TMNT universe—Casey Jones.

The creation of Casey was a lot of fun. To me it seemed that so many superheroes chose to become superheroes because their whole family was killed in front of them and they wanted to fight crime. I wanted a guy to choose to do that because he watched too many bad cop shows, like Peter used to do. I came up with a guy with a hockey mask in sweats and two baseball bats, and Pete added a golf bag. Perfect.

**Page 1:** The art of the layout was VERY important to me—pacing the story to work from top left to bottom right, as well as creating an interesting graphic image.




**Pages 2–3:** Equally important is a well-thought-out fight scene, and I wanted this exchange between Raphael and Mike to work on a technical level as well as an emotional one. I think it worked well.

**Page 7:** Notice Casey is watching three TVs, all cop shows—his inspiration for becoming his own kind of vigilante superhero. Look hard and you can see a Frank Miller *Ronin* poster in the background.

**Pages 8–9:** The two guys holding up the woman, who then get their butts kicked by Casey, are caricatures of Pete and me! With bigger muscles, of course!

The next few pages of the fight between Casey and Raph had to be designed carefully. Raph was a highly trained ninja hothead and Casey was a self-taught street kid/hockey player, so I wanted the playing field to be level.

**Page 14:** This is one of my favorites in the book, but I think we pushed the inside jokes a little too far with the TMNT billboard behind Casey when he sees the punks breaking into the car.

**Page 16:** The reaction Raphael has to Casey going nuts on the punks and taking it too far was the message we wanted to bring full circle back to the opening of the book—Raph seeing himself in Casey, and going too far with Mike. It was an important lesson for him to try harder to get his own issues a little more under control, and he even lectures Casey to do the same.

NOW LOOK, PAL-- THERE'S SUCH A THING AS MAKIN' THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME! SEEMS LIKE WITH YOU EVERYTHING'S A CAPITAL OFFENSE!
LISTEN TO MR BLEEDING HEART! YOU'RE NOT ONLY AN UGLY FREAK, YOU'RE STUPID! THESE SCUM DE-SERVE EVERYTHING THEY GET!
NOW GET OUTTA MY WAY-- I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!!
BOMP

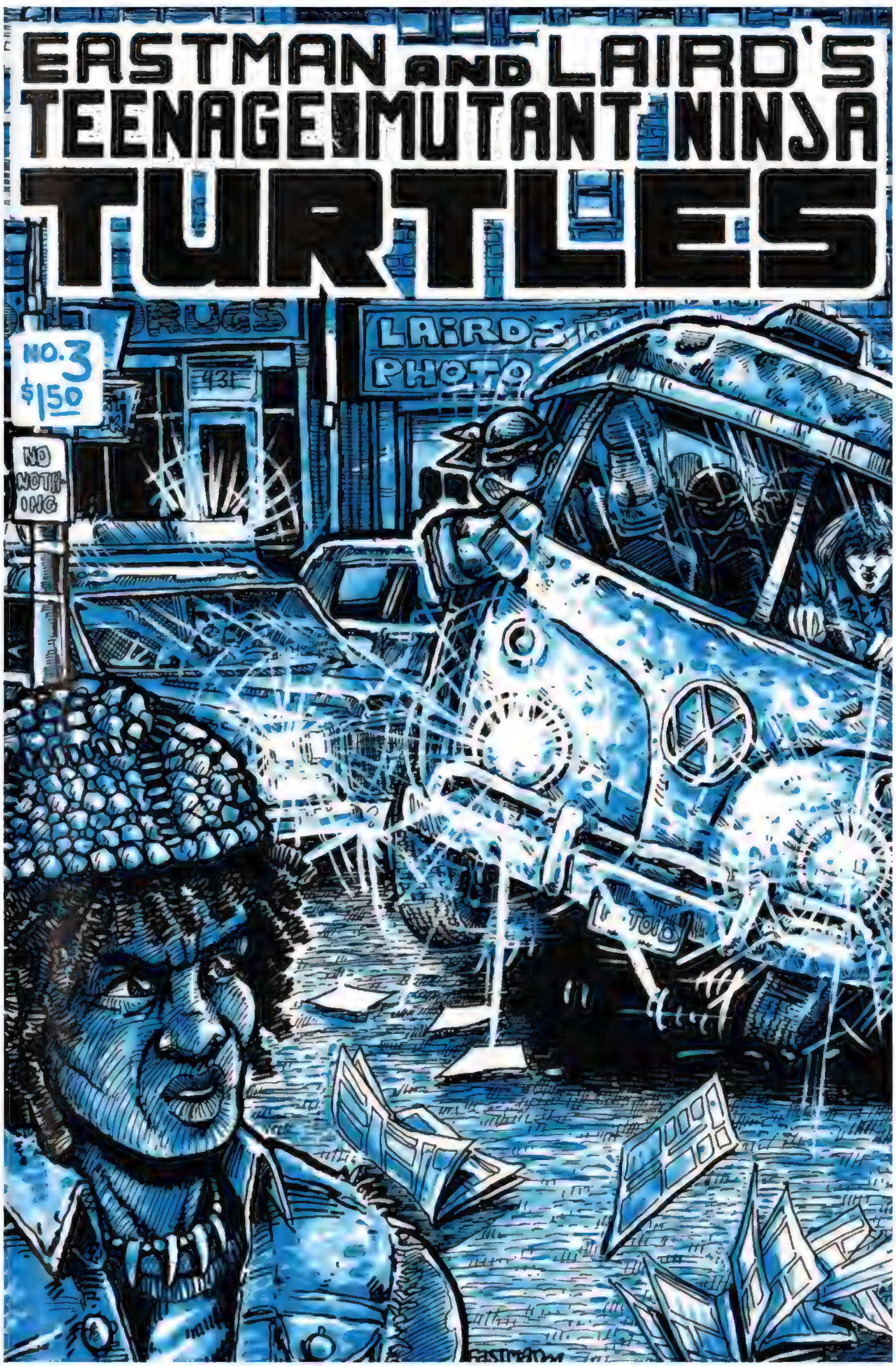
**Page 17+:** The whole last half of the book was a dream for me, layout wise, as it's nearly all fighting, and I wanted these two guys to fight to a standstill, like in the movie *The Quiet Man*, where they fight until they have respect for each other and have a whole new bond.

Once they've completely beaten each other down, they actually have a human moment here and relate to each other and I feel like Raphael's reflectiveness on page 25 is a huge growth beat for him. Possibly for Casey as well…

…and when they snap back and hear the cry for help, they decide to take the good fight to the street together.

**Page 26:** An equal friendship, this one would last forever.

# EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES




#3

SCRATCH SCRATCH

ALMOST THROUGH!

ONE GOOD KICK SHOULD DO IT... STAND CLEAR!

WHUNK!!

THAT'S GOT IT!

WHEW! FRESH AIR AT LAST!

LOOKS LIKE IT--!

HEY... I WANT TO THANK YOU GUYS AGAIN FOR HELPING ME OUT AND SAVING MY LIFE!

NO ONE AROUND-- THIS SHOULD BE A SAFE PLACE FOR YOU TO TAKE OFF, APRIL.

# EASTMAN & LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

ONCE THE POLICE FIND OUT THAT BAXTER WAS BEHIND ALL THAT CRAZINESS, I--AS HIS EX-ASSISTANT-- WILL HAVE TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!

BUT I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT YOU GUYS-- PRETTY SOON YOUR TUNNELS WILL BE CRAWLING WITH **COPS** AND **REPAIR CREWS**. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND A BETTER PLACE TO **HIDE OUT**!

YOU'RE RIGHT-- I'M SURE MASTER SPLINTER WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WELL... I WISH YOU WELL. HERE'S MY PHONE NUMBER... IF YOU NEED MY HELP, PLEASE CALL!

THANKS, APRIL-- WE WILL!

LATER...

UH, OH-- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS--

OUR HOME--

--IT'S BEEN BROKEN INTO!

CREEK!

OH, NO--!
MASTER SPLINTER!

GOD -- WHAT A MESS!

SPLINTER!

QUICK... CHECK ALL THE ROOMS!

NOT HERE!

MASTER!

WHERE CAN HE BE...?

OH, NO-- ...LOOK...

...SMASHED MOUSERS...

--AND BLOOD!

DAMN THESE MOUSERS!!! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT BAXTER WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

SMASH!

GRRR -- I'LL GO KILL 'IM NOW!

RAPHAEL! COOL IT!

LEMME GO--!

LISTEN TO ME RAPHAEL-- ALL OF YOU, LISTEN!

WE'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON OUR-SELVES!

BUT LEO-- SPLINTER COULD BE HURT!

-- OR WORSE!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

I KNOW, I KNOW-- BUT WITHIN HOURS THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH PEOPLE--

AND IF WE'RE CAUGHT, WE CAN'T DO SPLINTER OR OURSELVES ANY GOOD!

RIGHT?

OKAY, SO LISTEN UP! HERE'S THE PLAN:

**MIKE**, YOU START GATHERING UP OUR IMPORTANT STUFF-- WHATEVER'S NOT BROKEN-- AND BUNDLE IT UP!

GOTCHA, LEO!

**RAPHAEL**, YOU HELP **MICHAELANGELO**--

AND DON'T ARGUE!

GRRR--

NO--

**DONATELLO**, CONTINUE LOOKING FOR SPLINTER WHILE WE PACK-- AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR **COPS**!

RIGHT--!

--I'M GOIN'TO LOOK FOR SPLINTER!

RAPHAEL, WAIT!!!

BLAST IT! RAPHAEL, YOU BE BACK HERE IN **TEN MINUTES**!

THAT RAPHAEL HAS SUCH A **SHORT FUSE**!

WELL, I JUST HOPE HE WON'T GET INTO-- OR MAKE--ANY **TROUBLE**!

DON'T WORRY, LEO-- LET'S GET THIS STUFF PACKED AND GET OUT OF HERE!

LATER...

WHERE IS HE!? I KNEW HE'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS--!

RAPHAEL COULD BE IN A REAL JAM, LEO-- THE PLACE WAS OVERRUN WITH COPS AND WORKMEN!

WE BARELY MADE IT OUT OURSELVES!

WELL, DANGEROUS OR NOT, WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND FIND HIM!

NO NEED, GUYS- I'M BACK!

RAPHAEL!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY-- I HAD NO PROBLEM GET-TING AWAY!

RAPHAEL, DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN-- EVER!!!

WE HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER, LIKE SPLINTER TAUGHT US!

I KNOW, I KNOW-- I'M SORRY! BUT I HAD TO LOOK FOR SPLINTER! NO SIGN OF HIM, THOUGH!

WE'LL ALL LOOK FOR HIM LATER, RAPH-- BUT NOW OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO CALL APRIL, AND SEE IF SHE CAN HIDE US!

APRIL? HOWDY-- GUESS WHO!

JONE

LEONARDO! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM YOU SO SOON--

ARE YOU GUYS O.K.?

WELL-- NOT GREAT, APRIL. WE NEED YOUR HELP.

WHAT CAN I DO?

SURE, I HAVE A CAR. ACTUALLY IT'S A VAN--

WHAT? OH, O.K.-- I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES!

Way across from phone Booth 328 Hudson

'BYE!

RRRRR!!
SKREE

USED BOOKS
HARDWAR
BEER
BEEP
SKREE
HEY, THERE'S APRIL!
THAT WAS FAST!

OKAY, LET'S GO!
JUMP IN, GUYS!

ALL ABOARD-- LET'S ROLL!
NEAT VAN!
YOU GOT IT, LEO! GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN. HEY-- WHERE'S SPLINTER?

SPLINTER WASN'T... I'M AFRAID... HE WASN'T AT HOME WHEN WE GOT THERE... THE PLACE WAS IN SHAMBLES... MOUSERS EVERYWHERE!

NO--!

VROOM

CLICK

RRRR

HE CAN'T BE-- GONE! HE CAN'T--!

WE DIDN'T FIND HIS BODY, SO THERE'S STILL HOPE. WE WANT TO GO LOOK FOR HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

ONCE WE GET YOU SETTLED AT MY PLACE, YOU CAN GO LOOK FOR HIM RIGHT AWAY--

--AND I'LL HELP YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN!

THANKS, APRIL!

YEAH!

VROOM

HEY--!

HUH?

THAT VAN-- ITS DESCRIPTION FITS THE APB ON THE VEHICLE USED IN A ROBBERY JUST TWENTY MINUTES AGO!

FLIP

LET'S HIT IT!

UH-OH-- NOW WHAT?

I DIDN'T GO THROUGH A RED LIGHT, DID I?

CENTRAL DISPATCH, THIS IS CAR 54, IN PURSUIT OF ROBBERY SUSPECTS-- REQUEST BACK UP!

SQUEEE

BLAST! WE CAN'T LET THEM STOP US!

GET READY, APRIL!

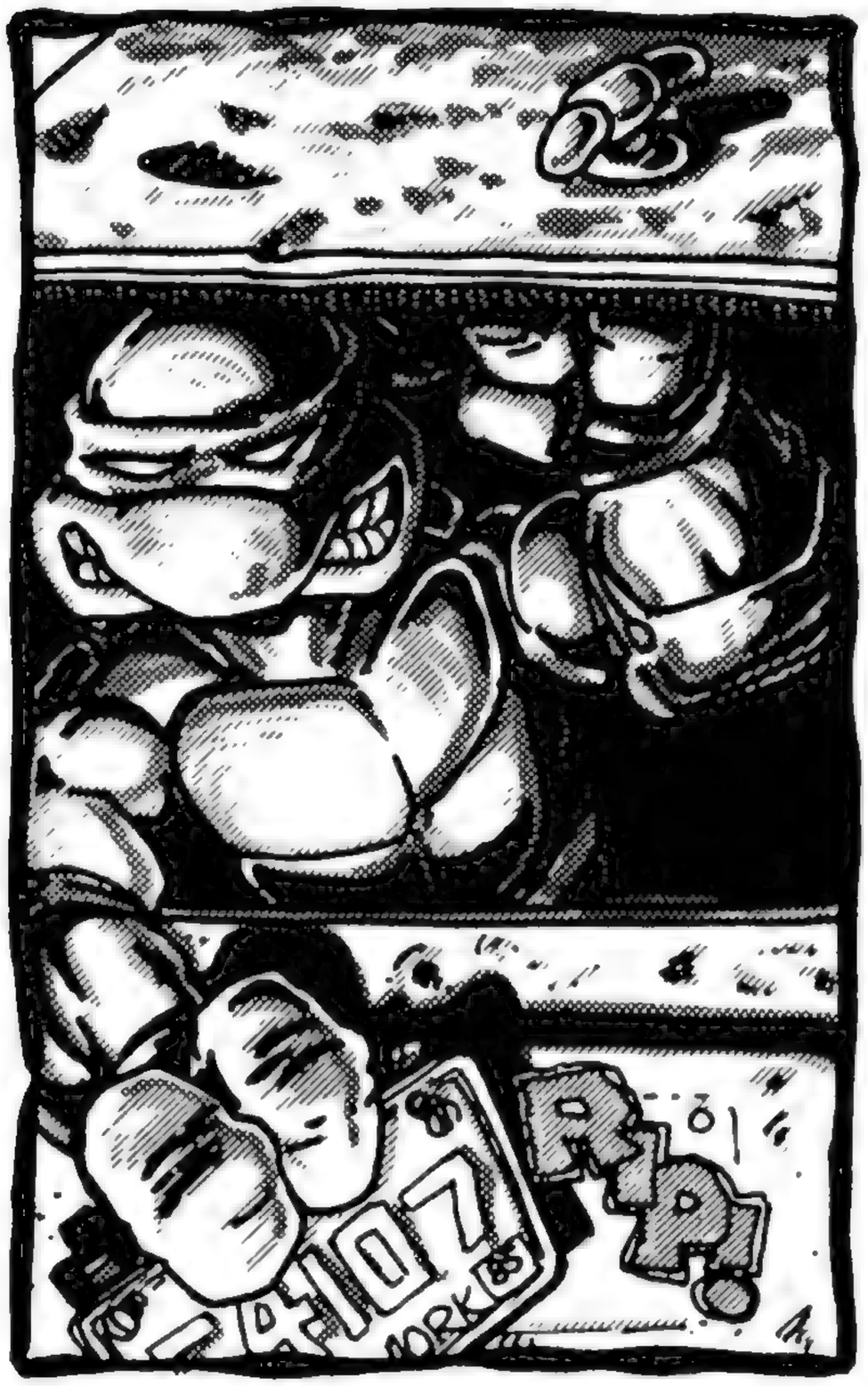
OH GOD! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

STEP ON IT!

VROOM

MIKE! GRAB THE LICENSE PLATE OFF THE BACK OF THE VAN! IF WE'RE LUCKY THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN DOWN THE NUMBERS YET!

YA-HOO! THIS IS GREAT... JUST LIKE "HILL STREET"!



I'LL HEAD FOR THE BOULEVARD -- THE TRAFFIC'S HEAVY THERE, AND I CAN LOSE THEM!
IT'S JUST AROUND THE NEXT--
HEY-- THEY'RE MAKING A BREAK!
POLICE

SKREEE

--CORNER!

YIII!!!

THIS IS CAR 54, STILL IN PURSUIT OF BLUE VAN AND ROBBERY SUSPECTS-- WHERE'S THAT BACKUP?!

APRIL-- CUT IN FRONT OF THIS NEXT CAR!

HERE GOES NOTHING--!

WHEEE!

RRR

HEY, YOU SNOT!

ROAR

SKUEE

WATCH IT!

LOOK OUT! HIT THE BRAKES!

YAAA--!

NOOO--!

SMASH

BEEP BEEP

REEE

HEY-- MOVE OVER, RICHARD PETTY!!!

HEE HEE!

GEE, THAT WASN'T TOO HARD, WAS IT!

WHOOPS!

WHA--? UH-OH...

MORE POLICE-- WE'RE CUT OFF!

QUICK-- HANG A LEFT!

SCREECH!

GO THROUGH THAT PARK!

VROOMM!!

WATCH OUT!

TOO LATE!

YOW!

MAYBE WE CAN SHAKE THEM HERE--!

ROARRR

I HOPE SO, LEO-- THEY'RE STILL ON OUR TAIL!

JUST KEEP THE PEDAL TO THE METAL--

KRRK!
BONK
--AND WATCH OUT FOR PEDESTRIANS!

HEY-- I THINK I CAN TAKE OUT THEIR TIRES!
WHAT--?! DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL!
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, THE A-TEAM!!?

THERE ARE TOO MANY CITIZENS AROUND-- YOU'D PROBABLY HIT SOMEONE!
I PITY THE MAN!
POLICE
911

MAYBE WE COULD JUMP FOR IT AND GET AWAY--!
I DON'T THINK APRIL'S QUITE UP TO OUR KIND OF ACROBATICS, RAPHAEL...

HEAD FOR THAT BRIDGE, APRIL-- THEN LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PARK BEFORE WE RUN SOMEBODY OVER!
ISN'T IT A LOVELY NIGHT, DEAR?

YII--! JUMP FOR IT!

EEK!

DOARRR

YOU JERKS!!!

WUMP!

OH, RALPHIE... MY NEW DRESS!

YOW!

WRUMP

HOLY HIPPO SPIT!

SERINCH

KTAASSHH

CRRACH!!

HEY--WE LOST THAT POLICE CAR!

I THINK HE LOST HIMSELF!

BEEP BEEP

SQUEEE

HEADS UP! TWO MORE COMING UP ON OUR TAIL!

GET DOWN, GUY'S--HE'S RIGHT BESIDE US NOW!

PULL OVER... PULL OVER!

HEY! NO FAIR!

I SAID PULL OVER!

WHUNK

NUDGE 'IM BACK, APRIL!

I'LL TRY!

HEY--! WATCH OUT FOR THAT TRUCK--!

BUMP!

WRINCKO! WATCH OUT!
WE'RE GOING TOO FAST!
WE'LL HIT--
--THE STORE--!
SPEED

LEO, THIS IS AWFUL! THREE CARS WRECKED-- PEOPLE HURT!

I DON'T THINK THEY'RE HURT THAT SERIOUSLY, APRIL.

AND REMEMBER, THEY STARTED CHASING US -- AND WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!

I -- GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT SOMEHOW--!

TRY THIS-- SWING AROUND THAT NEXT CAR AND GO UP THE FIRST RIGHT HAND SIDE STREET!

HEY, NICK--!

COPS! LOTS OF 'EM, AND COMIN' FAST!

DON'T PANIC, SLIM-- MAYBE THEY'RE CHASIN' SOMEBODY ELSE, LIKE THIS...

FASTER, APRIL! HEY, THERE'S A SIDE STREET-- TAKE A SHARP RIGHT!

DAMN! THEY MUST KNOW WE PULLED THAT ROBBERY!

WE WON'T MAKE IT!

HEY WHA--?

...LIKE-- THIS OTHER-- VAN?

EH!?

LEO, THAT VAN--

HARD RIGHT, APRIL--NOW!

BIP

WHAT THE HECK--?!

SCREE

THAT DOES IT--! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

LOOK OUT!

HEY-- WHICH ONE'S THE VAN WITH THE CROOKS?!

SLOW DOWN!

NO, RICO! WE'RE GONNA FLIP!--

OH NO--!

ALRIGHT-- WE CAUGHT 'EM!

HUH? I DON'T BELIEVE IT-- THEY STOPPED CHASING US!

LEO-- THAT OTHER VAN-- IT LOOKED JUST LIKE OURS! THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN US CONFUSED WITH SOME CRIMINALS! WHAT A RELIEF!

DON'T MOVE!
HOLD IT!
MAKE MY DAY, PUNKS!
STOP!
BLAM
AH-HAH!
HALT!
FREEZE!
UH... I WAS JUST HITCH-HIKING, AN...
REMAIN MOTIONLESS!
CEASE AND DESIST!
DO NOT AMBULATE!

NOT TOO MUCH LATER...

WHEW! ARE WE REALLY HERE?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE MADE IT!

WE'RE LUCKY THAT WE RAN INTO THAT OTHER VAN-- WHAT A STRANGE COINCIDENCE!

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT!

YEAH-- CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THE COPS HAD MANAGED TO STOP US?

SO THIS IS YOUR HOME, APRIL? NICE!

THANKS, MIKE! LET ME GET OUT FIRST AND UNLOCK THE DOOR--

Second Time 'Round....

--AND LOOK AROUND--

581

--O.K.-- COAST IS CLEAR!

LET'S GO!

THIS WAY, GUYS--

--WATCH YOUR FEET!

LOTS OF JUNK IN HERE!

CRASH

TINKLE TINKLE

OOPS!

MY APARTMENT'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE BUILDING THAT'S LIVEABLE RIGHT NOW--

--BUT TOMORROW YOU CAN CHECK OUT THE UPSTAIRS AND THE CELLAR, AND SEE WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO.

NO ONE ELSE LIVES HERE?

WELL, MY DAD USED TO LIVE HERE UNTIL HIS STROKE, ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO. NOW HE LIVES IN A--A, WELL A NURSING HOME...

I'M SORRY... I... THINK I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

OUR "FATHER" IS GONE, TOO.

BUT WE WILL FIND HIM!

FOR NOW, WE'LL REST IN YOUR LOVELY HOME...

YEAH--NICE PAD, APRIL!

OOH--SOFT!

THANKS, MIKE!

WOULD ANYONE LIKE SOMETHING TO DRINK?

SOUNDS GOOD!

GOT ANY BEER?

YEAH, THEN WE'LL GET CLEANED UP... HAVE A... BITE TO EAT... THEN... GO... LOOK... FOR... MASTE....IZ?!

O.K., SO ONE BEER, AND... AH... GUYS?

OH.

POOR GUYS-- THEY MUST BE EXHAUSTED!

COME TO THINK OF IT, I'M PRETTY BEAT MYSELF!

GOD... MY LIFE HAS TAKEN SUCH A STRANGE TURN IN THE LAST 24 HOURS:

BAXTER FLIPPING OUT, THE MOUSERS ATTACKING, AND MEETING THESE FOUR GUYS.

THEY'RE ALL OUT COLD!

RAPHAEL- WHAT A LUG!

SNORT

I WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?

AH, WELL TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY!

G'NIGHT, GUYS!

CLICK!

THE END

# EPILOGUE

UNHH... HURT... ALL ...OVER...

W-WHERE AM I? SO COLD... WET...

WHAT HAPPENED...? WAIT... NOW I REMEMBER...

IT STARTED WITH THOSE SOUNDS... THE SOUNDS OF DIGGING!!!

MY SONS...? IS THAT YOU--?

SCRIT TIC

TIC SCRIT CHIT

TIC TAP TAP TAP CHIT

WHO'S THERE? RAPHAEL? LEONARDO?

MOUSERS!

YAII!

THOUGHT YOU'D-- CATCH AN OLD RAT--

TIC

CHIT HIT

--UN-AWARE, EH?!

TIC TIC

CHIT

YOW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!

CHIT

OH, BLAST IT!

GRA-

-CK!-

THAT WAS MY FAVORITE WALKING STICK!!!

CH-

-OMP!

SO MUCH FOR THAT TABLE!

TIC TIC

RIP!-

SKIT

WHEN IT COMES TO MISTREATING FURNITURE, YOU THINGS ARE ALMOST IN RAPHAEL'S CLASS!

I WISH HE WERE HERE NOW--

TIC TIC

SNAP

--TO SHOW YOU A THING OR--

OW! THAT HURT!

SNAP

CHIT CHIT

TIC TIC

CHIT

TRY BITING SOME-ONE YOUR OWN SIZE!

SKII-CRUNCH!

UNH... THAT ONE ... GOT A LITTLE PIECE OF ME...

...BUT AT LEAST ALL FOUR ARE FINISHED...

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BEFORE MORE COME!

UH-OH...

SCRIT SCHIT TIC TIC

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! I'D BETTER HUSTLE...

IF IM-- QUICK ENOUGH, MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM... IN THE TUN-NELS!

TIC TIC

CHIT CHIT

WW

OH, NO!

CHIT CHIT TIC TIC TIC TIC

SCRATCH THAT IDEA!

SKIT

CHI

CHIT

ONLY WAY TO GO--

--IS UP!

CHIT

CHIT

ARRG--! THE PIPE'S TOO THIN!

IT'S GIVING WAY--

OW!

SKIK

UD!

CHIT

CHIT

OOOH, MY... HEAD! CAN'T... SEE STRAIGHT...

WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME... I'M ...HELPLESS!

THEN... THIS IS THE END...

FAREWELL, MY SONG!

CHIT

BUZZZZT.

WHAT--?

THEY STOPPED... THEY'RE TURNING AROUND... WHY!?

*SEE LAST ISH.

BUT... THEY... MIGHT COME BACK...!

GOT... GOT... TO GET... AWAY...

GOT TO...

GLUB.

GOT TO GET... AWAY...

...GET AWAY... ...BEFORE THEY... ...COME BACK...

UNH... MY HEAD THROBBING.. W-WHAT'S THAT NOISE...? MOUSERS...?

THIS IS ONE PART OF OUR DUTY THAT I DO NOT ENJOY...

THE ROTTING SMELL... IT IS TERRIBLE.

TCRI

I AGREE. BUT THIS DRAIN GRATE NEEDS TO BE KEPT CLEAR.

OBSERVE... ANOTHER HALF-DEAD RODENT.

APPARENTLY THAT STOCKMAN PERSON'S PLAN WAS NOT COMPLETELY SUCCESS-FUL.

SHALL I BLAST IT?

AFFIRMATIVE... END ITS MISERY.

NNNOOOoo... ...PLEASE DON'T SHOOT....

UNBELIEVABLE.

YES. A TALKING RODENT... MOST IRREGULAR.

IT IS BADLY HURT... BLOOD LOSS IS APPARENT.

QUICKLY, LET US TAKE THE RODENT TO THE INFIRMARY.

LATER.

IT WAS QUITE UNUSUAL. IT ACTUALLY SPOKE FOUR WORDS, ASKING US NOT TO KILL IT.

TERI

A MOST INTERESTING CREATURE...

NOTICE ITS GREAT SIZE, WITH DISPROPORTIONATELY LARGE CRANIUM.

TERI

LACERATIONS IN LEFT FLANK INDUCED SERIOUS BLOOD LOSS.

HYPOTHERMIA INDUCED BY IMMERSION AND EXPOSURE IS NOW UNDER CONTROL.

THE CREATURE SHOULD LIVE.

THAT IS GOOD.

LET US LEAVE THE CREATURE TO REST AND RECUPERATE.

I COULD USE A BREAK, ALSO. I MUST GET OUT OF THIS SUIT... IT'S KILLING ME.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

UUNNNUU...

W-WHERE ...AM I...?

...THIS BED... ...MACHINES... ...OH, NO...!

I'VE BEEN CAUGHT! BUT WHY... AREN'T I TIED DOWN?

WELL... SHOULDN'T LOOK... A GIFT ...HORSE IN THE MOUTH!

...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HALL LOOKS CLEAR... WHAT IS THIS PLACE SO QUIET...

WAIT... VOICES... COMING FROM THAT ROOM...

IF I CAN JUST SNEAK PAST...

SPLINTER GOES, AS SILENT AS A FEATHER ON SNOW... BUT PASSING THE DOOR, HE CAN'T RESIST TAKING A PEEK AND...

BY THE SOULS OF MY ANCESTORS--!!!

# ANNOTATIONS

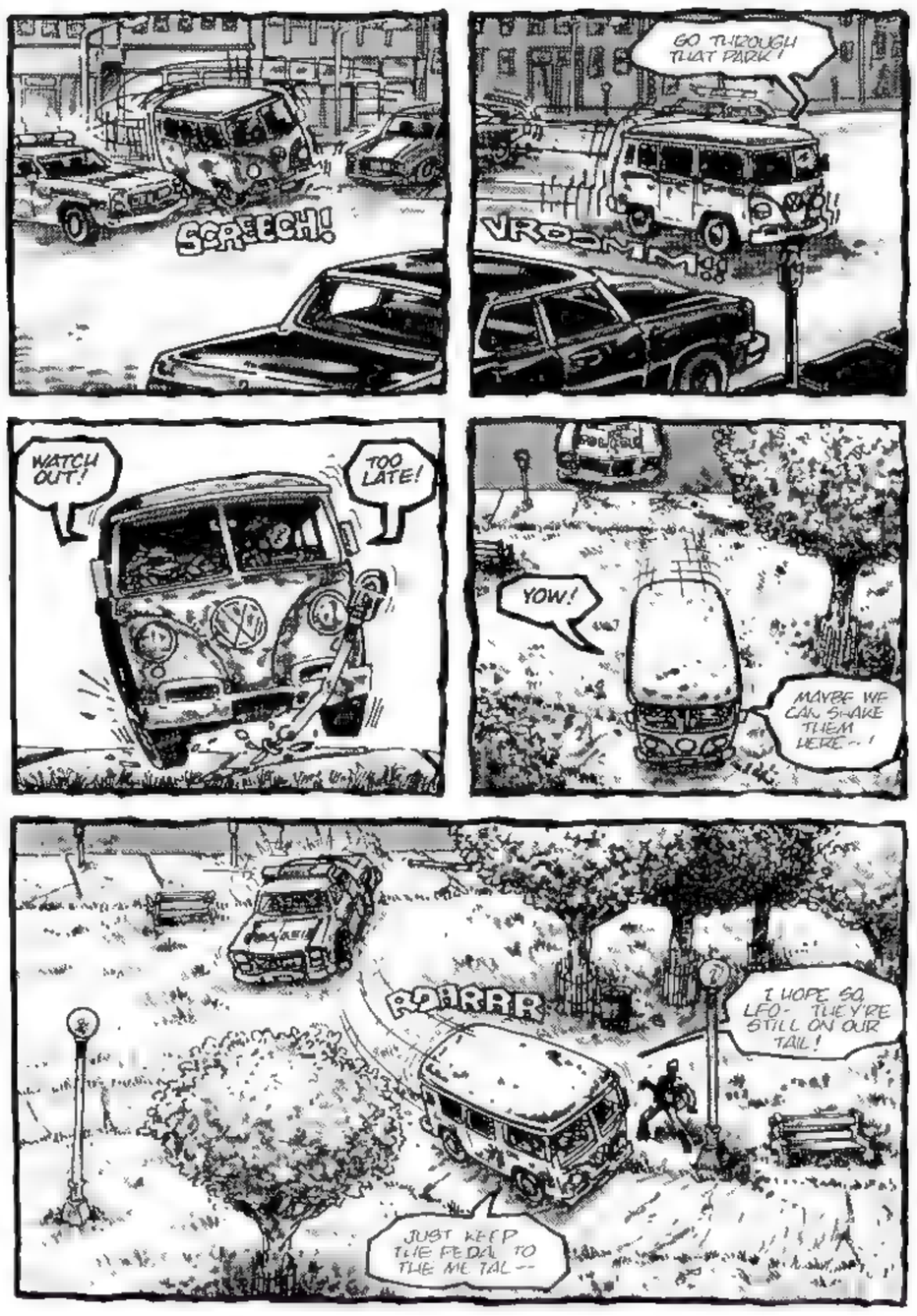
## KEVIN EASTMAN

After surviving the second issue, and with people still wanting to read more Turtles stories, we started brainstorming on where to go next. With the introduction of April and the Mousers in book #2, we had something cool and wanted to see where it would go. On the one hand, we wanted to grow the bond between April and the Turtles—their first "human" friend—and on the other, we wanted to dig more into the relationship with their father figure, Splinter, and their true origin.

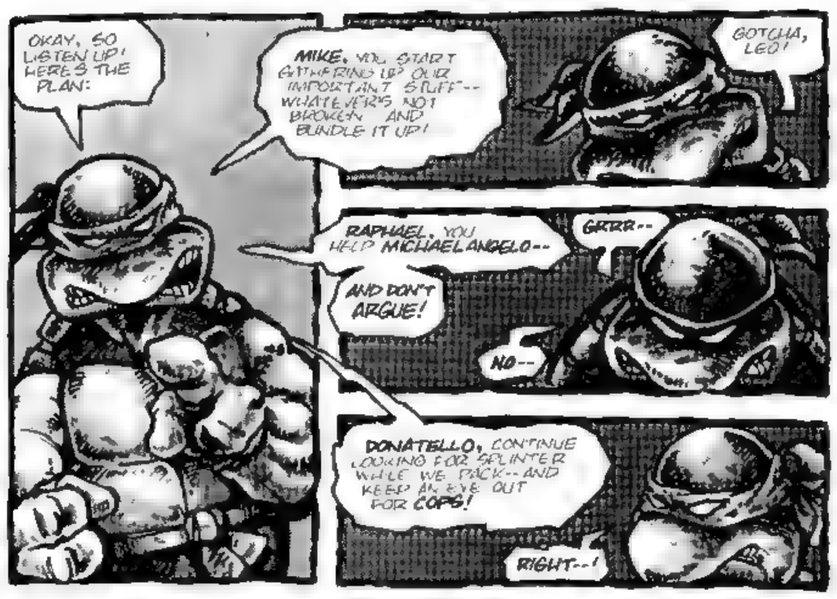
Peter and I were living in the same town again—Sharon, Connecticut—and were spending a lot of time writing about the guys, talking about adventures we could take them on, more of their history, and that it would be great to do a multi-issue arc to try and hold onto the readers we were attracting by doing the soap opera thing.

So we broke this issue into two parts. One part would show how the Turtles, finding their lair destroyed and unsafe, had no choice but to turn to their new friend April for help. The second part would show what happened to Master Splinter while the Turtles were fighting Baxter Stockman in issue #2. All that and a serious cliffhanger—we introduce the TCRI Aliens! Awesome!

The other big thing I wanted to bring into the mix was a car chase. I always wanted to challenge myself with my layouts, and after I thought about it, I couldn't ever recall seeing a car chase done in a comic. So I talked with Pete about the idea of doing the longest-running car chase in comics and making it work! He loved it, and so I laid out a sixteen-page chase scene, with the cops chasing April and the guys in a beat-up old VW van. What a hoot!




**Pages 1–3:** Peter and I agreed early on that we always wanted to do each book Kirby-style, with a page 1 splash page and pages 2 and 3 as a two-page spread—but the story overruled our plans so we changed it up! We had a lot to tell and couldn't spare the space—we needed to get April on her way—and bring in the drama with Splinter missing and the guys freaking. But, the spreads would return, a lot of them.


OKAY, SO LISTEN UP! HERE'S THE PLAN:
MIKE, YOU START GATHERING UP OUR IMPORTANT STUFF-- WHATEVER'S NOT BROKEN AND BUNDLE IT UP!
GOTCHA, LEO!
RAPHAEL, YOU HELP MICHAELANGELO--
GRRR--
AND DON'T ARGUE!
NO--
DONATELLO, CONTINUE LOOKING FOR SPLINTER WHILE WE PACK-- AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR COPS!
RIGHT--!
--I'M GOIN' TO LOOK FOR SPLINTER!
RAPHAEL, WAIT!!!

**Page 6:** We both knew we wanted Leonardo to be the favored son, with the more regal double Katanas as his weapons of choice, and have him feel he was the most responsible and mature to take over as leader when the need arose. So we get right into that, as well as clearly establishing that Raph has his own plans and ideas, forever butting heads with Leo.

**Page 9:** The VW van was a must! My dad had one like it when we were kids; two seats, no real seatbelts, and when he'd take us to the beach we'd just pile into the back and hold onto something until we got there. Fun to bring that memory back here.

**Page 11:** So after a minute of worries about Splinter, we get right into it. The cops mistake April and the Turtles' van for one that was used in a robbery, and with a van full of turtles she can't stop!

**Page 15:** *The Blues Brothers* movie was one of my favorites, and I think they had the record for crashing like 145 cars in the film, so I wanted to crash a few here myself—and then off through Central Park!

**Page 22:** We'd gotten ourselves into this mess—now how to get out of it? The solution was a little cheesy maybe, but fun. We had them run into the guys in the van that did pull the robbery. So they crash them, help solve the crime, and use it as a screen to make their getaway! It was fun to figure out how many different ways to say "Halt" here as well.

**Page 24:** This is the first time you see the "Second Time Around" junk shop—a set that would be part of some awesome action later on and even make its appearance on the big screen!

**Page 26:** You can tell Peter and I were only writing these stories for ourselves. When the guys are settling into April's pad, one of them asks for a beer when she offers them a drink!

**Page 28:** The eleven-page "Epilogue" was great to work out as we needed to show a little of what makes Master Splinter the "Master." So we had him fight it out with some Mousers. Part of it was told in flashbacks so we could draw more of the fantastic robots Peter designed, and the final part brought us to the present story time with our TCRI Alien cliffhanger—a plot line that we didn't know at the time would carry us through four wonderful stories. But first a break, to introduce another classic TMNT character, Casey Jones.

# EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

#4

$1.50
$2.00 IN CAN

#4

IT'S ONLY BEEN A WEEK SINCE OUR MASTER, SPLINTER, DISAPPEARED... BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YEARS. IF HE IS DEAD -- AS WE FEAR -- WE ARE ALONE IN THIS WORLD. WHO WILL LEAD US... GUIDE US? OUR NEW HUMAN FRIEND, APRIL, HAS BEEN VERY KIND -- PUTTING US UP HERE IN HER HOME -- BUT SHE IS NOT SPLINTER, NO ONE CAN TAKE HIS PLACE! WE'LL NEVER STOP SEARCHING FOR HIM -- NEVER!

HEY, LEO-- C'MON, LET'S GET OUT AND GET SOME **EXERCISE!**

YEAH, MIGHT AS WELL!

HEY-- IT'S THE KING OF THE JUNGLE!

YAHOO!

KREEGAH BUNDOLO!

RAPHAEL, CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING WITHOUT **SHOWBOATING?**

# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES!

KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD CO-CREATORS/WRITERS/ARTISTS

I'M GLAD THAT MIKE AND RAPHAEL THOUGHT OF THIS... NOT ONLY IS THE EXERTION A WELCOME DIVERSION...

...BUT IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT TO BE OUT IN! THAT COOL BREEZE BLOWING IN OFF THE OCEAN...

...IT'S CARRYING AWAY SOME OF THIS NEW YORK CITY SMOG. FOR ONCE, THE AIR IS ALMOST CLEAR!

ALLEZ--

--OOP!

BEAUTIFUL! GREAT FLIP, MIKE!

WHEE!

SHOW OFF!

NO ONE AROUND-- THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TAKE A BREATHER...

OKAY-- TAKE FIVE, Y'ALL!

YOU TOO, RAPHAEL!

YOU KNOW, I COULD GET USED TO THIS...

WHAT'S THAT, DON?

LIVING ABOVE THE STREETS, LEO, RATHER THAN UNDER THEM.

YOU'RE RIGHT... I COULD--

YEAH... THERE'S LOTS MORE TO LOOK AT...

... AND IT SMELLS BETTER.

UH-OH...!

WHAT'S WRONG, LEO?

IT'S THE FOOT!*

FORM A CIRCLE-- LET THEM COME TO US!

OH, NO-- NOT AGAIN!

LIKE WE HAVE A CHOICE?!

* A CLAN OF EVIL NINJAS-- SEE TMNT #1

YOU WILL DIE NOW, TURTLE SCUM!

FOR THE DEATH OF OUR MASTER, THE SHREDDER-- YOU WILL PAY!

I NEVER WELCH ON MY DEBTS--

--HOW'S THIS FOR A DOWN PAYMENT!

AHGK

YAIIEE

HAI!

KLAK!

OW!

YAAAAA!

THAT HURT, CREEP!

UH-OH-- THINGS DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD HERE...

YAI--! HUH?

...TIME TO GET A **NEW PERSPECTIVE!**

EH?

CRAK

WHAM!

LLAH! HEARD YA COMING, PAL! WHAT DID THAT GOOD FOR NOTHING BUM, THE **SHREDDER**, TEACH YOU GUYS ANYWAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T STOP TO GIVE YOU A FEW POINTERS!

BYE, BYE, **NOW!**

...FOR THE SHREDDER!

TAK

NO...

TAK

THUNK

--"FOR SPLINTER"!

HAH! YOU CAST AWAY YOUR BO*!

NOW YOU STAND ALONE AND WEAPONLESS--

--AGAINST THREE OF US! NOW DIE!!!

YOUR OVERCONFIDENCE BETRAYS YOU--

--FOR I AM A NINJA TURTLE, AND MY BEST WEAPONS--

* STAFF

--ARE MY BODY AND MY MIND! HYAH!

AGGG!

DAMN! THIS BOZO'S TAKIN' TOO LONG TO FALL -- AN' THERE'S TWO MORE CHARGING FROM BEHIND ME! NO TIME TO DODGE, AND I'M TOO CLOSE TO THE--

FOR THE SHREDDER!!!

--EDGE!

AW, NO...

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THIS!

YAAA!

AIEEEEEEE

EIGHT STORIES DOWN-- --THAT CLOTHES-LINE! IT'S MY ONLY HOPE!

IF-- I CAN-- JUST TWIST ENOUGH--!

GOT YA!

SNAP!

ULP!

THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPENNN

OH, HERB... WE MIGHT WAKE THE KIDS! TEE, HEE!

C'MON, LION-- "CAGNEY AND LACEY" IS OVER... LET'S...

SCREECH!

YAAA!

OH WOW...

WHAT A LANDING!

UH... HI THERE! SORRY ABOUT YOUR... AH ...WINDOW... UM...

AH... BETTER BE GOING NOW!

SLAM!

MOMMA-- WHO WAS THAT LITTLE GREEN MAN?

LEO! DON!-- YOU GUYS OKAY?!

YES! GO HELP MIKE-- HE'S CHASING DOWN THE LAST TWO!

GAME'S OVER, CREEP-- OW!

NO, MIKE!

FOR THE SHREDDER!

AGGooo!

YOU JUST MADE YOUR LAST MISTAKE, BUGEYES--

--'CUZ NOBODY CUTS UP MY BEST BUDDY AN' GETS AWAY WITH IT--

NOBODY!

I CAN GET HIM, RAPH--

OW!

TCRI

GOT THAT?!

TCRI

--FOR THE SHREDDER!

FOR THE SHRED--

SHUDDUP!!!

AS RAPHAEL ADMINSTERS THE COUP DE GRACE, HIS PERIPHERAL VISION PICKS UP SOMETHING...

SOMETHING STARTLING...

...AND IN HIS MIND, A CHORD IS STRUCK...

...BY A NAME FROM THE PAST!

TCRI

NO--NO, IT CAN'T BE--!

RAPHAEL-- WHAT IS IT--?!

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, RAPH?

LEO, LOOK! LOOK!

THEN THEY ALL SEE IT...

...AND FOUR TURTLES SHARE THE SAME **SHOCK** OF **RECOGNITION**...

...THE LETTERS **TCRI** LEAP OUT OF THEIR MEMORIES...

...AS THEY RECALL THEIR ORIGIN AS RELATED TO THEM BY SPLINTER!

TCRI

TCRI

OF THAT DAY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO... A SPEEDING TRUCK ON A POTHOLED STREET... A HEROIC ACT BY A YOUNG BOY...

SKREE

A METAL CANNISTER, JARRED OUT OF THE TRUCK, BOUNCING ON THE STREET... SMASHING A BOWL HOLDING FOUR SMALL **TURTLES**...

SMASH

...THE TURTLES AND THE CANNISTER FALLING INTO AN OPEN MANHOLE... THE CANISTER BREAKING OPEN, RELEASING A GLOWING **OOZE**...

...THE YOUNG TURTLES, STUNNED BUT ALIVE, CRAWLING AROUND IN THAT OOZE... AND THE CHANGES BEGAN!

ALL THIS TIME-- IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY!

UNBELIEVEABLE!

WHAT IS THAT PLACE?

LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT!

NOT NOW-- MIKE'S HURT!

--AND IT'S TOO CLOSE TO DAWN!

NO... I'M ALRIGHT-- REALLY!

NO, NOT! YOU'RE THAT'S A PRETTY BAD CUT!

WE'LL RETURN TOMORROW NIGHT-- LET'S GO HOME!

COME ON, DON--!

I'M COMING!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

STRANGE...

THAT'S VERY STRANGE...

I HOPE THOSE STITCHES HOLD, MIKE -- THAT'S A PRETTY BAD SLASH...

WHAT'S STRANGE DONATELLO?

THERE'S NO LISTING IN THE PHONE BOOK OR IN INFORMATION... AND THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HAS NEVER HEARD OF TCRI!

HMM... MUST BE A C.I.A. FRONT OR SOMETHING...

OR A TOP SECRET WEAPONS LAB!

WHAT IS?

TCRI.

OH YEAH?

ABOUT TIME YOU GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER, RAPHAEL! THERE'D BETTER BE SOME HOT WATER LEFT!

DON'T SWEAT IT, BIG BOY!

OW! HEY!

SNAP

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK

SHHH!

WHO'S IS'

AW, COME ON-- WHO ELSE KNOWS YOU LIVE UP HERE? OPEN UP-- I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

WOW! YOU LOOK GREAT!

--FOR A HUMAN!

YOU LIKE MY NEW 'DO?

I GOT IT DONE AT THIS **NEW-WAVE** PLACE; WHAT A **MISTAKE!**

THE GUY GETS ALL MAD BECAUSE I WOULDN'T LET HIM SHAVE IT BALD ON THE SIDES AND DYE THE TOP ORANGE!

WELL, IF I HAD HAIR I'D DEFINITELY GO THERE!

OH, MY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS!?

WE TANGLED WITH THAT DAMN **"FOOT"** GROUP AGAIN!

THEY **AMBUSHED** US--ABOUT **TWENTY** OF THEM! CUT MIKE'S ARM UP PRETTY BAD... BUT WE TOOK CARE OF THEM!

**OOH, LEO**-- YOUR CUT LOOKS PRETTY AWFUL, TOO! HERE, GIVE ME THAT **PEROXIDE!**

WHERE'D YOU RUN INTO THOSE GUYS-- AROUND HERE?

OW!

NO, OVER IN **BROOKLYN.** WE GOT'EM ALL... I DON'T THINK WE WERE FOLLOWED BACK HERE.

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THEY FOUND OUT WHERE WE LIVED!

BUT-- THAT'S NOT THE **REALLY BIG NEWS!**

**DON,** GO GET THE **DISPLAY CASE...**

HE'S RIGHT... WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR THIS!

DO YOU REMEMBER THE **TCRI** CANNISTER, APRIL?

I-- I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW IT, BUT I DO REMEMBER SPLINTER TELLING ME ABOUT IT...

...WASN'T THIS CANNISTER THE SOURCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS **"GOO"** WHICH CAUSED YOU TO **MUTATE?**

RIGHT YOU ARE! WELL, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, WE HAVE A LEAD ON THIS **"TCRI"** COMPANY-- WHILE FIGHTING THE **"FOOT"** WE STUMBLED ONTO A BUILDING BEARING THAT SAME **LOGO!**

WERE GOING BACK TONIGHT TO CHECK IT OUT... EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS INTERRUPTING OUR SEARCH FOR SPLINTER!

I WANT TO COME WITH YOU...

--YOU CAN'T COME. IT'S TOO **DANGEROUS...** NOT TO MENTION **ILLEGAL!**

WE MUST GO-- THE ANSWERS WE MIGHT FIND ARE THAT MEANINGFUL!

HE'D UNDERSTAND, THOUGH. THE CHANCE TO KNOW WHY WE ARE WHAT WE ARE-- IT'S JUST TOO IMPORTANT TO PASS UP!

THANKS... BUT NO, APRIL--

LATER THAT NIGHT...

I DON'T SEE ANY SIDE DOORS OR WINDOWS-- THIS PLACE IS STRANGE!

TERI

MIKE'S SCOUTING THE BACK--

HEY, GUESS WHAT--?

--ZIP! NOT A DOOR, WINDOW, LEDGE, OR ANYTHING!

THEN HOW DO WE GET IN? WE CAN'T GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR--AND MIKE CAN'T CLIMB ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP WITH THAT ARM WOUND!

I'VE GOT IT! WATCH THIS--!

EEE...

OH, I SEE! WE GO UP TO THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING...

YAH!

...THEN CROSS OVER! BUT WAIT-- WHAT IF THAT DOOR HAS AN--

SHRAK

ALARM?

RAPHAEL, YOUR LUCK NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME! THAT HAD TO BE THE ONLY **NONWIRED** DOOR IN THIS WHOLE BLOCK!

NOT LUCK, LEO -- SHEER SKILL!

HAH!

MOVE IT, GUYS! LET'S GET UP TO THE ROOF BEFORE WE ATTRACT A SECURITY GUARD OR SOMETHING!

BLAM

**HMP!** THEY DON'T MAKE DOORS LIKE THEY USED TO!

NICE THROW!

SO FAR, SO GOOD!

I'LL GO FIRST -- THIS PLACE MUST HAVE SECURITY DEVICES --

--AND I'LL NEED MY BAG OF TRICKS!

IT'S YOUR SHOW, DON!

**HMM...** ONLY ONE CAMERA WATCHING THE ROOF ENTRANCE ...?

OH, I SEE-- THESE ELECTRIC EYES TAKE UP THE SLACK!

THE CAMERA'S JUST A SMALL PROBLEM-- THOSE EYES WILL REQUIRE SOME FANCY FOOT-WORK!

**FIRST,** AN INSTANT PHOTO OF THE AREA SCANNED BY THE CAMERA--

CLICK

KODAK

WZZZT

--THEN ATTACH IT TO THIS HOLDER-- AND FOR MY LAST TRICK, TO GET THE PHOTO IN FRONT OF THE LENS WITHOUT BEING SEEN--

HERE GOES NOTHING--

AT A SECURITY STATION WITHIN THE TCRI BUILDING...

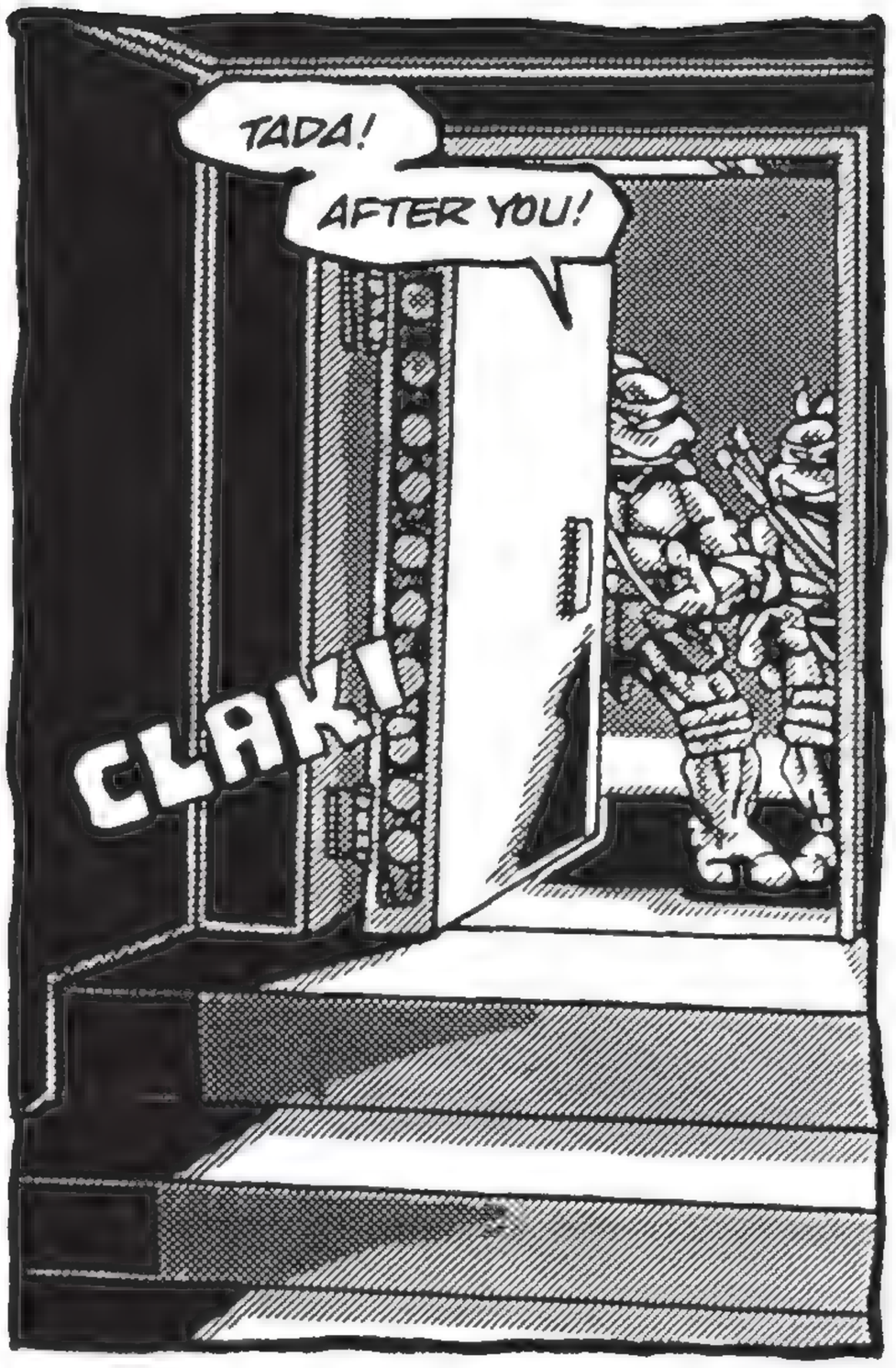
ANOTHER PIGEON BLOCKING THE ROOF CAMERA--THIS CITY IS INFESTED WITH THEM!

OK, GUYS-- C'MON OVER!

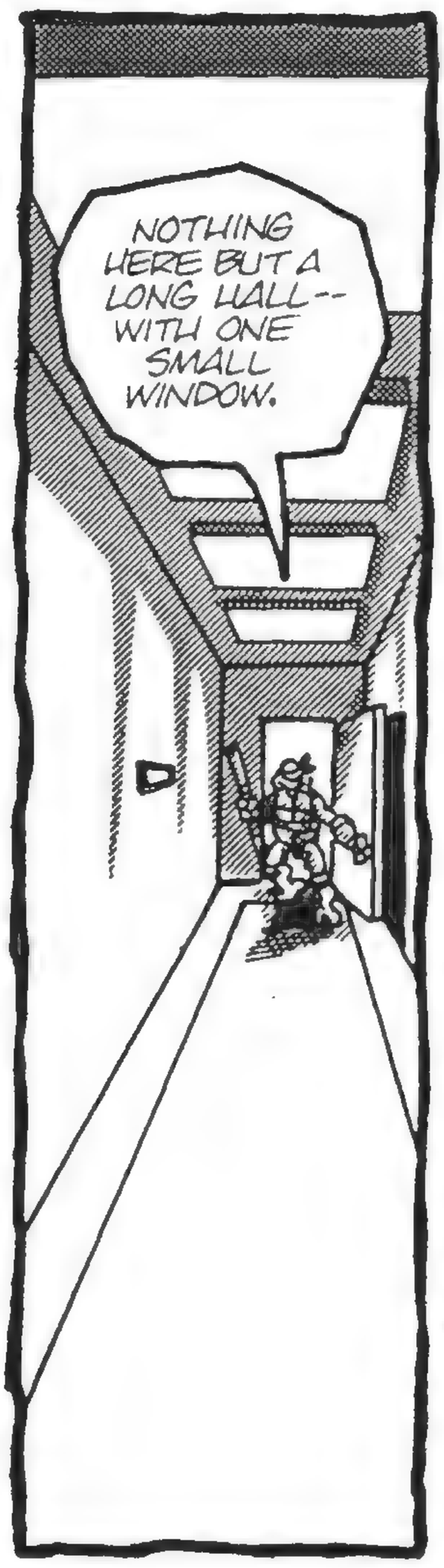
NOW WE CAN WALK RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT...

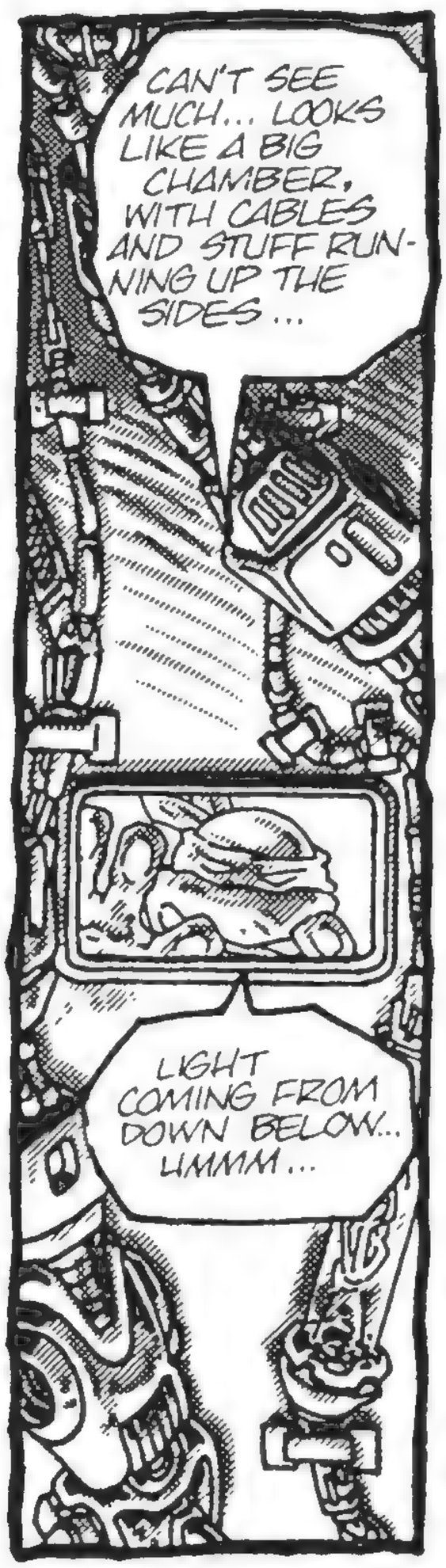
--BUT BE CAREFUL TO WALK WHERE I TELL YOU TO-- THESE ELECTRIC EYES ARE VERY SENSITIVE!

HMMM... JUST AS I THOUGHT-- MAGNETIC LOCKS! SO ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS CREATE THE RIGHT FLUX PATTERN IN THIS PROBE... MMM...
HURRY UP, DON -- I FEEL VERY EXPOSED OUT HERE!


TADA!
AFTER YOU!
CLAK!

NO ONE IN SIGHT ON THIS FLOOR...
WOW! ! CHECK OUT THIS BIZARRE WRITING!


NOTHING HERE BUT A LONG HALL-- WITH ONE SMALL WINDOW.


CAN'T SEE MUCH... LOOKS LIKE A BIG CHAMBER, WITH CABLES AND STUFF RUNNING UP THE SIDES...
LIGHT COMING FROM DOWN BELOW... HMMM...

WHAT IS THIS PLACE ANYWAY?
IT'S THE SAME ON THIS FLOOR, LEO -- A HALLWAY WITH JUST ONE WINDOW!
LET'S KEEP GOING...

STRANGE-- FOUR FLOORS, AND ALL THE SAME! A HALL, ONE EXIT DOOR AND ONE TINY WINDOW!

WHAT DO THEY DO HERE?!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO "THEY" ARE!

AT LAST SOMETHING DIFFERENT! LOOKS LIKE A KIND OF RECEPTION AREA...

UP HERE? WE'RE STILL THREE FLOORS TO GROUND LEVEL!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT LOOKS MORE NORMAL THAN THE TOP FOUR FLOORS!

MAYBE WE CAN START LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ODD PLACE...

HMM-- WHAT'S THIS?

NOT A VERY NEAT RECEPTION DESK, IF THAT'S WHAT IT IS...

LOOK AT THIS MESS-- PAPERS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

AND LOOK-- THEY'RE COVERED WITH BIZ-ARRE DIAGRAMS AND THAT **WEIRD** WRITING!

WHAT'S THAT, DON?

I'M NOT SURE-- SOME KIND OF I.D. CARD... **MAYBE**...

TGRI

QUIET, YOU GUYS-- SOMEONE'S COMING! GO FOR **COVER**!

THERE ARE BUT A FEW MORE ADJUSTMENTS TO MAKE IN THE **DEMATERIALIZATION CRYSTALS,** AND THE MECHANISM WILL BE READY.

EXCELLENT. I WILL BE GLAD TO QUIT THIS WORLD, AND RETURN HOME.

I MISS MY MATE AND LITTLE ONES. IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

I DON'T BLAME YOU-- I'VE SEEN **HOLOVIDS** OF THEM!

THAT WAS CLOSE! LET'S GO CHECKOUT SOME OF THE ROOMS ON THIS FLOOR!

HEY WHERE'S RAPHAEL?

BUMP!

UP ON THE LIGHT-- WHERE ELSE?!

NEAT HUH?

130

THIS ONE'S LOCKED...

THIS ONE TOO...

LOCKED!

LOCKED!

...AND LOCKED!

WANT ME TO KICK IT IN?

RAPHAEL, IS THAT YOUR ANSWER TO EVERYTHING?

HEY-- LISTEN--!

OH--OH-- MORE COMPANY! AND NO PLACE TO HIDE!

ONLY ONE CHANCE...

IF THIS CARD IS WHAT I THINK IT IS--

LET'S SEE-- I'LL PUT IT IN THIS SLOT--

MATCH THE SYMBOLS ON THE CARD WITH THOSE ON THE PANEL--

--AND PRAY!

BRZZ CLICK

IT WORKED QUICK, GET INSIDE...

WHEW-- JUST MADE IT!

L-LEO--! LOOK!

SPLINTER!

ALERT STATUS! SENSORS IN THE MAIN LAB HAVE PICKED UP FOUR UN-IDENTIFIED INTRUDERS!

WHAT--!?

NOT THE LAB--!

NOOOOOOO! MASTER SPLINTER!

I WON'T LET THEM DISPLAY YOUR BODY LIKE THIS-- I'LL SMASH!

NO RAPH-- WAIT!!

NO TIME TO PUT OUR SKINS ON -- WE MUST HURRY! THEY COULD DESTROY ALL OUR WORK--!

AT ALL COSTS WE MUST PRE-SERVE THE TRANSLOCATION MATRIX!

SPLINTER'S NOT DEAD!

RAPHAEL, LISTEN TO DONATELLO!

HE IS-- HE IS!!!

HE **IS** ALIVE-- BUT IN SOME KIND OF **SUSPENDED ANIMATION!**

THESE MACHINES MONITOR AND SUPPORT HIS **VITAL FUNCTIONS!**

I--I GUESS YOU WOULD KNOW, DON--

THE INTRUDERS ARE RIGHT INSIDE -- I HEAR THEM.

PREPARE YOURSELVES!

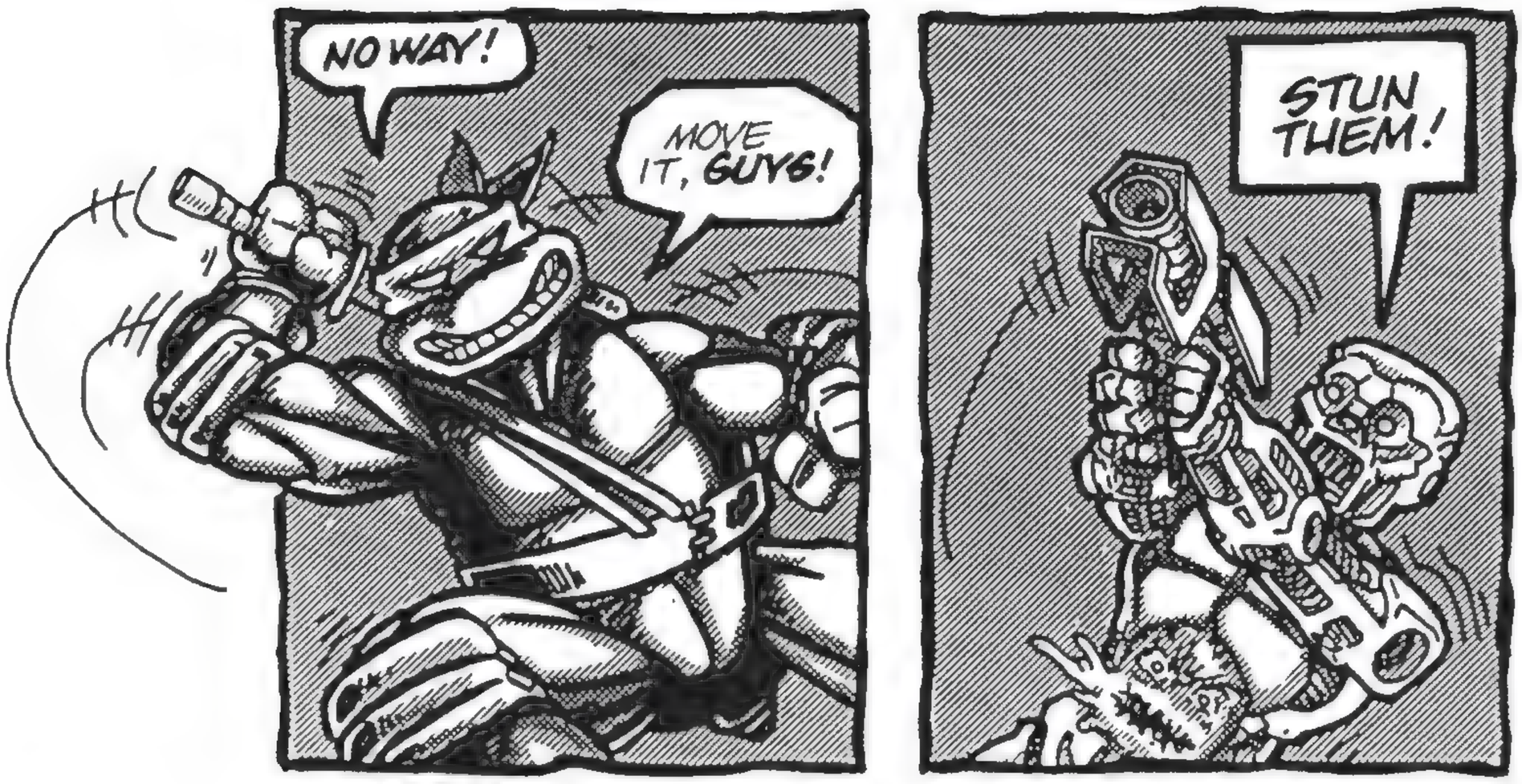
SET WEAPONS AT **QUARTER CHARGE...**

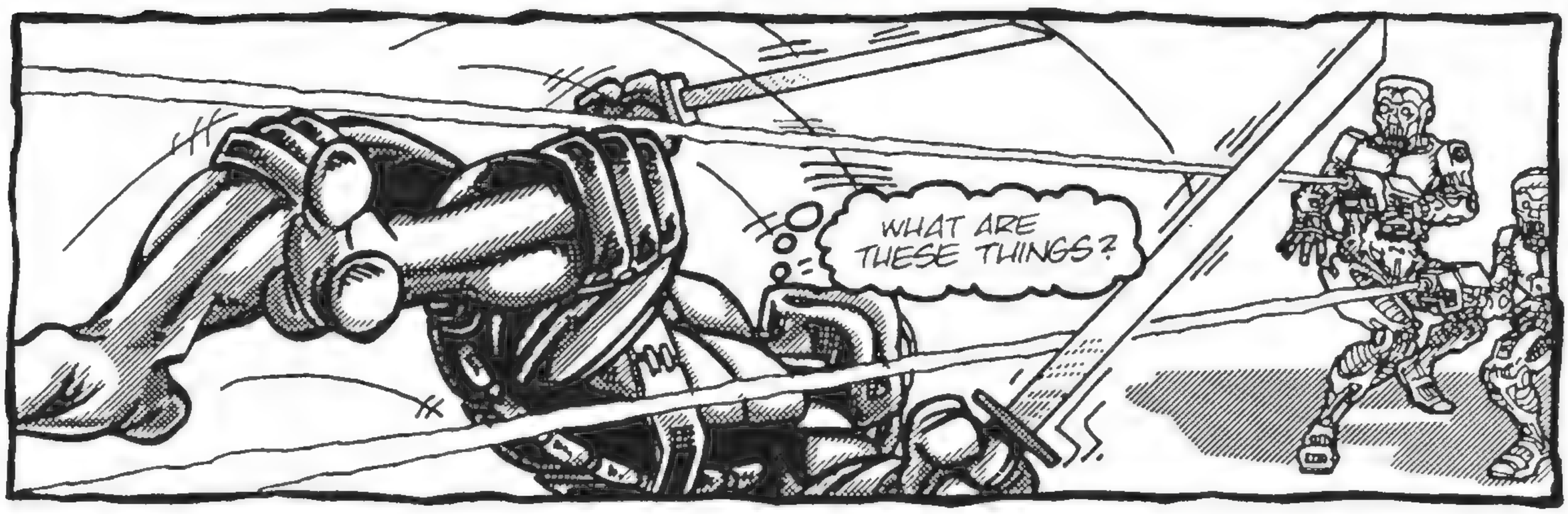
GO!

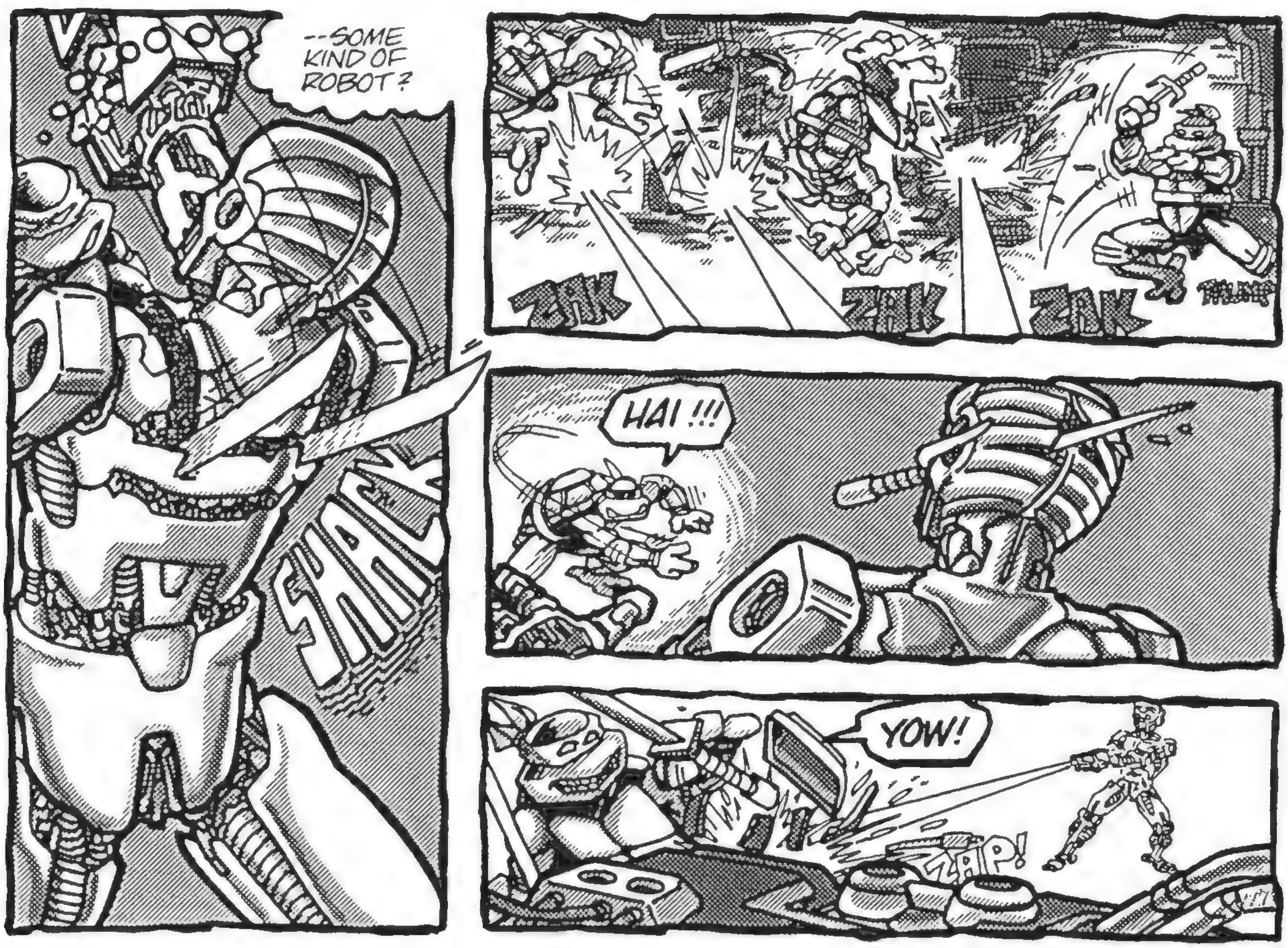
DON'T MOVE, **INTRUDERS--!**

**FASCINATING!** WHAT KIND OF LIFEFORM ARE THESE CREATURES!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS-- AND YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED!


NO WAY!
MOVE IT, GUYS!
STUN THEM!


WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?


--SOME KIND OF ROBOT?
SHINK
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK
HAI !!!
YOW!
ZAP!

WE MUST AIM MORE CAREFULLY-- OUR ENERGY BEAMS COULD DAMAGE THE CIRCUITS IN THE MACHINES.

BUT-- HOW DO WE HIT THEM?

THESE CREATURES MOVE TOO FAST!

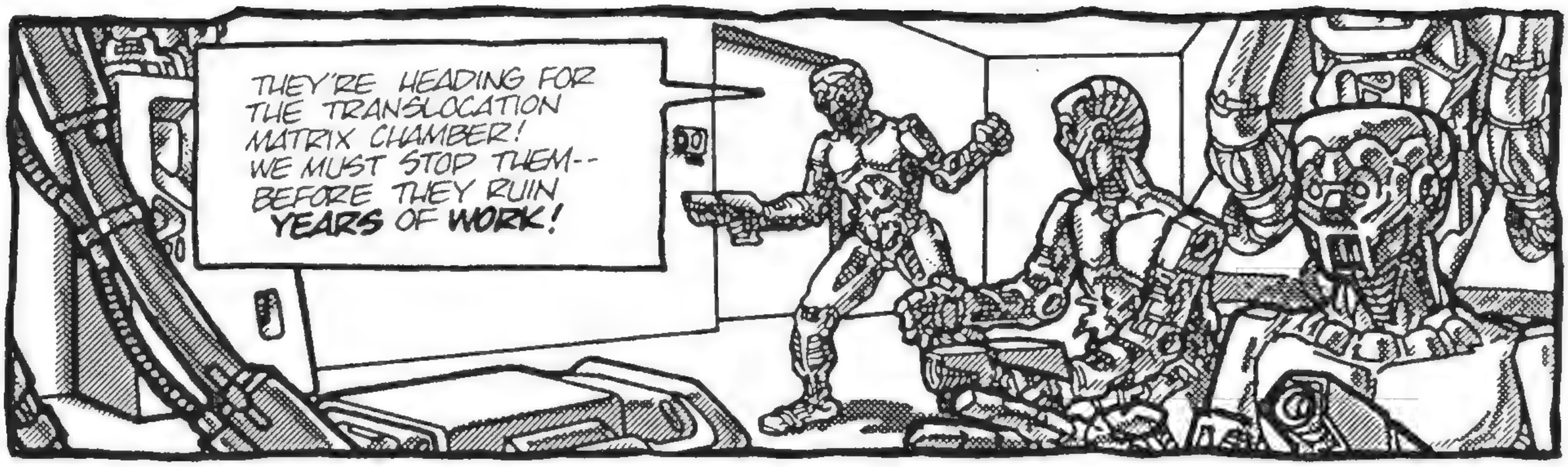
FOLLOW ME, GUYS-- WE'LL FIND AN EXIT THIS WAY!

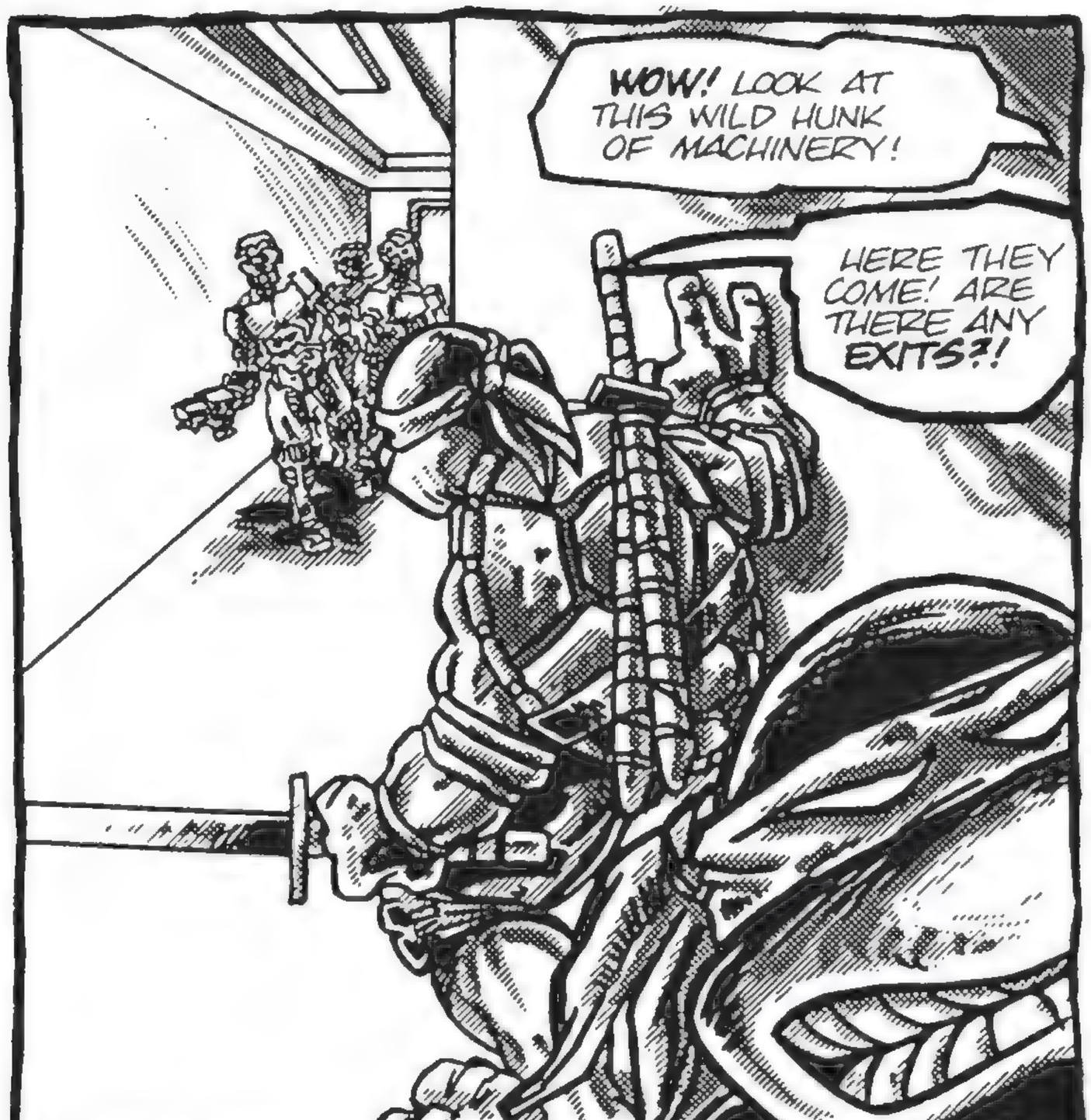
**NO!** YOU MUST NOT ENTER THAT ROOM!

YIKES!

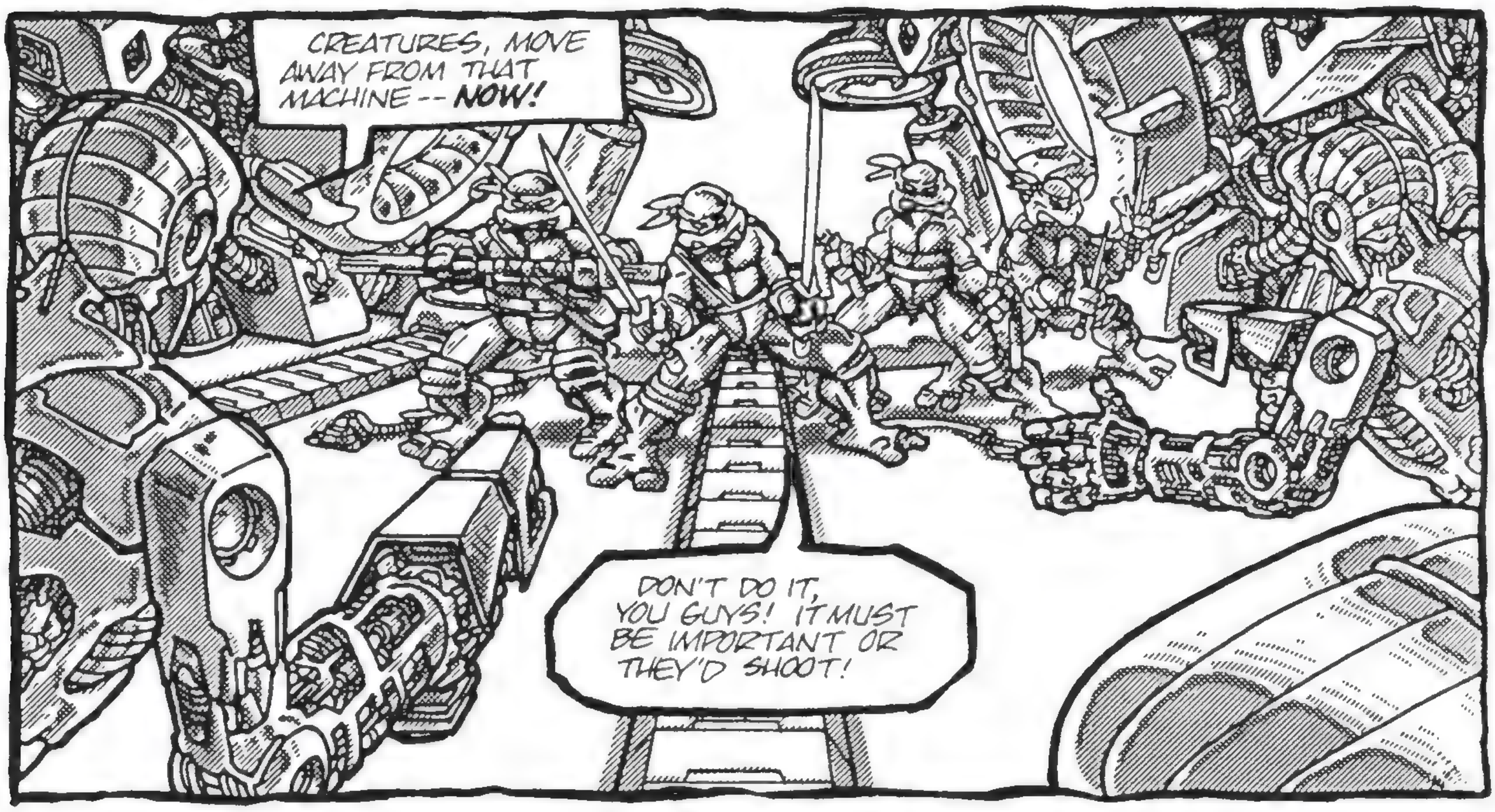
HEAD DOWN THERE!

GO--GO! AN' KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR DOORS!


THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE TRANSLOCATION MATRIX CHAMBER! WE MUST STOP THEM-- BEFORE THEY RUIN YEARS OF WORK!


WOW! LOOK AT THIS WILD HUNK OF MACHINERY!
HERE THEY COME! ARE THERE ANY EXITS?!

THIS ONE'S LOCKED!
... AND I DON'T SEE ANY OTHERS!
IT'S TOO LATE ANYWAY--!


CREATURES, MOVE AWAY FROM THAT MACHINE -- NOW!
DON'T DO IT, YOU GUYS! IT MUST BE IMPORTANT OR THEY'D SHOOT!

LEO -- I SEE ANOTHER DOOR BEYOND THIS MACHINE -- MAYBE IT'S AN **EXIT!**

I'LL DISTRACT THEM AND YOU THREE **GO FOR IT!**

NO MIKE -- YOU CAN'T --!

**DO IT!** THIS STAND OFF WON'T LAST FOREVER!

I CAN'T GO THROUGH THEM -- SO I'LL GO **UP!**

GRAB THESE WIRES AND FLIP OVER --!

**GOOD LUCK, MIKE!** IF WE CAN GET AWAY --

--WE'LL COME BACK FOR YOU!

--YOU CAN BET ON IT!

**AHG**--! MY ARM -- THE WOUND FROM THE "FOOT" BATTLE -- CAN'T HOLD ON!

UNF!

BASH!

**NO!** THE CONTROL PANEL!

--IT'S ACTIVATED THE TRANSLOCATION DEVICE! QUICKLY-- SHUT IT DOWN BEFORE--

--TOO LATE! ONCE STARTED THE SEQUENCE MUST RUN IT'S COURSE!

N-NO! WHAT'S HAPPENING--?! STOP IT! STOP THAT THING!!!

STOP IT!

LET--

--ME--

CRAC

--GO!!

BAP

LEO-- DON-- RAPH! YOU'RE FADING AWAY--!

DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT MEEEEEEEEE
TO BE CONTINUED!

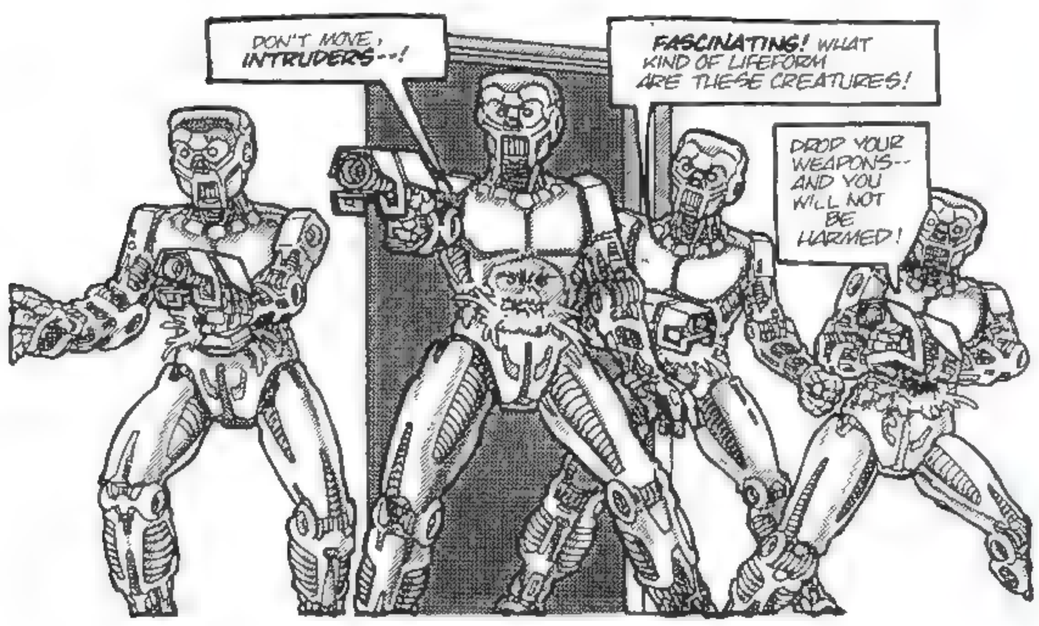
# ANNOTATIONS

## KEVIN EASTMAN

With the "Raphael One-Shot" off to the printer, a few interesting things were going on with us around the time we started working on TMNT issue #4. We were selling a lot of black-and-white comics now and starting to bank some money. We had hired an old Westbrook (Maine) High School buddy of mine, Steve Lavigne, to help around the office as well as learn to take over the lettering from me (so I could spend more time drawing). And being that Steve and I were both single young men, we started wondering if maybe it was time to move out of the beautiful countryside of northwestern Connecticut to a place with more people. Female people.

As luck would have it, Peter and his wife Jeannine felt the same (about the moving part), and we started discussing the possibility of moving back to Northampton, Massachusetts, the area where we first met. The Valley was a beautiful place, and with nine colleges in roughly a twenty-mile radius, we all agreed it was something to seriously consider.

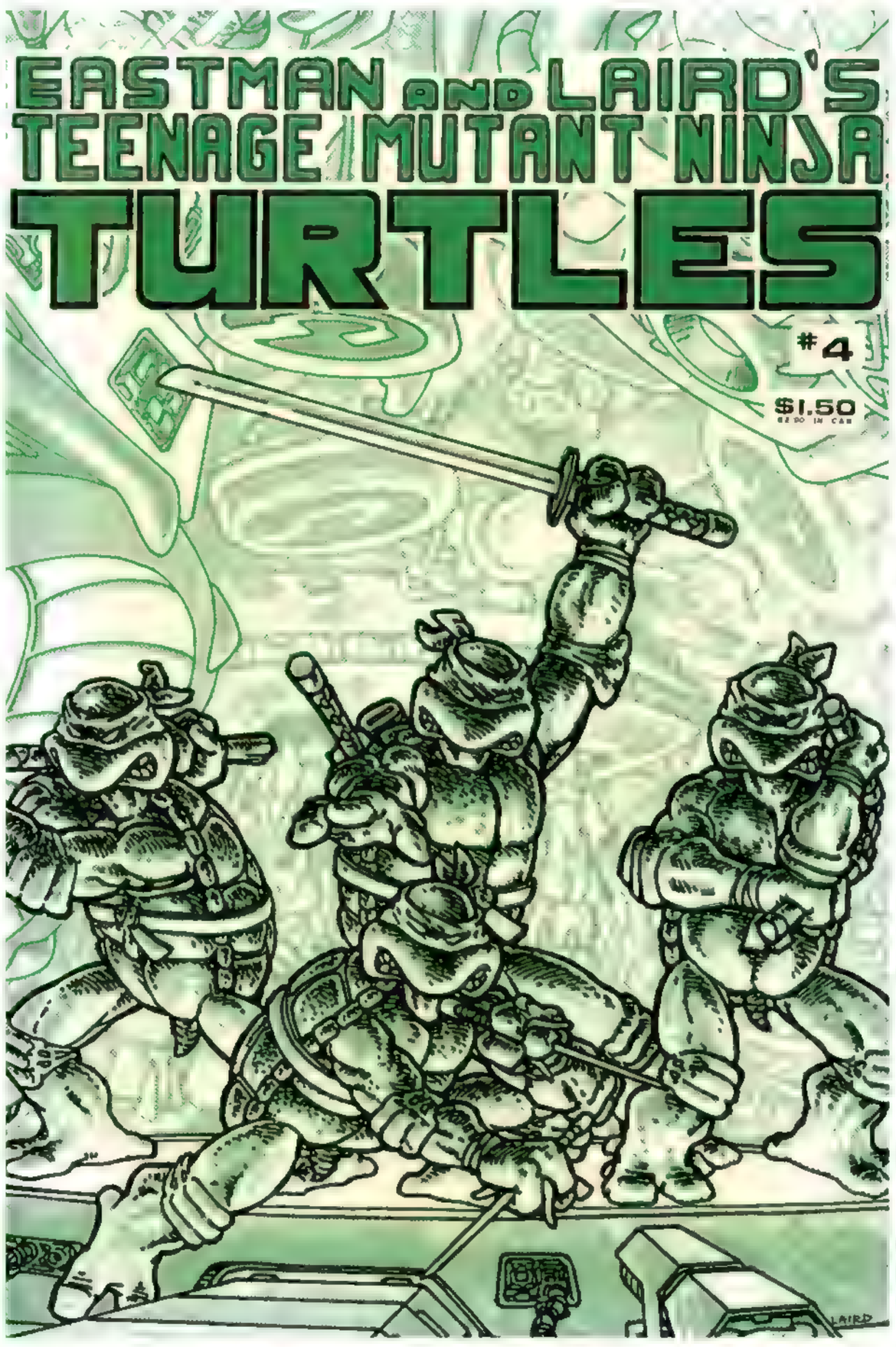
On the publishing/PR front, Peter and I were now doing a lot more traveling to promote the books—lots of bookstore signings and East Coast conventions—and we had also been approached by a few different printers about taking over that part of the production. To be completely honest, we had long since outgrown our printer, especially after a big screw-up on the press run of issue #3. So we might have already been working with Southern Duchess News by the time we got to the Raphael one-shot, I can't 100% recall, but I do know we made the jump to them by the time we got to the color covers and smaller size on the very next issue, TMNT issue #5.

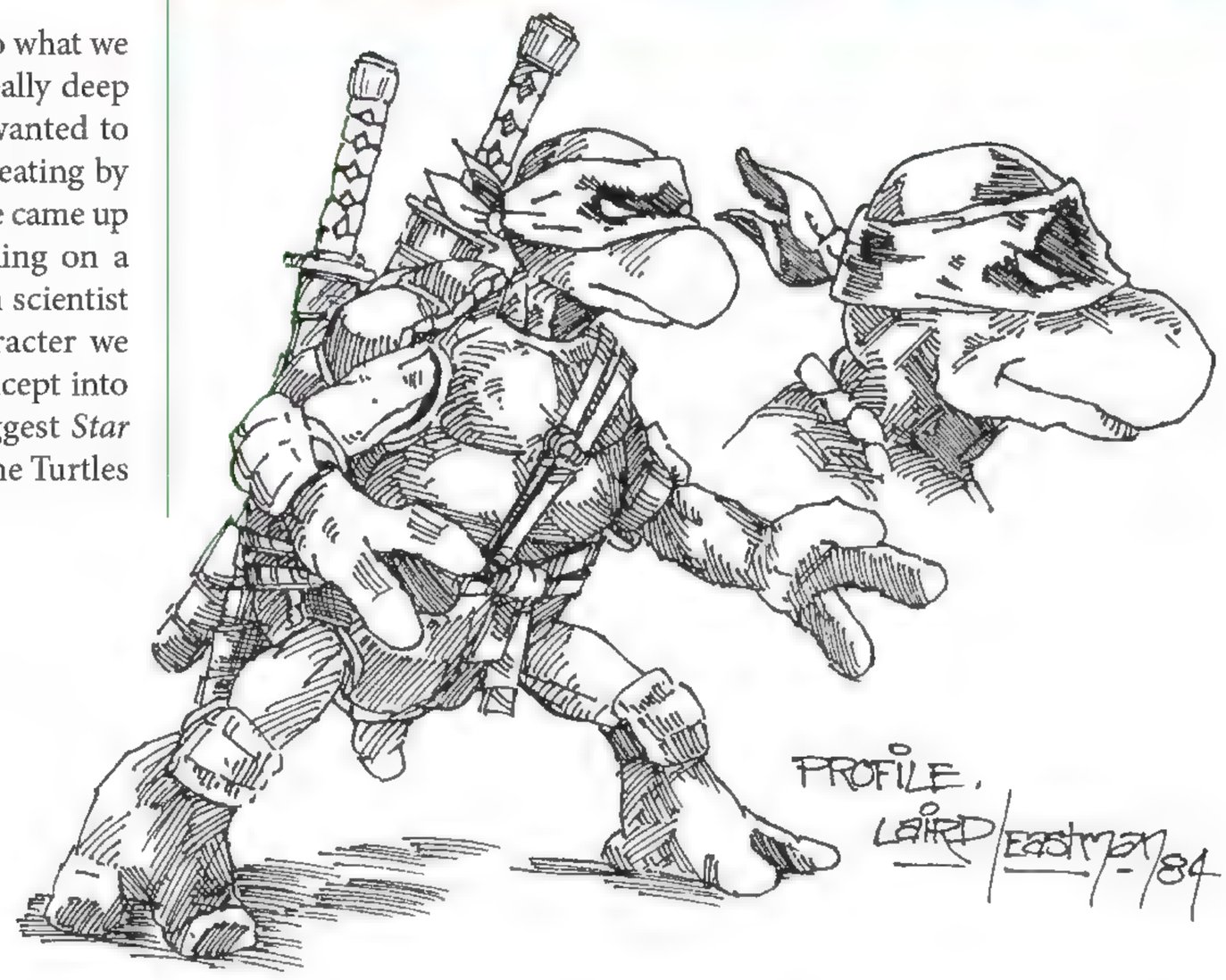



Story wise, we wanted to get right back into what we had teed up with issue #3, which was to dig really deep inside the TMNT origin story. That, and we wanted to continue to build on the universe we'd been creating by connecting all our characters. You see, before we came up with the Turtles, Peter and I had been working on a futuristic idea he came up with about a human scientist trapped inside a robot's body, in a story/character we called "Fugitoid." We wanted to bring that concept into TMNT. But most of all, we were both the biggest *Star Wars* fans in the world, and we wanted to take the Turtles into outer space!

## PETER LAIRD

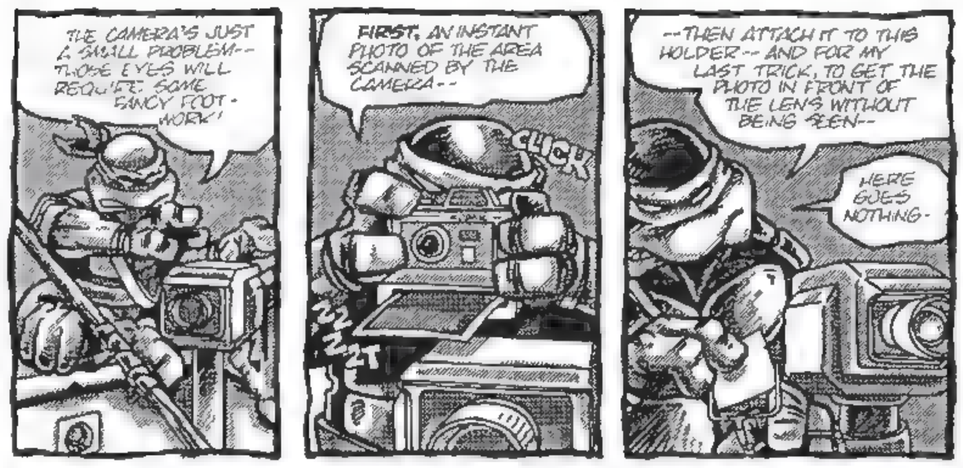
This cover [for issue #4] was to be the last of our two-color covers before we moved to the full-color ones. (The continuing success of the comic had given us the funds to allow for the more expensive photographic color separation process—all the two-color covers were created using handmade separations.)

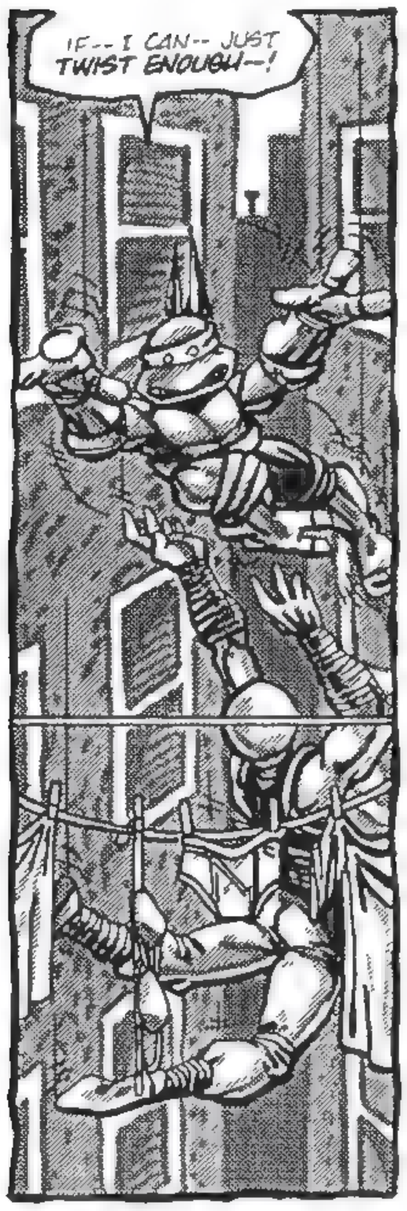


# ANNOTATIONS

**Page 1–5:** We wanted to re-establish that Splinter was missing and that they were crashing at April's and that their past wasn't far behind as the Evil Foot Clan jumped them, seeking revenge for Shredder's death. Personally, this whole sequence was what I lived for in those days—laying out a Jack Kirby–style spread, and a multi-page kick-ass fight scene!


THE CAMERA'S JUST A SMALL PROBLEM-- THOSE EYES WILL REQUIRE SOME FANCY FOOT-WORK!
FIRST, AN INSTANT PHOTO OF THE AREA SCANNED BY THE CAMERA--
CLICK
--THEN ATTACH IT TO THIS HOLDER-- AND FOR MY LAST TRICK, TO GET THE PHOTO IN FRONT OF THE LENS WITHOUT BEING SEEN--
HERE GOES NOTHING-
AT A SECURITY STATION WITHIN THE TCRI BUILDING ..
ANOTHER PIGEON BLOCKING THE ROOF CAMERA THIS CITY IS INFESTED WITH THEM!
OK, GUYS-- C'MON OVER!
NOW WE CAN WALK RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT...
-BUT BE CAREFUL TO WALK WHERE I TELL YOU TO THESE ELECTRIC EYES ARE VERY SENSITIVE!




**Pages 10–11:** But at the same time, I felt anytime we could add some *Indiana Jones*–style action/adventure bits, it would help keep it from being too heavy all the time. So I worked out this gag where Raphael gets taken over the edge of a building by some suicidal Foot Soldiers, shakes them during the fall, grabs a clothes line that snaps and swings him right through the window of a couple about to get romantic. Raphael ends up in the middle of their floor, as stunned as they are, with a bra stuck to his head, says something goofy, and runs off. Fun stuff.

**Page 13:** The story plan of course was to take you to the linking device we chose for the whole origin, the TCRI logo—or the Techno Cosmic Research Institute, as it would soon come to be known. This was the source of the ooze that made the guys mutate in the first place!

**Page 19:** So we flashed back the origin from issue #1, then returned to April's apartment to have one of the guys suddenly produced the original TCRI canister that caused them to mutate (thanks to the magic of comic books). This gave them the chance to explain the whole thing to her and set up them breaking into the building to learn more about their past!

*Note: Mid-page 19 we show a guy looking at her apartment with a spyglass from across the way, smoking. I think the plan was that this was the Shredder—or some of his Foot Clan spying on them—but I don't think we ever did a payoff on that scene. Interesting!*

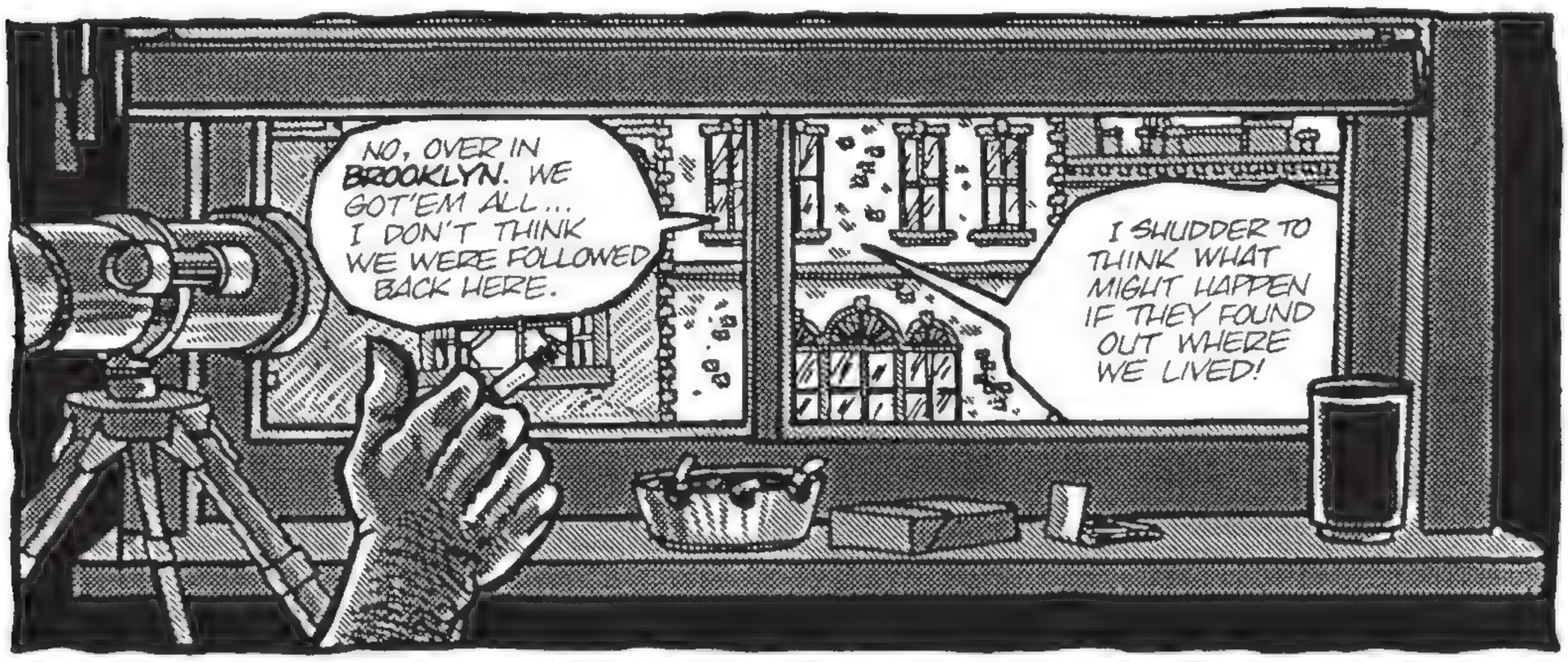
**Page 23:** I love the MacGyver-style trick to get past the TCRI security cameras—Polaroid camera, pigeon puppet, an armature of Donatello's. Low tech beats high tech every time!

At first it looks like a pretty basic office building, but each level they go down it gets weirder and more alien, until they reach the final mega-lab on the lowest levels…

**Page 29:** …where they find their beloved father figure, Master Splinter, floating in suspended animation—and they lose their minds! The TMNTs are ready to take the place apart, but now it's time to start blowing out the bigger storyline via more awesome Peter Laird–designed exoskeleton robot alien guys we basically called the TCRI Aliens at this point.

**Page 33:** So the twists and turns were coming fast and furious now, with the Turtles on the run fighting for their lives and their master's life. This was the exciting part of doing these mega 35- or 40-page stories we were dropping every twelve weeks or so—we could have the time to do it exactly how we wanted, as long as we didn't let our very tolerant fans wait too long.

**Page 37:** What a way to end an issue—the guys getting beamed out—and it would take us four more issues to bring our heroes back to Earth. When we did, it would be with a much clearer understanding of all our characters, for writers and readers alike.


NO, OVER IN BROOKLYN. WE GOT'EM ALL... I DON'T THINK WE WERE FOLLOWED BACK HERE.
I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THEY FOUND OUT WHERE WE LIVED!

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
No. 5 $1.50 2.00 IN CANADA

# #5

# EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## CO-STARRING: FUGITOID

KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD
CO-CREATORS/WRITERS/ARTISTS
LETTERING: STEVE LAVIGNE

UNH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN TURNED INSIDE OUT AND BACK AGAIN!

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT LIGHT -- THE STRANGE LAB -- THOSE WEIRD ROBOT ALIENS -- ? WHERED THEY GO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT NEW COMPANY -- AND THEY DON'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY EITHER!

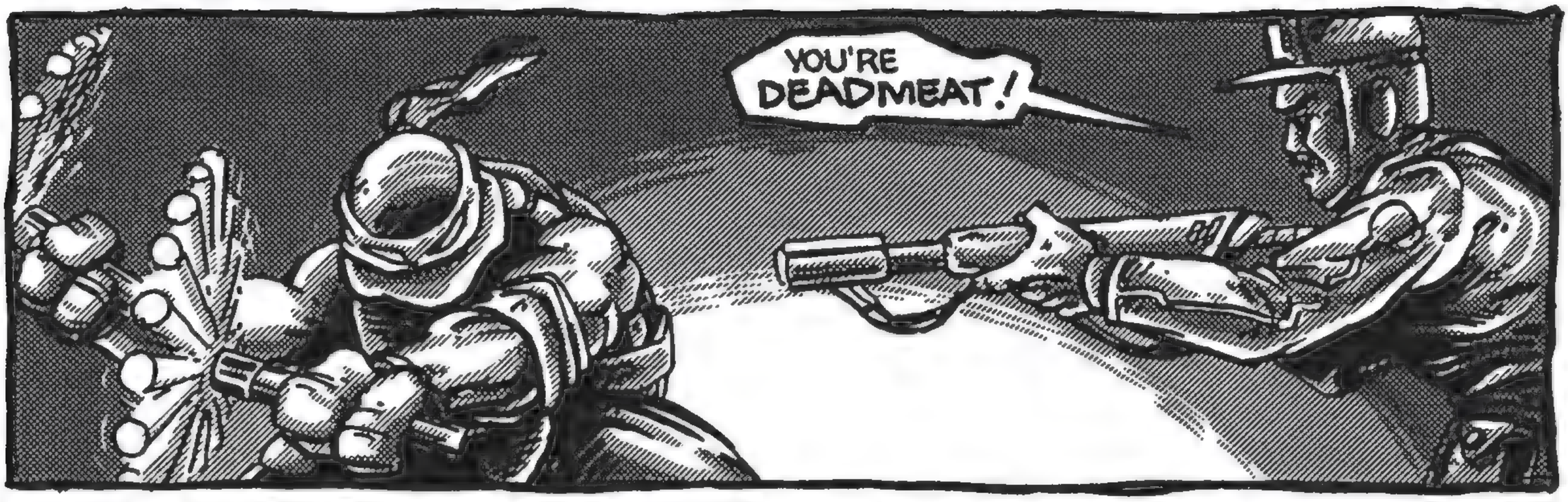
WELL, BEFORE THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS GET TOO ITCHY --

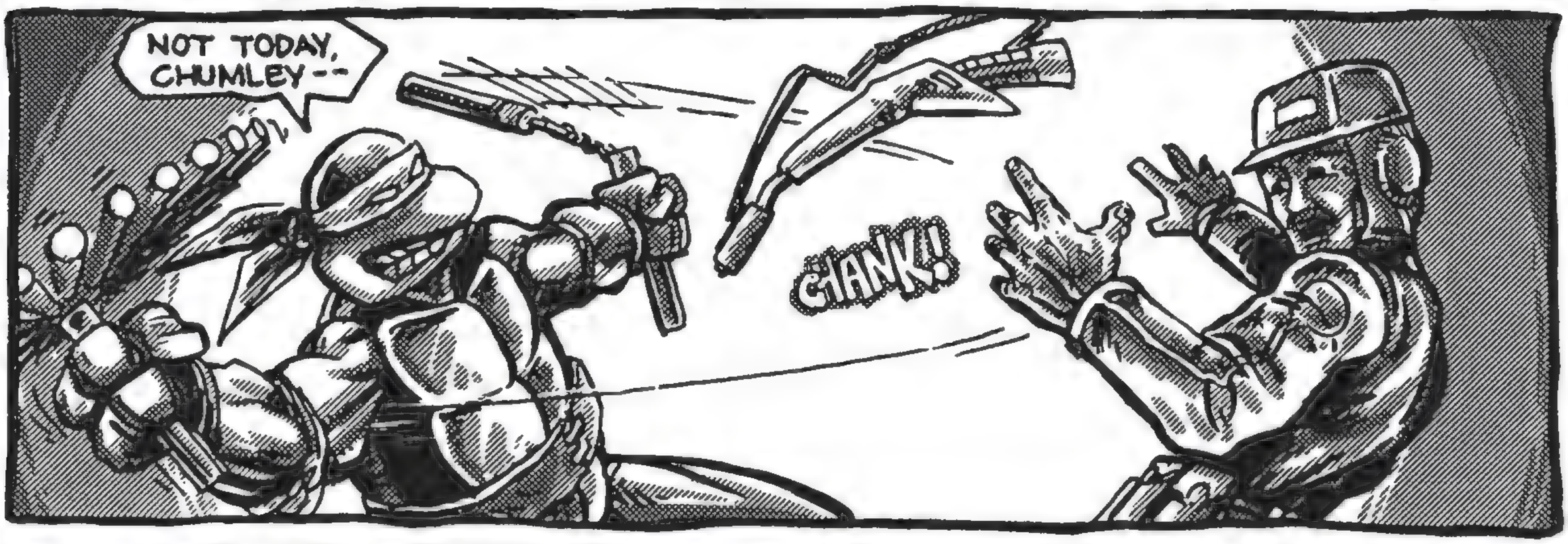
HIT'EM! HAII!

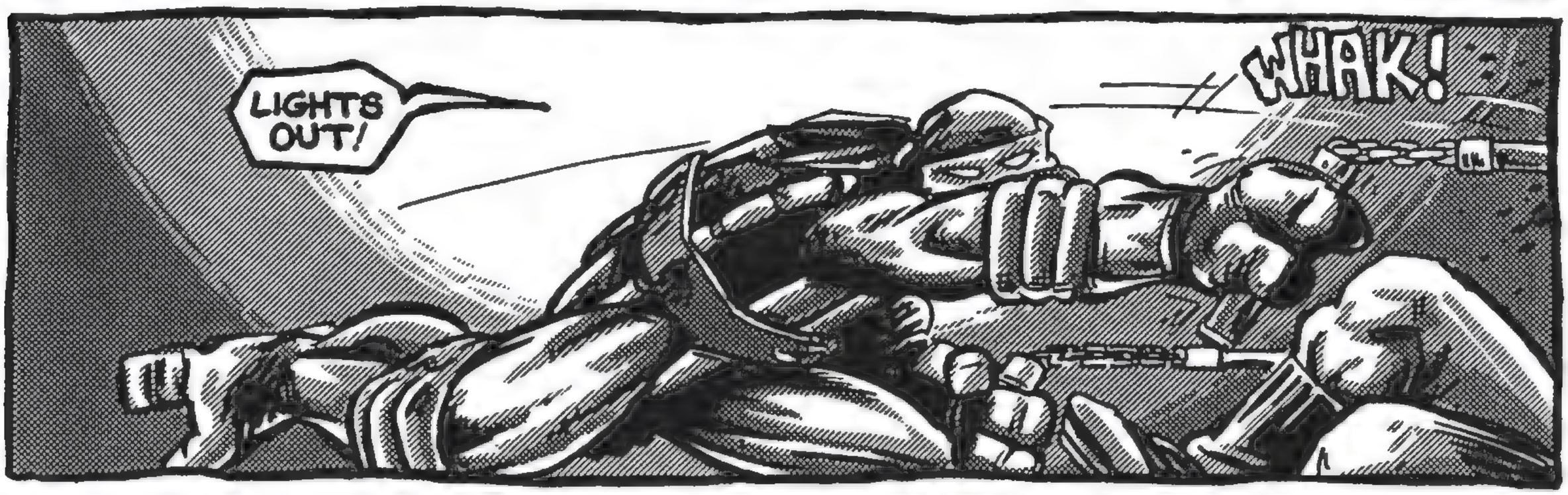
MIKE! BE CAREFUL OF THAT ARM!

DONATELLO, RAPHAEL-- COVER MY FLANKS! I'M GOING STRAIGHT THROUGH!

HMM..THESE STRANGE CREATURES ARE HELPING ME, EVEN IF UNINTENTIONALLY -- BY DISTRACTING GENERAL BLANQUE'S TROOPS, I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK!


YOU'RE DEADMEAT!


NOT TODAY, CHUMLEY--
CLANK!!


LIGHTS OUT!
WHAK!

ZARTZ!
YEOW! MY BACK!

THAT HURT!!
GRRR-

MY WORD! THOSE FELLOWS ARE MAKING SHORT WORK OF THESE TROOPS-- BUT MORE ARE BOUND TO SHOW UP!

HMM... THIS WALL...

AHA! IT IS WOOD!

AND MAYBE WEAK ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO--

-THIS!

CRACK

IT WORKED! NOW, I CAN ESCAPE AND ... AND ...

NO -- I CAN'T JUST RUN OUT ON THESE LITTLE GUYS.

HEY--YOU GUYS-- OVER HERE!

THIS WAY, QUICKLY!

OH, NO -- HERE COME SOME MORE OF THOSE GOONS!

AND THIS IS A DEAD END ALLEY-- DAMN!!!

HUH? HEY, LEO-- LOOK! A WAY OUT!

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, AH-- UN-- ROBOT?

WHERE TO NOW?

THIS WAY-- I THINK!

HURRY-- HURRY!

WE'RE HURRYIN'! BELIEVE IT!

IN THIS DOOR-- UP TO THE ROOF!

NOW WHAT?

HEY-- THIS IS MORE LIKE OUR HOME TURF!

THIS WAY!

GOOD GOIN', LEO-- ANOTHER DEAD END!

WAIT-- LOOK!

--AND HERE COMES THE UNWELCOME WAGON!

THE GARBAGE IN THAT TRUCK--

--IT LOOKS SOFT ENOUGH!

OHH, NO... NO, I CAN'T --

I HATE HEIGHTS!

SURE YOU CAN!

YOW!

AAAHH!

SPLAT!

ALRIGHT! WE MADE IT!

SO LONG, DUNGBALLS!

VROOM

WOW--THIS IS A WEIRD CITY, MAN!

CHECK OUT THOSE DUDES!

WHERE?

OH, MY GOD...

...WHERE THE HECK...

...ARE WE?

...AND I THOUGHT NEW YORK WAS STRANGE!

SEVERAL MINUTES AND A FEW MILES LATER...

I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF PURSUIT...

...AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SECTION OF TOWN TO HIDE OUT IN!

LET'S GO!

SO, UH... WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE WE?

HOPE WE CAN FIND A SHOWER OR SOMETHING, YUCK!

YOU'RE IN THE CITY OF PEBLAK, OF COURSE! AS FOR ME...

...MY STORY IS LONG AND SHOULD WAIT 'TIL WE'RE WELL HIDDEN!

HMM...THIS ONE SHOULD DO...

FOR WHAT?

THIS, MY BOYS, IS HOME FOR AWHILE!

YUCK! WHAT A MESS! THE FIFTH FLOOR AND IT'S JUST AS **GROSS** AS THE FIRST FOUR!

LETS HEAD UP TO THE ROOF, AND TRY TO GET OUR BEARINGS--

WHOA!

THIS IS NOT BROOKLYN--AND THAT IS CERTAINLY NOT MANHATTAN!

THIS-- DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE... EARTH!

EARTH? IS THAT YOUR HOME PLANET?

HOME PLANET--?! WHAT'S THIS "HOME PLANET" CRAP!!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US?!!

CALM DOWN, SON -- FIRST OF ALL, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF EARTH! SECOND, YOU ARE RIGHT NOW ON THE PLANET D'HOONIB IN THE SIDAYOM SYSTEM, FEDERATION TERRITORY.

OH, AND MY NAME IS HONEYCUTT.

I WANT TO THANK YOU FELLOWS FOR HELPING ME OUT BACK THERE...

...AND VICE VERSA... UH... HONEYCUTT! BY THE WAY, I'M LEONARDO!

RAPHAEL!

MICHAELANGELO!

DONATELLO!

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS: HOW'D WE GET HERE, AND HOW DO WE GET BACK HOME? IT SEEMS LIKE JUST MINUTES AGO THAT WE HAD FOUND OUR MASTER, SPLINTER, IN THE **T.C.R.I. LAB, AND** WERE FIGHTING TO RESCUE HIM FROM HIS WEIRD CAPTORS...

...AND WE RETREATED INTO A ROOM NEAR A...A... **TRANSLOCATION DEVICE**, I THINK THEY CALLED IT. NEXT THING I KNOW, WE'RE IN AN ALLEY WITH YOU AND THOSE GOONS!

A WHAT--?

WHAT KIND OF DEVICE?

A TRANSLOCATION DEVICE--YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?

HMM... VERY INTERESTING... YES, I SEE... IT ADDS UP...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IF I'M RIGHT, YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THE BEAM MATRIX OF A TRANSMAT MACHINE--A DEVICE WHICH INSTANTANEOUSLY TRANSMITS MATTER OVER VAST DISTANCES. SOMEHOW, IT SENT YOU HERE!

I WAS WORKING ON A SIMILAR DEVICE BEFORE--

YOU WERE?! THEN YOU CAN GET US BACK HOME--?!

YEAH!

LET'S GET STARTED!

HOLD ON NOW--IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE...

MY TRANSMAT DEVICE EXISTS ONLY IN MY MIND, AND... OH WELL, I SHOULD JUST START AT THE BEGINNING...

YOU SEE, I AM NOT REALLY A ROBOT. UP UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, I WAS A SEMI-RETIRED SCIENTIST WORKING ON A FEW PET PROJECTS...

I HAD A NICE LAB OUT IN THE COUNTRY, AND SAL, MY HANDY WORKER ROBOT... ALL SUPPLIED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE WAS A CATCH: THE MILITARY-- ESPECIALLY GENERAL BLANQUE-- WAS AFTER ME TO FINISH MY TRANSMAT PROTOTYPE. THEY WANTED TO USE IT AS A WEAPON...

...TO BEAM FISSION BOMBS INTO ENEMY SHIPS AND SO FORTH. THIS IDEA SICKENED ME, AND I RESISTED BY BEING SLOW TO DEVELOP THE PROTOTYPE... TOO SLOW FOR GENERAL BLANQUE...

... ANYWAY, I WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN PERFECTING MY MENTAWAVE HELMET: A DEVICE FOR BOOSTING MIND POWERS LIKE **TELEPATHY** AND **TELEKINESIS**.

I HAD JUST FINISHED A SUCCESSFUL TEST OF THE MENTAWAVE, WHEN I HEARD A DISTRESS CALL FROM SAL, MY WORKER ROBOT...

I WENT OUTSIDE, AND THERE HE WAS, TANGLED UP IN SOME UNDERGROUND WIRES HE HAD DUG UP INADVERTENTLY WHILE DOING SOME GARDENING...

AN ELECTRICAL STORM WAS BREWING, SO I QUICKLY HELPED SAL OUT OF THE TANGLED CABLES, AND WAS LEADING HIM BACK TO THE LAB...

...WHEN IT HAPPENED:

A HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTING (PROBABLY ATTRACTED BY SAL'S METAL BODY) STRUCK US!

I WAS STILL WEARING THE MENTAWAVE HELMET... AND MY LAST THOUGHTS WERE OF SAL...

WHEN I FINALLY CAME BACK TO CONSIOUSNESS, I FOUND MY PHYSICAL BEING HAD CHANGED... MY HUMAN BODY WAS DEAD- BURNED TO A CINDER!

BUT, BY THE FREAK POWER SURGE IN THE MENTAWAVE, MY MIND LIVED ON... TRANS- FERRED TO AND TRAPPED IN SAL'S ROBOT BODY!

SINCE THEN IT'S GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE -- GENERAL BLANQUE, FINDING MY BURNED HUMAN BODY, LAY THE BLAME ON SAL!

AND WHEN A ROBOT KILLS A HUMAN, THAT ROBOT BECOMES A ROGUE -- TO BE HUNTED DOWN AND TERMINATED!!!*

...AND EVENTUALLY CAME HERE! PEBLAK HAS THE ONLY SPACEPORT ON D'HOONIB... AND I FIGURE MY BEST CHANCE TO SURVIVE IS TO GET OFF- PLANET -- IF I CAN!

AND SO I'VE BEEN RUNNING... AND HIDING...

WELL, THAT SETTLES IT...

...WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT -- ALL WANTED BY THE AUTHORITIES! WE'VE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER TO GET OUT OF HERE!

* OF COURSE HONEYCUTT DOESN'T KNOW THAT GENERAL BLANQUE IS NOW AWARE OF HIS "CONDITION"... AND THAT BLANQUE HAS CLASSIFIED THE ROBOT AS A **FUGITOID**, TO BE CAPTURED UNHARMED. IN THAT WAY, BLANQUE CAN EXPLOIT HONEYCUTT'S MIND, AND NO ONE WILL COMPLAIN -- FOR, AFTER ALL, ROBOTS HAVE NO RIGHTS!!!

A FEW HOURS LATER ...

YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?

YES... MY SENSORS "SMELL" SALT WATER... AND THE SPACEPORT IS NEAR THE SEAPORT.

ANY TROOPS?

LOOKS CLEAR-- LETS GO!

WHAT A DRAG... HERE WE ARE IN A CITY FULL OF FUNKY-LOOKING ALIENS ...

WHY IS THAT BAD?

gleep?

IT'S NOT! SEE, ON EARTH WE HAVE TO HIDE BECAUSE WE'RE DIFFERENT... SO WE FINALLY GET TO A PLACE LIKE THIS WHERE WE CAN FIT RIGHT IN AND WHAT HAPPENS?-- WE HAVE TO HIDE OUT 'CUZ WE'RE AIDING AND ABETTING A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW! YOU CAN'T WIN...

I GUESS NOT...

PORTNEROY'S SPACEPORT JOCKEYBAR

HEY -- THIS BAR LOOKS PROMISING!

WATCH YOUR STEP

NO TOUR BOTS

IT SHOULD SUFFICE ...

MEANWHILE, IN PEBLAK BAY, IN THE ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BLANQUE...

YOU WHAT?!

LOST HIM?!

HOW!!?

SORRY, SIR-- BUT HE HAD HELP! THESE FOUR GREEN HUMANOID ALIENS BEAMED IN AND--

I DON'T CARE, SOLDIER! BE INCOMPETENT ON YOUR OWN TIME-- NOT IN MY SERVICE!

I WANT THAT FUGITOID!

FIND HIM-- TEAR THIS CITY APART IF YOU HAVE TO-- BUT FIND HIM !!!

SIMULTANEOUSLY AT A SECRET TRICERATON BASE HIDDEN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PEBLAK...

WE MUST CARTURE THIS HONEYCUTT ROBOT...

...WE MUST HAVE THE SECRET OF THE TRANSMAT WEAPON...

...ONCE WE HAVE IT-- NOTHING CAN STOP US!

SIR! ONE OF OUR SPIES HAS SPOTTED THE ROBOT IN SECTOR B1H!

EXCELLENT! READY THE SHOCK COMMANDOS--

--WE WILL STRIKE AND BE GONE BEFORE THE FEDERATION TROOPS KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED!!!

WOW--LOOK AT ALL THE LOW-LIFE FORMS!

YES, THIS BAR LOOKS SLIMY ENOUGH...WE SHOULD HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING SOMEONE WHO WILL HIRE SOME MORE LOW-PAID LABORERS FOR HIS SPACE FREIGHTER!

I JUST HOPE WE CAN FIND ONE THAT WILL TAKE US ALL!

GRRR... WATCH WHERE YER GOIN', MEATHEAD!

HUMPH! FRESH--!

BEER, PLEASE!

VHAN ZIM ZUP KUCK?

OH...YEAH!

OH... YOU WANT MONEY RIGHT?

AH... UM...

HERE YA GO!

:SNIF: SMELLS FUNKY...

GLUG GLUG

ZUP-KUCK!

HEYYY... FAAAAR OUT!

:BURP:

YO, MOMMA... DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE...?

ZEEP VAS KOOLP?

NOW, LET'S SEE... WE HAVE TO MAKE CONTACTS.

...FIND SOME LOQUACIOUS SPACEPORT EMPLOYEES WHO CAN GIVE US USEFUL INFORMATION...

HMM...

HMM...

HEY, THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE TYPICAL DOCK SCUM!

LET'S MOSEY OVER AND SAY HI!

MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HONEYCUTT TO TALK FOR US... HE KNOWS THE LOCAL...

...UH-OH...!

WHAT'S WRONG?

HEY -- IT'S THE 'TOID! -- AND THOSE GREEN ALIENS!

TROOPS!

RUN, YOU GUYS!

SHOOT THEM! JUST DON'T DAMAGE THE ROBOT!

'SCUSE ME -- !

WHOOPS! SORRY...!

OOF

EAT LASER SCUM!

BLOW'EM AWAY--

--AND GRAB THAT 'TOID!

YIKES!

MIKE -- IF YOU CAN DRAW THEIR FIRE, I'LL USE THIS GUY'S KNIVES--!

GOTCHA, DON--!

BEEAAP!

YIPE!

ZIP

ZIP

SPAK!

YAI!

GUK-

GHAG!

I FEAR THAT ESCAPE IS IMPROBABLE, LEONARDO!

DON'T GIVE UP YET... MAYBE WE CAN BLAST OUR WAY OUT!

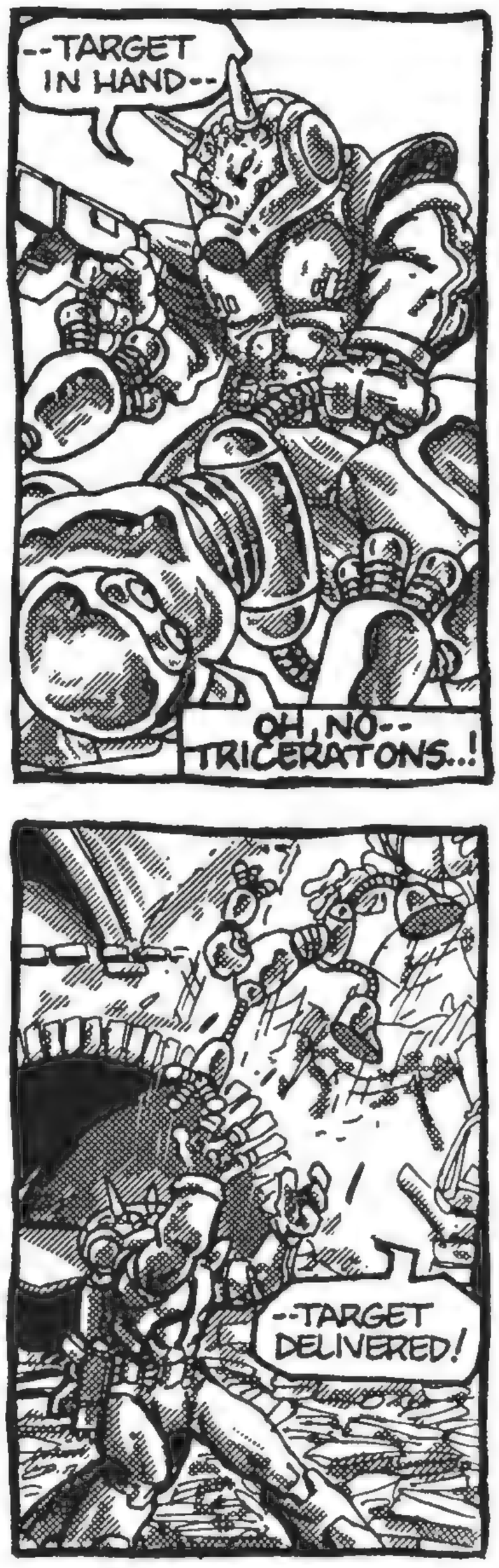
IF RAPHAEL CAN USE ONE OF THESE--

HMM... POINT... PULL THE TRIGGER... AND...

WOW!
OOF!
AARRGH--!
OOH--!

YOU SHAPED THAT CHARGE PERFECTLY, ZON!
THANKS, REZ.. I TAKE PRIDE IN MY DEMOLITIONS!
NOW LET'S FIND THAT ROBOT--
--AND GET OUT OF HERE!
LEONARDO-- ARE YOU...?!
UNH--

HMPF! THE BLAST KNOCKED OUT ALL THE FEDERATS!
TOO BAD-- I'D HOPED TO TANGLE WITH 'EM...
HEY--THERE! TARGET SIGHTED--


--TARGET IN HAND--
OH, NO-- TRICERATONS..!
--TARGET DELIVERED!

UNGH...

N-NO! THEY'RE TAKING HONEYCUTT-- AND HE'S OUR ONLY TICKET OUT OF HERE!

OOWW... WHO ARE THESE HOSERS?

DON'T KNOW-- AN' I DON'T CARE--

--LET'S GO GET OUR FRIEND BACK!

AAAOORGH--!

GEGAH!

I'VE GOT THE ROBOT--!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED-- ALL UNITS--

--TAKE OFF!

MOVE IT! MOVE IT--!

DAMN! WE'RE TOO LATE--

TOUR BOTS!

--THEY'RE ALREADY AIR-BORNE!

WE'D NEED ONE OF THOSE AIRCARS TO CATCH UP WITH THEM NOW--!

HOW ABOUT THAT ONE?

WHY NOT? LET'S GO!

I'VE GOT THE SIDECAR!

THINK YOU CAN FLY IT, DON?

UMM... NO PROB, LEO! JUST... HMM.. LIKE A REGULAR CAR... KINDA...

OH YEAH? WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU DROVE A CAR?!

SHHH!

YAHOO! GRAB SKY!

WELL, IT HAS BEEN AWHILLLLLLLLLLY!

BRROOARR

NOW HOW DO YOU STEER THIS THING...?

GOODA TOOTA?

OH, NO-- LOOK OUT! THOSE BUILDINGS-!!!

GLICK!

PULL UP, DON- PULL UP--!

I'M TRYING, I'M TRYING--!

WHEW!

WHEW!

WHEW!

WHEW!

BRUNCH!

AH... THERE! I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW, CAPTAIN!

VERY GOOD, MR. SCOTT! NOW TAKE US UP SO WE CAN SEE--

--THERE! ABOUT THREE MILES AHEAD--

--THOSE CREEPS THAT GRABBED HONEYCUTT!

LET'S GET 'EM!

YEAH, DON-- AS "THE BOSS" WOULD SAY:

"STAND ON IT!"

CRANK THIS SUCKER!

A FEW MILES AHEAD, AND DIRECTLY IN THE TURTLES' FLIGHT PATH...

YOU HEAR AN ENGINE...?

YEAH... A CLUNKER, BUT COMING FAST... SOME FOOL FOLLOWING US...?

COULD BE NOTHING... COULD BE FEDERAT SOLDIERS...

WAIT 'TIL IT PASSES OVER...

ALRIGHT-- LET'S DO OUR REAR-GUARD THING!

FAN OUT IN ATTACK FORMATION--!

UH-OH... BAD COMPANY!

GOOD THING I'VE STILL GOT THIS BLASTER!

WHOOSH

EEEE

HAH! GOT 'IM!

AFFIRMATIVE!

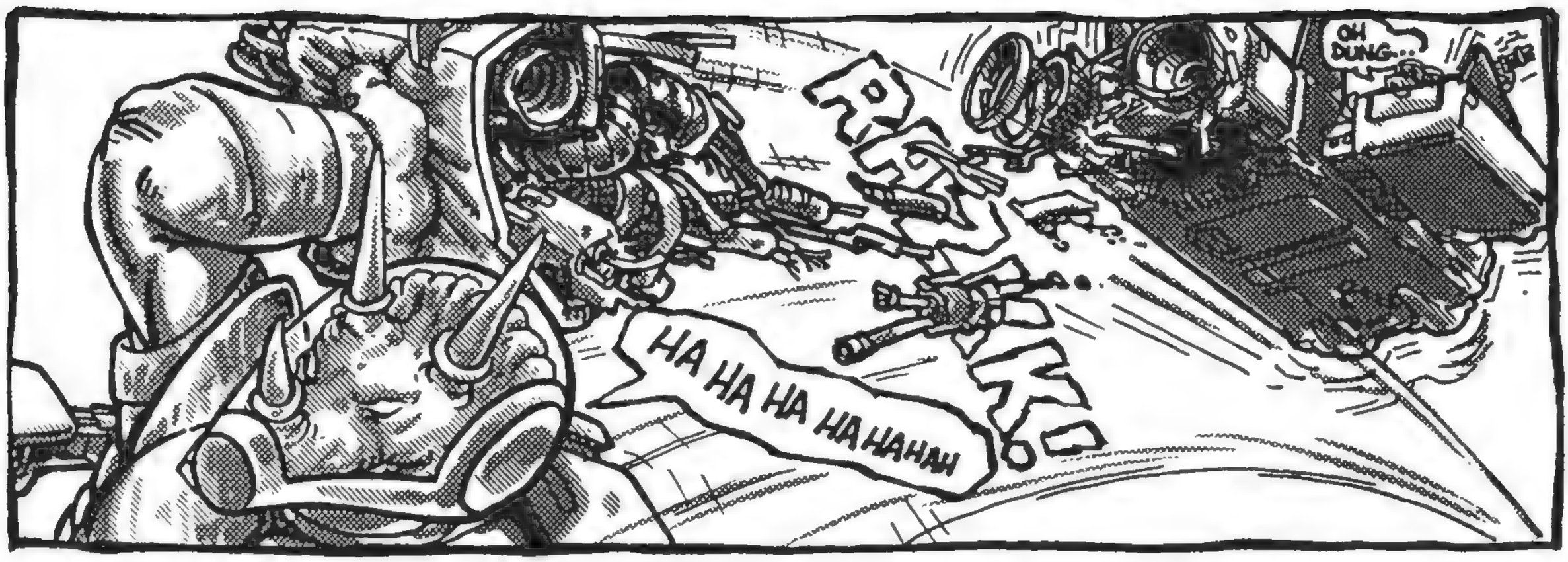
ZED -- TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, AND DRAW HIS FIRE!

I'M GOING TO TAKE THESE WORMS OUT IN STYLE!

THAT OLD RUST-BUCKET SHOULDN'T EVEN BE IN THE AIR...

...SO, IN A WAY, I'M DOING YOU GEEKS A BIG FAVOR!

THAK!


RIP
HA HA HA HA HAHAH
OH DUNG...

STAY LOOSE, GUYS!
MAYBE THE TREES WILL BREAK OUR FALL--!

YOU OK LEO...?

OW-- YEAH! A LITTLE SORE...

IS EVERYBODY ELSE OK...?

DON? DON-- ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

NO-- NO I'M NOT! ITS OVER, ISN'T IT? WITH HONEYCUTT GONE WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR GOOD!

ON TOP OF BEING MILLIONS OF MILES FROM HOME, WE'RE LOST IN THESE WOODS--

--KNOW WAY OF KNOWING WHICH WAY THOSE HORN-HEADS WENT!

FINE! GIVE UP IF YOU WANT TO! NOT ME; I'M GOING HOME FORSURE!

CALM DOWN RAPH-AEL!

DON'T WORRY, BROTHER-- WE'LL FIND A WAY BACK HOME SOMEHOW-- EH?

THAT NOISE?

LOOK! FEDERATION TROOPSHIPS! THEY MUST BE HOT ON THE TRICERATON'S TRAIL!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

THIS WAY-- LET'S GO!

NOT TOO MUCH FURTHER... LISTEN TO ALL THAT NOISE! SOUNDS LIKE A FULL SCALE WAR GOING ON, JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THESE...

BOOM!

...TREES...

GOOD LORD!

ROAR

WE'VE BEEN IN FIGHTS BEFORE-- BUT THIS!

LOOK! OVER THERE-- HONEYCUTT!

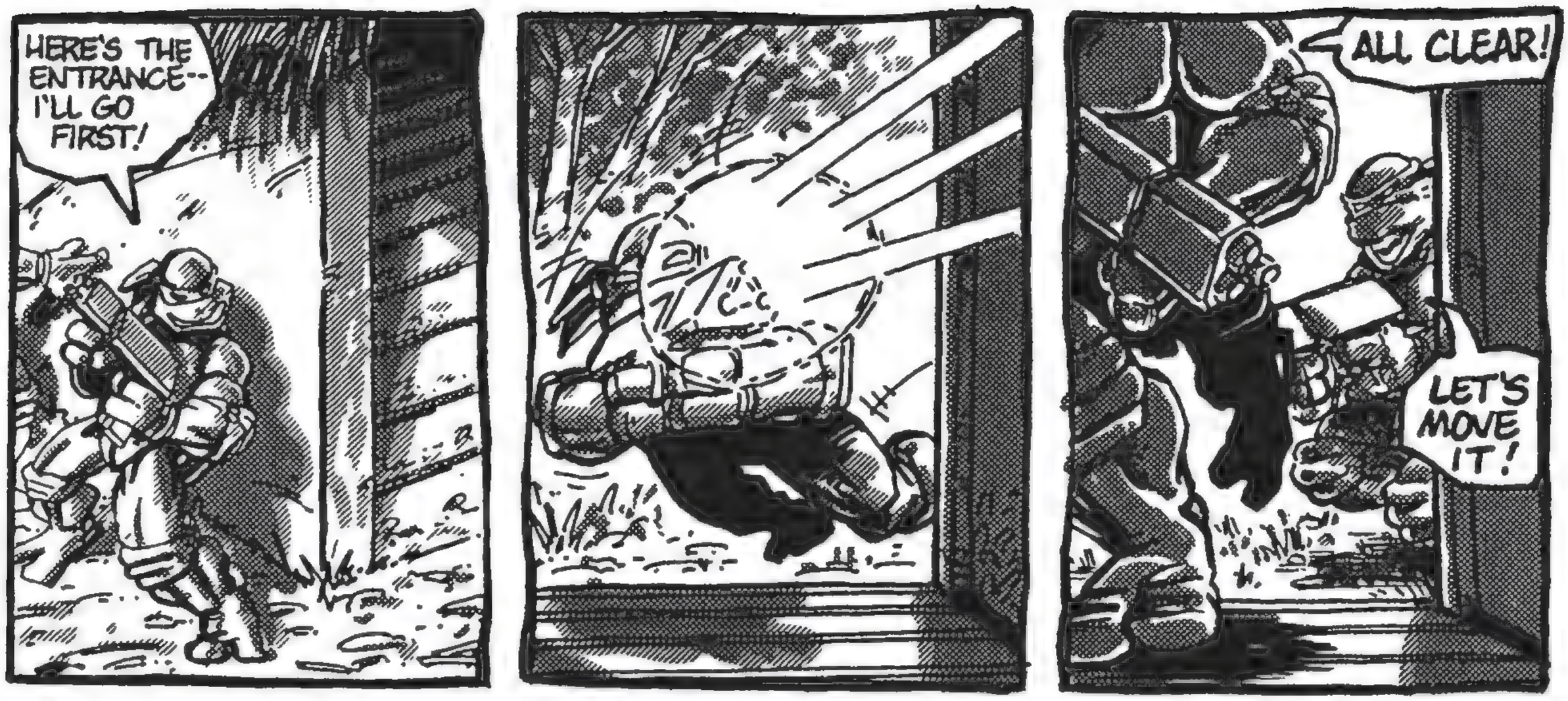
GENERAL BLANQUE, WE'VE SCORED DIRECT HITS ON THE DRIVE UNITS OF THAT TRICERATON SHIP--SHE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

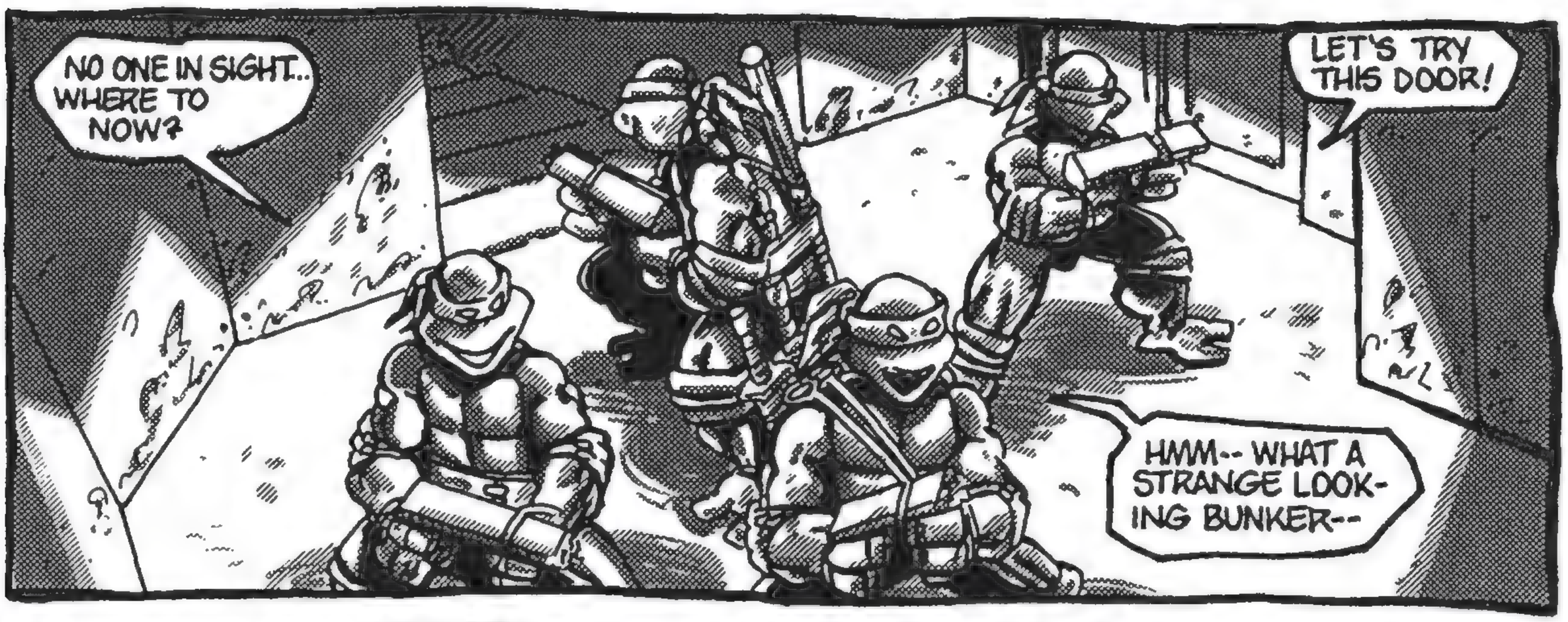
THEY'RE TAKING HIM INTO THAT BUNKER-- GRAB SOME BLASTERS AND COME ON!

DON'T STOP-- KEEP MOVING!

LAY DOWN AS MUCH FIRE AS YOU CAN!

WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT BUNKER!


HERE'S THE ENTRANCE-- I'LL GO FIRST!
ALL CLEAR!
LET'S MOVE IT!


NO ONE IN SIGHT.. WHERE TO NOW?
LET'S TRY THIS DOOR!
HMM-- WHAT A STRANGE LOOK-ING BUNKER--

STAND BACK-- I'LL GET IT!
THESE GUNS ARE SO COOL!

ZILCH! JUSTA STORAGE ROOM!
CLANK!
NOW WHAT?
HEY--! I THINK I HEAR SOMEBODY CLOSING THAT OUT-SIDE DOOR!
WE'D BETTER HIDE!
RUMBLE!!!
YAAA!
WE'RE HIT!
NO! THAT WASN'T A BOMB-- I THINK WE'RE--

... MOVING!

WE'VE GOT THOSE TRICERATON SCUM ON THE RUN NOW, GENERAL BLANQUE! WE'LL HAVE THEM MOPPED-UP IN NO... TIME...

HUH?!

ARRARRAAAHHHH

HAH! STUPID FEDERATS! THEY DESTROYED ONE DECOY SHIP AND THEY THINK THEY HAVE US TRAPPED!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS GETTING THROUGH THE ORBITAL DEFENSES--

--REMEMBER, WE BURNED-OUT OUR CLOAKING DEVICE ON THE WAY IN!

NO PROBLEM! WHEN WE REACH THE OUTER ATMOSPHERE--

--ACTIVATE THE INTERIOR NULL-SPACE FIELD TO SHEILD US FROM HEAVY ACCELERATION--

--AND THEN PUNCH UP THE MAIN ENGINES AT FULL ION-BURN!

YES SIR, GENERAL BLANQUE-- WE'VE DEPLOYED OUR FIGHTERS--THEY WON'T GET AWAY!

--W-WHAT WAS THAT?!

AT FULL ION-BURN, THE TRICERATON SHIP IS JUST A BLUR!

HA!--A PERFECT EXIT!

MAINTAIN MAXIMUM ION-BURN FOR TEN MINUTES, THEN SWITCH OFF NULL FIELD AND GO TO CRUISING SPEED!

--AND BRING THE ROBOT TO THE BRIDGE!

MINUTES LATER...

AH, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT-- YOU HONOR US BY YOUR ESTEEMED PRESENCE!

HONOR? KIDNAP VICTIMS DO NOT HONOR THEIR ABDUCTORS! AND FURTHERMORE--

--WAIT! HOW DO YOU KNOW-- WHO I AM?!

HAHAHA! SURPRISED? WE LEARNED YOUR IDENTITY FROM AN ASSOCIATE OF AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS--

--GENERAL BLANQUE!

BLANQUE? THEN--HE KNEW... ALL THIS TIME...!

YES, HE KNEW... THAT THE SECRET OF THE ULTIMATE WEAPON WAS NOW LOCKED WITHIN THIS COMMON ROBOT'S BODY--

--AND WITHIN YOUR MIND! I SPEAK, OF COURSE--

--OF THE TRANSMAT DEVICE!

BUT--BUT I NEVER EVEN BUILT A PROTOTYPE! I DON'T KNOW IF IT WILL WORK--!

OH, DON'T BE SO MODEST, HONEYCUTT--WE HAVE GREAT FAITH IN YOU!

SIR--! WE'VE JUST DROPPED OUT OF CRUISE MODE... ...BASE ONE IS JUST AHEAD!

VERY GOOD... SOON, HONEYCUTT, YOU WILL SEE THAT THE TRICERATION REPUBLIC HAS VAST RESOURCES FOR YOU TO EMPLOY IN YOUR CREATION OF THE TRANSMAT...

SIR? FUEL SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED... WE'RE COASTING NOW... BASE ONE HAS LOCKED ONTO US... DOCKING ESTIMATED IN FIVE MINUTES!

NOW, PROFESSOR-- LOOK UPON ONE SMALL PART OF THE GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC--

GOOD HEAVEN-!!!

PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT IS SPEECHLESS. AHEAD LIES THE TRICERATON BASE -- A MOBILE MOUNTAIN!

ORIGINALLY AN ASTEROID, IT'S SURFACE MELTED AND HARDENED BY CLOSE EXPOSURE TO A SUN... THE INTERIOR HOLLOWED OUT, AN ENTIRE CITY BUILT WITHIN...

...KILOMETER LONG DOCKING JETTIES JUT FROM IT'S SIDES... AND MASSIVE ION-DRIVE ENGINES, BUILT RIGHT INTO THE ASTEROID'S ROCKY HEART, WAIT TO PROPEL IT THROUGH THE VOID OF SPACE!

MEAN WHILE, IN A CARGO HOLD...

:COUGH!

SO...:COUGH!..THIS IS WHAT ZERO GRAVITY FEELS LIKE!

OK, ENOUGH :COUGH! FOOLING AROUND! LET'S GO :COUGH! FIND HONEYCUTT!

HEY... AH, GUYS? :COUGH! IS IT ME, OR IS IT :COUGH! GETTING HARD TO BREATHE?

OH, NO! YOURE ;COUGH; RIGHT--

--WE'RE ;COUGH; RUNNING OUT OF AIR!

TO BE CONTINUED!!!

# ANNOTATIONS

## KEVIN EASTMAN

I need to take a minute to explain something here. We really had a perfect world at this point—both of us were living the dream! We were drawing comics and making a living, man! Basically meaning we were paying all of our bills with our art. We were also complete masters of our world—no bosses but each other—no one to tell us what we could or couldn't do with our comic or with our characters. And we were selling more copies with each new issue. That empowered us to stay on this cocky path of writing and drawing EXACTLY the kinds of stories we wanted to read—and what we wanted to draw—period! Freaking awesome.

The Fugitoid book! In earlier versions of the original TMNT collected works, the Fugitoid was left out, as it was originally intended to take place in a completely different universe, and most of the story was going in another direction. But when we stepped back and looked again, by adding just a few pages, it could easily be brought together and it was. So in one recent collection we ran the Fuigtoid story in its entirety, in addition to the origin as explained in TMNT, and it was fine. But in this collection we decided the origin story itself would work.

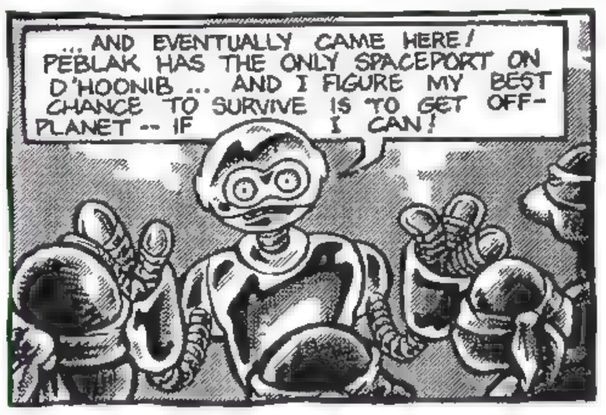
Okay, last side note then I'll get into the meat of the story, but I thought it was worth mentioning again: this was the first four-colored-cover and my version of the *Star Wars* cantina to boot! Oh, and they all had red bandanas here as well.

## PETER LAIRD

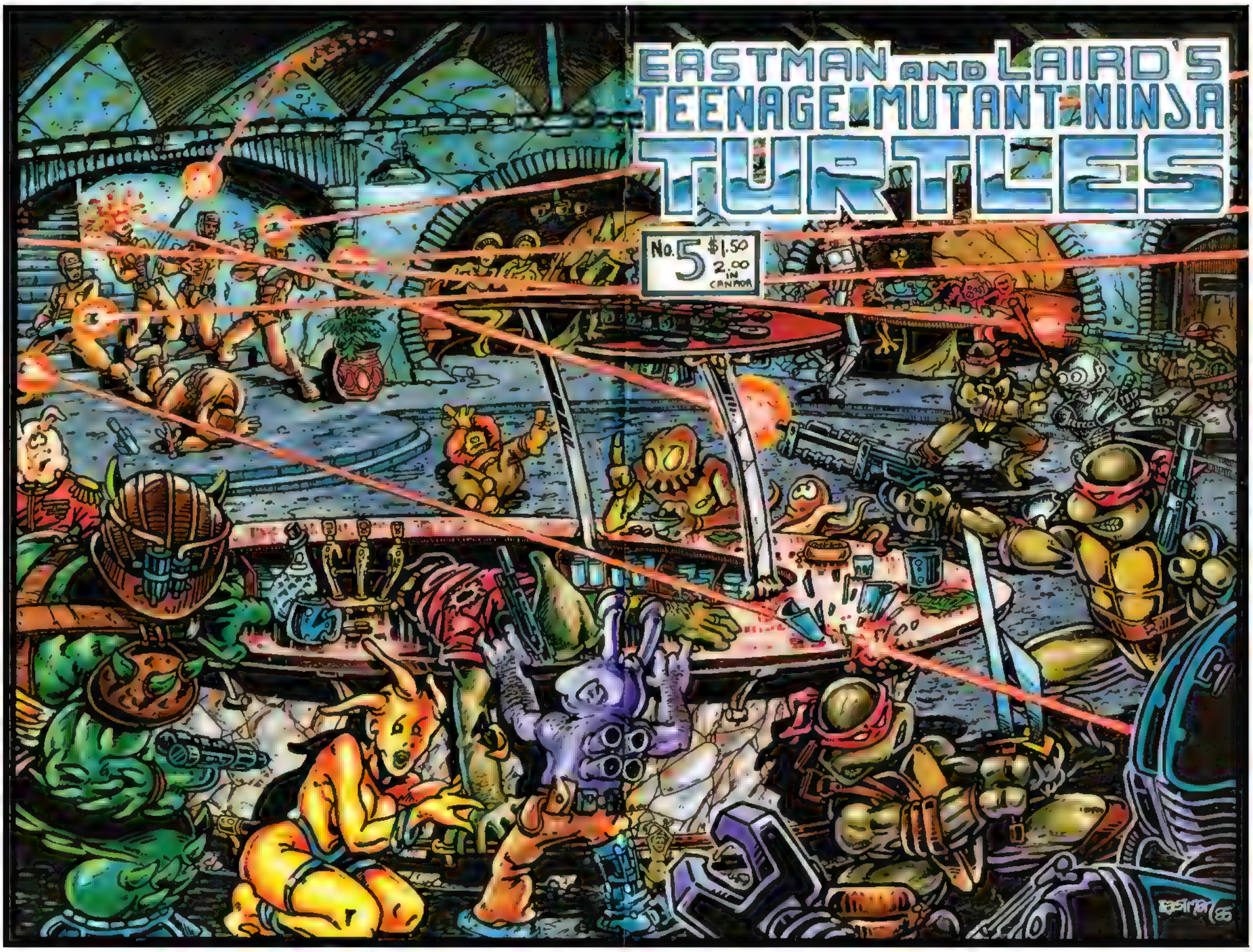
First, we got together and talked out the plot, trying to construct a story that held together and covered all of the points we wanted to get across in that issue. Once we were satisfied with the plot, Kevin would do rough layout drawings, breaking down each page and roughing in dialogue.

Second, I would take Kevin's layouts and do finished dialogue. (At both the layout and finished dialogue stages, we would confer on what we had each done and address any problems either of us had with the choices we'd made.)

Third, we would pencil the full-size pages, based on Kevin's layouts, on pieces of Graphix Duo-Shade board. After the lettering had been done on the penciled pages (in this case, I believe it was Steve Lavigne who did the lettering), we'd do the final inking, and after that the toning.


...AND EVENTUALLY CAME HERE! PEBLAK HAS THE ONLY SPACEPORT ON D'HOONIB ... AND I FIGURE MY BEST CHANCE TO SURVIVE IS TO GET OFF-PLANET -- IF I CAN!

"Peblak" was the name I came up with for the city in which the initial "Fugitoid" adventure was set. And—for those who, like me, enjoy such trivia—did you know that "Peblak" is an anagram of my and Kevin Eastman's initials?



# ANNOTATIONS

**Pages 1–3:** Back to Jack Kirby style, people! The splash page is one of my favorites, a classic TMNT action pose, if you will—and we had actually gotten a little better about jumping right into the story (thanks again, Mr. Kirby), bringing you up to speed quickly. Then it's onto the explosion of the two-page spread to follow—and that's what it was all about—grabbing the reader fast and hard!

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
CO-STARRING: FUGITOID
KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD
CO-CREATORS/WRITERS/ARTISTS
LETTERING: STEVE LAVIGNE
UNH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN TURNED INSIDE OUT AND BACK AGAIN!
WHAT HAPPENED? THAT LIGHT -- THE STRANGE LAB-- THOSE WEIRD ROBOT ALIENS --? WHERED THEY GO?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT NEW COMPANY-- AND THEY DON'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY EITHER!
WELL, BEFORE THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS GET TOO ITCHY--

**Pages 8–9:** After landing in the alley, we needed to work out how to reveal to the TMNTs that they're not on Earth anymore. We've given them and the readers a series of clues, but with the action moving so fast we wanted to keep everyone guessing until the big "WHOA" on the top of page 9. That was fun.

**Pages 10–13:** Here we have the clunky catch-up, in case you didn't buy the Fugitoid book—which contained the mega-Fugitoid origin. This got to be a great source of humor over the years because you couldn't tell his origin in less than four pages, but we did it a few times. Besides, he wasn't just a robot, he was a professor—wrongly accused, trapped in a robot body. FUGITOID! Funny.

**Page 15:** Bring on the bad guys! Another good reason we wanted to bring the TMNT world and the Fugitoid world together was Pete's love of dinosaurs, especially the Triceratops… intro the Triceratons! Man, those guys made some awesome bad guys—a pain in the butt to draw, but awesome in the end!

**Pages 16–19:** And now my favorite—the bar scene—the Star Wars cantina and everything we could get away with just short of a lawsuit! TMNTs drinking, shooting lasers, even killing guys—what the hell were we doing? Pretty much having a blast!

**Page 22:** At this point there was no letting up as the Triceratons attack, hunting the Fugitoid. And you can't do a space story without flying cars and jetpacks! It had to be done, and with the Turtles driving, of course hilarity ensues!

**Page 25–26:** The race through the city—always a great way to establish the environment, with some kick-ass action as well. I love when the Triceratons cut them off in the jetpacks and I love the fact that these guys can even fly one, let alone whip by and tear out the engine of another!

**Pages 30–31:** Without losing a beat, the pace was intense and we needed to get them off-planet with only a handful of pages left. I had a brainstorm here for this two-page spread: do it as three doublewide, long panels and in each one show a different perspective of the ongoing ambush. As they picked up weapons and crossed the open field, we covered story distance.

**Page 33:** Now to get them off-planet! The idea was to make it look like the Triceratons ducked into a hidden bunker, but it was really a spacecraft, and off they went.

**Pages 35–36:** Ha, ha—the plot thickens! Not only did we tie in the Transmat teleportation machine that brought the TMNTs there in the first place, we tied their TCRI origin to this universe far from Earth, plus we mixed the Fugitoid into the middle of it, and—of course—an Alien race that wants ALL of it! It also wouldn't be complete without our version of the Death Star! A hollowed-out asteroid with a massive engine and a domed city on top—man I loved that!

**Page 37:** No better way to end than another great cliffhanger! The TMNTs trapped in space as stowaways, running out of air! Whoa, indeed!

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
#6
$1.50
$2.00 IN
CANADA

#6

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S

# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

CO-CREATED / WRITTEN / DRAWN by KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD · LETTERS by STEVE LAVIGNE

AH, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT! I'M PLEASED THAT YOU HAVE DECIDED TO JOIN US ON THE COMMAND DECK!

WELL, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHERE WE'RE GOING...
...NOT THAT I HAVE ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER!

HAH, HAH! VERY GOOD, HONEYCUTT-- YOU TRY TO DISGUISE YOUR CURIOSITY BENEATH A VENEER OF CYNICISM BUT I KNOW THAT, AS A SCIENTIST, YOU ARE FASCINATED BY OUR TECHNOLOGY!

HMMMPH! I DO CONFESS TO SOME INTEREST... BUT LESS IN THE TECHNOLOGY AND MORE IN IT'S APPLICATION!

YES, OUR **ASTEROID SHIPS** ALWAYS MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION. HOWEVER, A WIDELY-KNOWLEGEABLE BEING SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD NOT BE REALLY STARTLED BY ANYTHING LESS THAN WHAT AWAITS US BEYOND THIS PLANET WHICH WE ARE NOW COMING AROUND...

SLOWING TO DOCKING SPEED, SIR... VISUAL IN FIVE SECONDS...

"DOCKING SPEED"... WHERE COULD YOU POSSIBLY DOCK SOMETHING THIS **HUGE**?!

HAH! SEE FOR YOURSELF, PROFESSOR! LOOK UPON--

THE TRICERATON HOMEWORLDS!

GOOD LORD!

TRIBASE ONE, WELCOME HOME! YOU ARE CLEARED TO DOCK AT REPUBLIC CENTRAL, BAY 43!

COMMANDER MOZAR, REPORT TO THE HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER IMMEDIATELY AFTER DOCKING..

...AND BRING THE ROBOT WITH YOU!

AFFIRMATIVE-- MOZAR OUT!

SHORTLY...

YOUR TRANSPORT IS READY, SIR...

AMAZING--!

YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, PROFESSOR?

I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET IF I LIKE BEING HERE, BUT I AM IMPRESSED!

HAH! THAT IS ENOUGH FOR NOW... PERHAPS SOON YOU WILL COME TO VIEW US MORE FAVORABLY THAN THE FEDERATS!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT TRIBASE ONE, THE SCOUT SHIP USED TO KIDNAP HONEYCUTT IS BEING INSPECTED AND REPAIRED...

I WANT THAT SHIP FULLY REFUELED AND RECHARGED... CHECK EVERY INCH FOR DAMAGE... INVENTORY ALL SUPPLIES...

...AND DISINFECT IT! WHO KNOWS WHAT FOUL DISEASES IT MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP ON THAT FEDERAT PLANET!

...AND IN A LOWER HOLD...

HMM... STRANGE PLACE FOR BLASTER BURNS...

...I DIDN'T THINK THAT THE FIGHT WITH THE FEDERATS GOT THIS FAR INSIDE THE SHIP!

YOU TROOPS, CHECK THIS ROOM OUT-- THOROUGHLY!

SEEMS EMPTY TO ME...

WAIT-- LOOK!

WHAT ARE THEY?

ARE THEY-- DEAD?

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE SOME STOWAWAYS HERE... CAN'T PLACE THE SPECIES... THEY SEEM TO BE IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE!

IF WE PICKED THEM UP ON **D'HOONIB**, THEY'RE PROBABLY OXYGEN BREATHERS-- BETTER GET SOME ATMOSPHERE CONVERTORS **QUICKLY!**

LATER, IN THE HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBERS...

SO YOU SEE, PROF. HONEYCUTT, WE DESPERATELY NEED A NEW WEAPON TO COUNTER THE ENCROACHING THREAT OF THOSE **MAMMALIAN** TERRORISTS--

--THE FEDERATS! ...TO MAINTAIN THE PEACEFUL EXISTENCE WE CRAVE... AND YOUR TRANSMAT DEVICE COULD BECOME THAT WEAPON OF PEACE!

I UNDERSTAND YOU, PRIME LEADER **ZANRAMON**... PERHAPS TOO WELL. AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD COMMANDER **MOZAR**...

... EVEN IF I COULD BUILD A TRANSMAT, I WOULDN'T... NOT FOR THE FEDERATION... AND NOT FOR YOU.

DON'T BE SO MODEST, HONEYCUTT...PROOF ENOUGH OF YOUR GENIUS IS THAT YOU COULD BUILD A DEVICE--THE MENTA-WAVE HELMET-- WHICH TRANSFERRED YOUR HUMAN MIND INTO THAT ROBOT BODY. WE BELIEVE THAT YOU <u>CAN</u> CREATE THE TRANSMAT... AND THAT WE CAN CONVINCE YOU TO DO SO FOR US... ONE WAY OR ANOTH-- **EH?**

BWEEP!

PLEASE EXCUSE US, PRIME LEADER, BUT WE FOUND SOMETHING ON THE ATTACK SHIP THAT YOU MIGHT FIND INTERESTING!

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, SERGEANT... PUT IT ON THE SCREEN!

SALUTATIONS, PRIME LEADER! WE HAVE IN CUSTODY FOUR STOWAWAYS FROM THE SHIP...

...THAT BROUGHT BACK THE **FUGITOID** FROM D'HOONIB!

THEIR SPECIES IS UNKNOWN, BUT PRELIMINARY DEBRIEFINGS OF COMMANDOS FROM THE **D'HOONIB MISSION** INDICATE THAT THESE CREATURES MAY HAVE AIDED THE **FUGITOID** IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM US...

...ORDERS, SIR?

GOOD LORD--! DON, MIKE, LEO, AND RAPHAEL--HERE?! HOW...?!

ARE THESE...FRIENDS OF YOURS, PROFESSOR...?

YES! PLEASE DON'T HURT THEM!

HMM... A PERFECT BARGAINING CHIP, ZANRAMON...

YES... QUITE...

TROOPER, PUT THESE ALIENS IN MAXIMUM SECURITY... FOR THEIR PROTECTION. DO NOT HARM THEM IN ANY WAY!

...AND AWAIT MY ORDERS. CARRY ON!

WE HEAR AND OBEY, PRIME LEADER!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SORRY SAURIANS-- WE'RE SHORT ON CELLS, SO YOU ALL GET TO CRAM INTO THIS ONE!

PHEW! THIS PLACE STINKS!

HEY! SHUT YER FACE, YOU PUNY PIECE OF MAMMAL DROPPINGS!

YA KNOW, PINHEAD, BACK WHERE I COME FROM, BOZOS LIKE YOU KNOW THEIR PLACE...

...IN MUSEUMS, DISPLAYED AS SKELETONS OF LONG-DEAD ANCIENT FREAKS!

WHY YOU--! I OUGHTA--!

URRR--!

LOOK AT THIS *JERK* BROTHERS-- *BIG, SLOW,* AND *CLUMSY!*

HAI!

YEAH, BUT THEY'RE TOO *CHICKEN* TO USE 'EM!

NO, MIKE-- THEY'VE GOT GUNS!

OUFF!

*HAIYAA!* REMEMBER WHAT THE *HEAD LIZARD* SAID?

FOR SOME REASON, THEY WANT US-- *KIAI!*

ARR!

WHUF!

--UNHARMED! YAIHA!

*WELL, ALL RIGHT!* THIS ONE'S GOT SOME SPUNK! I LIKE THAT... SO WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU *FIRST!*

BUT ENOUGH FUN...

...NOW GET INSIDE!

OW!

...THE REST OF YOU, TOO!

YOU O.K., MIKE?

YEAH...

LATER, CHUMPS! LOCK IT UP, BOYS!

...TRAPPED BY ANOTHER POWER-HUNGRY, BLOODTHIRSTY BUREAUCRACY! THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC IS NO MORE OR LESS EVIL THAN THE HUMAN FEDERATION...

...BUT EACH IS JUST AS ETHNO-CENTRIC, XENOPHOBIC, AND PARANOID AS THE OTHER! NOW THE TRICERATONS WILL TRY TO FORCE ME TO BUILD THAT FRIGHTFUL WEAPON, THE TRANSMAT... AND I HAVE TO FACE THE HARD FACT THAT EVEN IF I CAN BUILD THE DEVICE, I WON'T... THE POTENTIAL FOR MASS DEATH AND PAIN AND TERROR IN THE GALAXY IS TOO GREAT... I JUST CAN'T DO IT... EVEN IF IT MEANS MY DEATH--AND THE DEATHS OF MY FOUR NEW FRIENDS!

ELSEWHERE...

WHAT A MESS THIS IS... IT SEEMS LIKE EVER SINCE MY MIND WAS ACCIDENTALLY LODGED INSIDE THIS ROBOT BODY, THINGS HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE!

FIRST, GENERAL BLANQUE CLASSIFIES ME AS A FUGITOID AND HUNTS ME DOWN WITH THE INTENTION OF EXTORTING FROM ME MY KNOWLEGE OF THE TRANSMAT...

...AND THEN THOSE TRICERATONS SHOW UP WITH THE SAME IDEA!

...AND THE TURTLES... THOSE GUYS JUST WANTED TO HELP ME OUT, AND GET BACK TO THEIR HOMEWORLD... AND I WAS GOING TO TRY TO HELP THEM DO THAT... BUT NOW LOOK WHERE WE ALL ARE!

SOME TRILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM A LONELY PROFESSOR CONTEMPLATING HIS DEATH, A SMALL SOLAR SYSTEM LIES... IT'S ONLY KNOWN INHABITED PLANET, CALLED EARTH, IS THE THIRD WORLD ORBITING THE LIFE-GIVING SUN...

ON THIS PLANET ARE ARTIFICIAL SURFACE DIVISIONS CALLED NATIONS... ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL IS THE **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**...THE NATIONS OF EARTH REFLECT, IN MICROCOSM, THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN...

...THE *FEDERATS* AND THE *TRICERATONS*... THOUGH THE PEOPLE OF *EARTH* KNOW NOTHING OF THAT DISTANT CONFLICT...

NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A... ...THE "*BIG APPLE*"... CITY OF *LIGHTS, HOPES, DREAMS*... AND *VIOLENCE*...

ON A SIDE STREET IN THAT CITY, THE "SECOND TIME AROUND" JUNK SHOP INHERITED AND RUN BY **APRIL O'NEIL**...

...A YOUNG WOMAN NOW VERY WORRIED, DUE TO THE TWO-DAY ABSENCE OF FOUR GREEN ADOLESCENT WARRIOR REPTILES...

OH, PLEASE...

PLEASE LET THEM BE HOME--!

GUYS? HEY, MIKE? LEO? DON? RAPHAEL, ARE YOU HERE? ANYBODY? HELLO?

HELLOOO?! ANYONE HOME?

DAMN! NOTHING...

...THEY'RE STILL NOT BACK.

WHY AM I SO WORRIED? THE GUYS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES...

...BUT TWO DAYS WITH NO WORD...! I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS I'M JUST GETTING REAL ATTACHED TO THEM.

THEY'LL BE OKAY... I BET THEY COME BOPPING IN ANYTIME NOW!

CLICK

CAN'T LET MYSELF MOPE AROUND ALL NIGHT... GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S ON THE TUBE!

OH, GREAT-- "THE MUNSTERS"! JUST WHAT I NEED TO CHEER ME UP...!

HERMAN, DEAR, GRANDA'S RIGHT-- EDDIE'S A BIG WEREWOLF NOW AND SHOULDN'T BULLY THE OTHER KIDS AT SCHOOL!

NOW LILLY, I'M HIS FATHER, AND--

HUH?

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU ANOTHER LIVE EYEWITNESS NEWS REPORT FROM DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN. JIM...?

THANKS, BOB! JIM McNAUGHTON HERE, COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE SITE OF THE MYSTERIOUS T.C.R.I. BUILDING, THE OBJECT OF INTENSE OFFICIAL SCRUTINY SINCE APPROXIMATELY 9:30 P.M. TWO NIGHTS AGO, WHEN MANY WITNESSES OBSERVED A BLINDING BEAM OF LIGHT WHICH BURST FROM THE TOP OF THE STRUCTURE--

--AND SHOT MILES INTO THE NEW YORK SKY. SINCE THEN, THERE HAS BEEN NO RESPONSE FROM T.C.R.I. OFFICIALS, AND NO ONE HAS BEEN ALLOWED ENTRANCE INTO THE BUILDING.
OUR RESEARCH STAFF HAS BEEN UNABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS THAT THE T.C.R.I. COMPANY DOES...

T.C.R.I.?!! OH MY GOD-- THAT'S WHERE THE GUYS WERE HEADED WHEN THEY LEFT TWO DAYS AGO--!

SMASH

...ALL WE KNOW SO FAR IS WHAT THE INITIALS T.C.R.I. STAND FOR: "TECHNO-COSMIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE."
NOW, WITH THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS, HERE'S CAPTAIN FARRILLO OF THE N.Y.P.D. WHAT'S THE SCOOP, CAPTAIN?

WELL, ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO, AFTER REPEATED -- AND UNSUCCESSFUL -- ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT T.C.R.I. OFFICIALS, WE DECIDED TO TRY TO FORCE ENTRY. AS OUR OFFICERS PREPARED TO BREAK THROUGH THE GLASS MAIN DOORS, SOLID STEEL PLATES EJECTED FROM ALL THE DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, SEALING THE BUILDING COMPLETELY. EVEN THE ROOFTOP ENTRYWAY WAS SEALED OFF.

OH, NO...

SO WHAT'S NEXT?

WELL, THE MAYOR PLANS TO CALL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD AND TRY ANOTHER FORCED ENTRY. UNTIL THEN, WE'LL KEEP TRYING TO CONTACT WHOEVER IS INSIDE THE BUILDING... AND TO FIND OUT WHO OWNS THE DARN PLACE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN FARRILLO! I GUESS THAT WRAPS IT UP FOR NOW.

WE'LL HAVE MORE REPORTS ON THIS SITUATION AS IT EVOLVES. COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM BROOKLYN, THIS IS JIM McNAUGHTON, EYEWITNESS NEWS!

OH, GEEZ -- THE GUYS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM? IF THEY'RE TRAPPED INSIDE THAT BUILDING, THEY'LL BE CAUGHT --! WHAT SHOULD I DO?

WHAT CAN I DO?

MEANWHILE, A GALAXY AWAY... A MAJOR SPORTING EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...

GOOD EVENING, FELLOW SAURIANS, AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE TRI-SPORTS ARENA! I'M YOUR HOST, RAZ CHARKOV...

...AND I'M RAZ'S CO-HOST, ZED LAKIN! WELCOME!

TRI SPORTS

TRI SPORTS

OKAY, ZED! WHAT AN EXCITING LINE-UP OF SPORTS EVENTS WE HAVE TONIGHT!

RIGHT AGAIN, RAZ! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GREAT PRELIMINARY BOUTS, BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT THE MAIN EVENT! THE INSIDE SCOOP IS THAT FOUR OFF-WORLD, FIRST-TIME CONTENDERS WILL BE FACING FOUR REIGNING CHAMPIONS IN THE SURVIVOR-TAKE-ALL COMPETITION!

THE FANS ARE GOING NUTS OVER THESE DARK HORSE CONTENDERS IN THIS ELEVENTH-HOUR SCHEDULED EVENT!

DEFINITELY A MAJOR, MAJOR EVENT, ZED -- WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE PRIME LEADER HIMSELF WILL SOUND THE COMMENCEMENT GONG!

IT LOOKS LIKE THAT TIME AGAIN, RAZ! SHALL WE?
YOU'VE GOT IT, ZED! LET'S PAN DOWN TO THE FIELD FOR THE OFFICIAL OPENING!
FELLOW TRICERATONS-- CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC--
--LET THE SPORT BEGIN!
GONGG!
WE WHO MAY BE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU!!!

AS THE WARM-UP BOUTS RAGE ON, TENSION BUILDS TO THE MAIN EVENT...

"YOWSA! LOOK AT THAT MULTI-LIMBED SPASMOSAUR GO! HE MUST HAVE EATEN EIGHT COMBATANTS ALREADY, RAZ!"

"WELL, ZED, YOU KNOW THOSE LOWER LEVEL GRONKS CAN BARELY FIGHT THEMSELVES, LET ALONE A SPASMOSAUR!"

"HEY, NOW WE'RE COMING UP TO MY FAVORITE EVENT, RAZ--THE MIS-MATCH COMBAT! HAH, HAH! LOOK AT THOSE ZANY, FIGHTIN' FOOLS!"

"YES, THEY'RE CERTAINLY AN ODD COUPLE, AREN'T THEY, ZED? I'D JUST LIKE TO REMIND OUR VIEWERS THAT ONE OF OUR MAIN SPONSORS IS ZHET'S ALL-GLO™ HORN POLISH!"

"ALL RIGHT! IT'S THE ALL-OUT GANG WAR, AND WHAT A WAR IT IS, RAZ! LOOK AT THOSE CRAZIES GO-- BLOOD 'N' GUTS EVERYWHERE! I DEFINITELY FAVOR THE **TROGS** THIS TIME OUT--THEY'VE REALLY GOT THEIR STUFF TOGETHER!"

"GOT TO DISAGREE WITH YOU THERE, ZED-- THE **NOIDS** HAVE A DYNAMITE BACKFIELD, AND THEIR CENTERS ARE REALLY TAKING OFF HEADS IN THE FIRST QUARTER!"

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE MOVE! DO WE HAVE INSTANT REPLAY ON THAT, RAZ?

THERE IT IS, ZED-- WHAT A MOVE BY *66, LAK NEPUR OUT OF ZAL STATE. LOOK AT THE WAY HE HANDLES THAT TRIPLE-BLADED AXE ON THAT *DISEMBOWELMENT!*

WELL, SPORTS FANS, WE ARE JUST MOMENTS AWAY FROM THE **MAIN EVENT**-- SO WE'LL PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION AND A WORD FROM ONE OF OUR SPONSORS, **NICK'S SPACE JOOZ™: THE SWILL OF CHAMPIONS!!!**

AH, HONEYCUTT! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME--

--WE'VE ARRANGED THIS NEXT EVENT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, PRIME LEADER ZANDRAMON, I CARE VERY LITTLE ABOUT SPORTS --AND WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR *BLOODY GAMES* SICKENS ME!

PERHAPS... BUT THIS NEXT BOUT WILL AT LEAST INTEREST YOU, BELIEVE ME!

**FELLOW SAURIANS!-- SPORTS FANS OF ALL SPECIES! -- YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!** THIS IS IT-- THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR-- THE BIG EVENT OF THIS TOURNAMENT!

IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA, NOW EXITING THE PLAYER TRANSPORT MODULE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE--

--THE COMBATANTS!
REPRESENTING THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC, AN ALL-STAR TEAM: MIXX TROLO, FROM THE STARCRUISER ZALUM; XOITE DAMÁZ, FROM MOLOX; DAZ UBLEM, FROM BAKKLO, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST THE INCREDIBLE 22-BOUT REIGNING CHAMPION, MONZA RAM!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR OUR BOYS!!!

TODAY THEY'LL BE BATTLING-- BY THE PRIME LEADER'S DECREE!-- A QUARTET OF SNARLING RUFFIANS FROM A PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN PLANET, EARTH: THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES!!!

NO!!!

THIS IS INSANE! THEY'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG-- THEY DON'T DESERVE TO BE SACRIFICED IN YOUR *HORROR SHOW!*

*AH, HONEYCUTT...* IT IS YOUR STUBBORN-NESS WHICH FORCES THIS... SITUATION. SAY THAT YOU WILL BUILD A TRANS-MAT FOR US, AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL NOT BE HARMED!

*I KNEW IT--I KNEW YOU'D TRY SOME-THING LIKE THIS!* EVEN SO, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU COULD BE SO *CRUEL!* I'LL NEVER BUILD YOUR DAMNED MACHINE, YOU *REPTILIAN BASTARD--NEVER!!!*

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, FOOL! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS--THEY'RE SURE TO DIE! HAH, HAH, HAH!

THIS IS IT, MY BROTHERS--THESE GUYS ARE *BIG, MEAN...* AND *VETERANS* OF THIS SO-CALLED SPORT! EVEN IF WE WIN, WHO KNOWS WHAT THESE HORN-HEADED CREEPS WILL DO TO US NEXT?!

DON'T WORRY, LEO-- SPLINTER TAUGHT US TO LIVE AND DIE WITH HONOR... AND WE WILL!

*DAMN STRAIGHT--!*

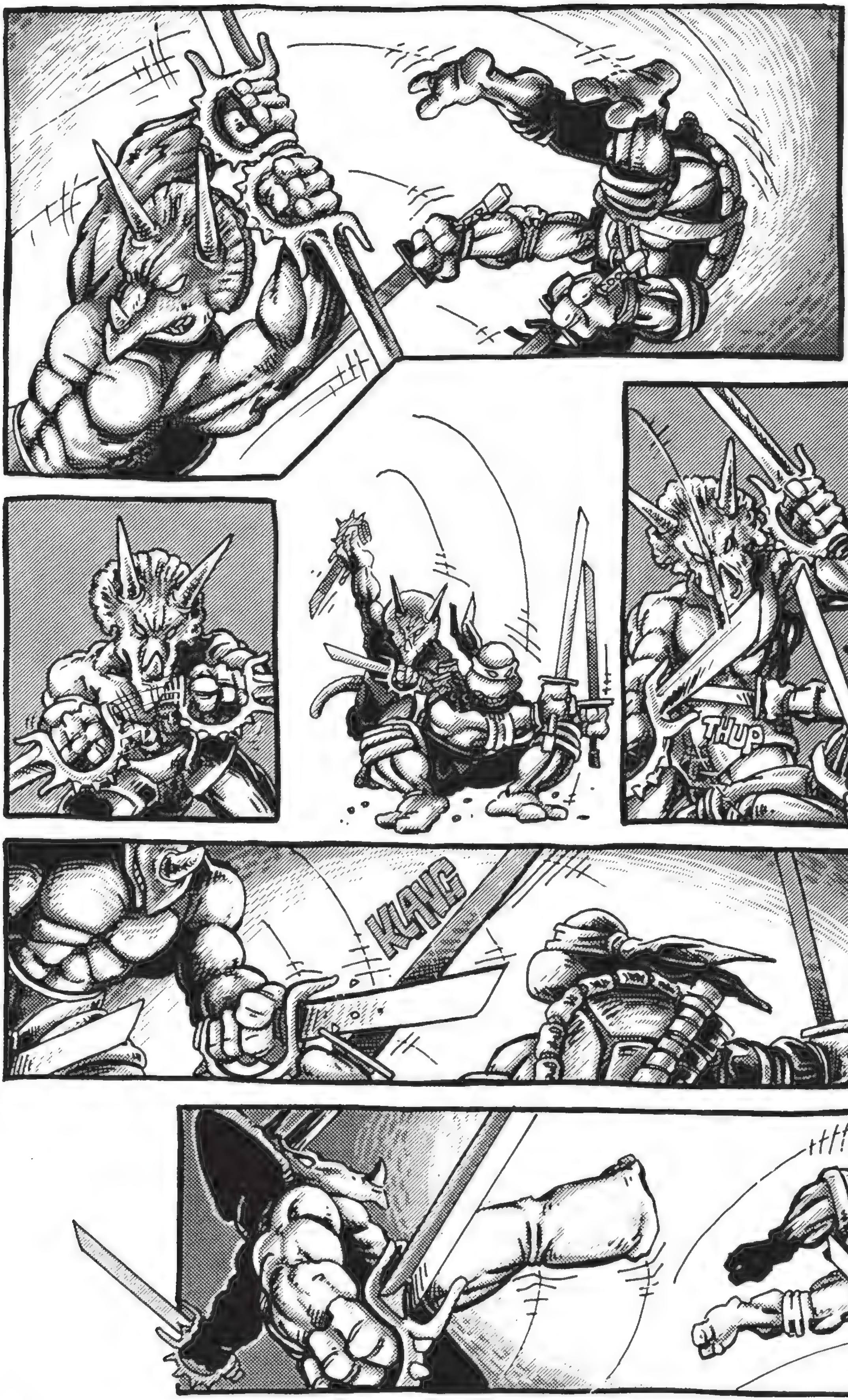
--I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH AS I'LL TAKE FROM THESE PRE-HISTORIC PUKES! PUSH US AROUND-- *GRRRR!* I'M GONNA KILL THEM ALL MYSELF!!!

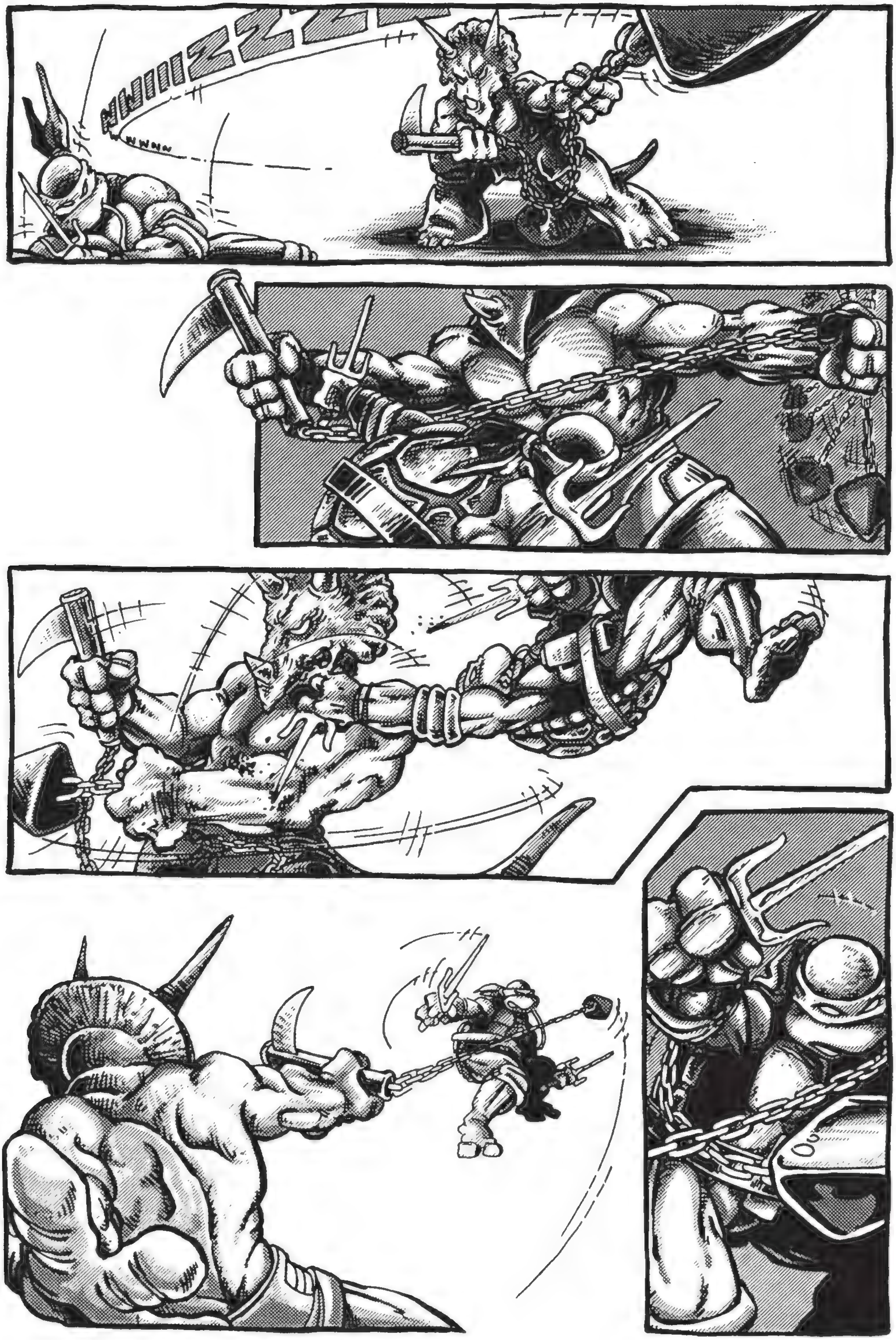
NO, NOT BY YOURSELF, RAPHAEL-- WE'RE A TEAM; AND AS A TEAM, LET'S GO KICK--

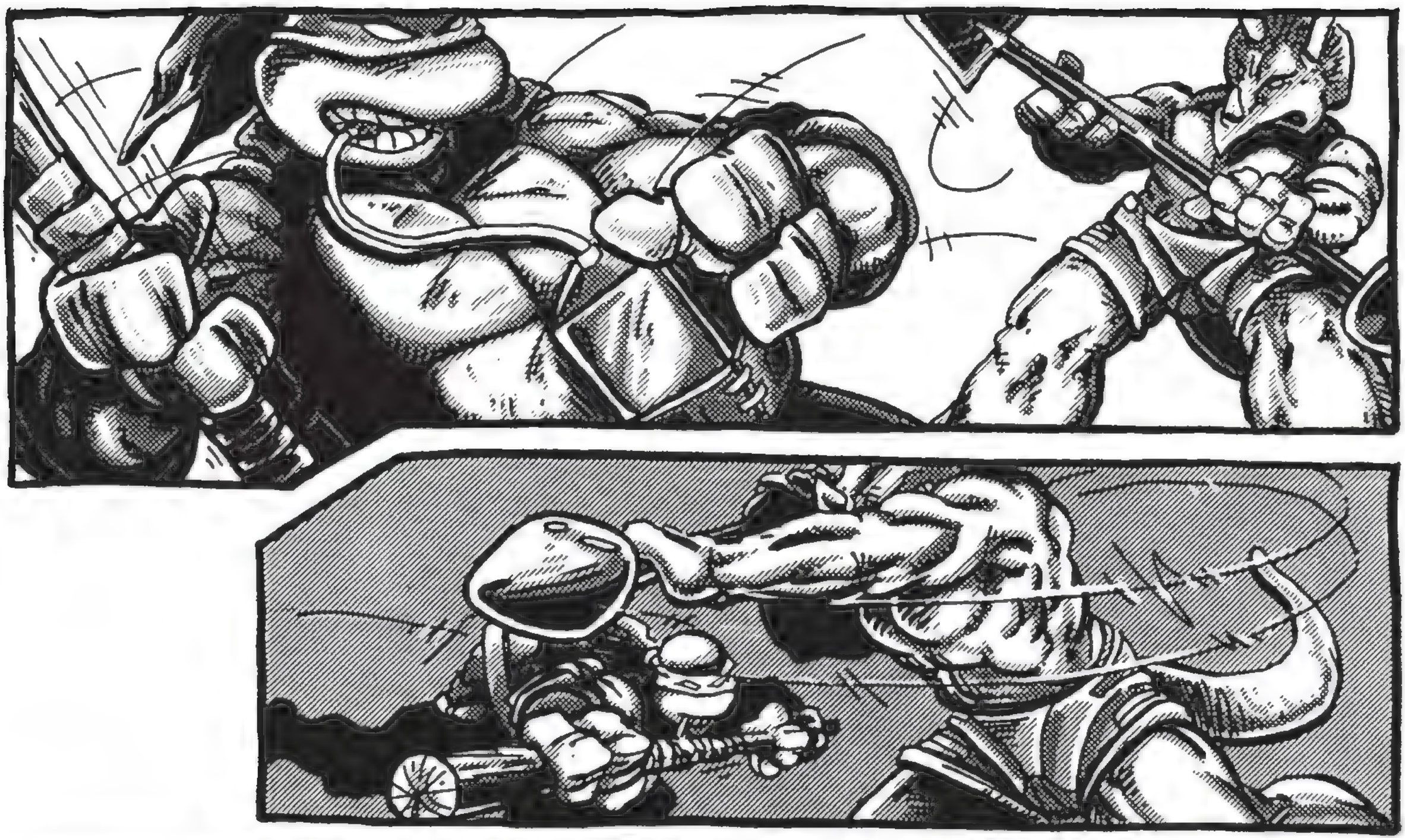
KLAK KLAK KLAK

--SOME--

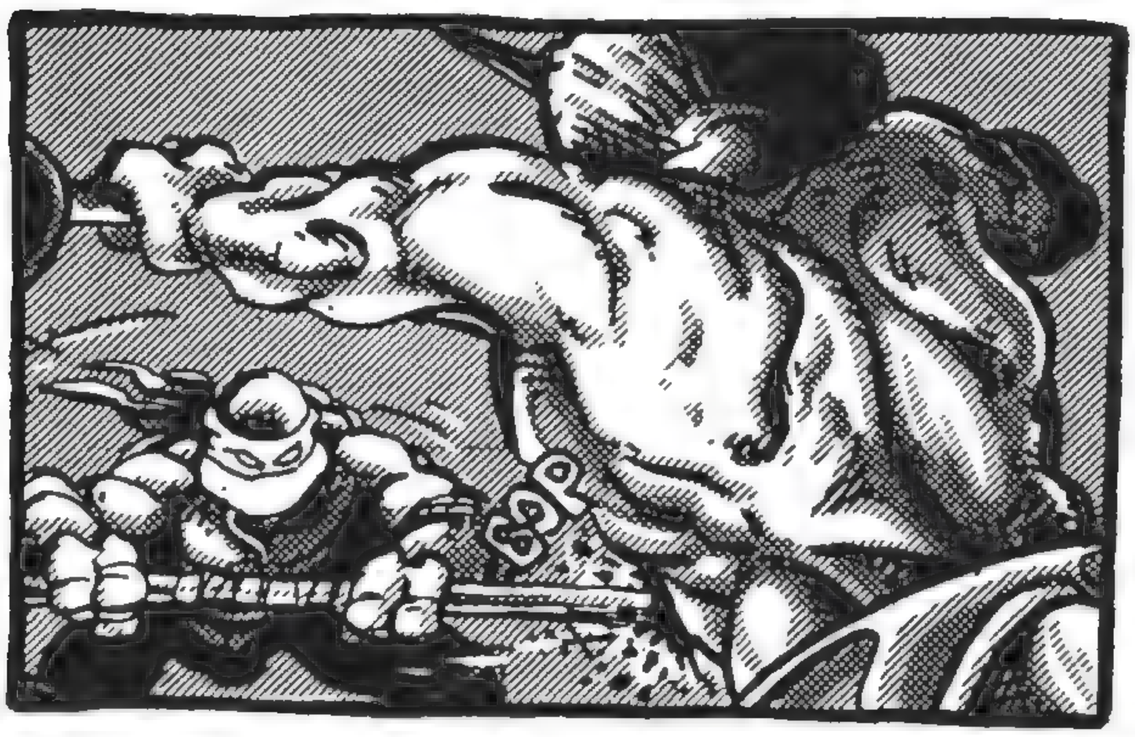
--ASS!!!

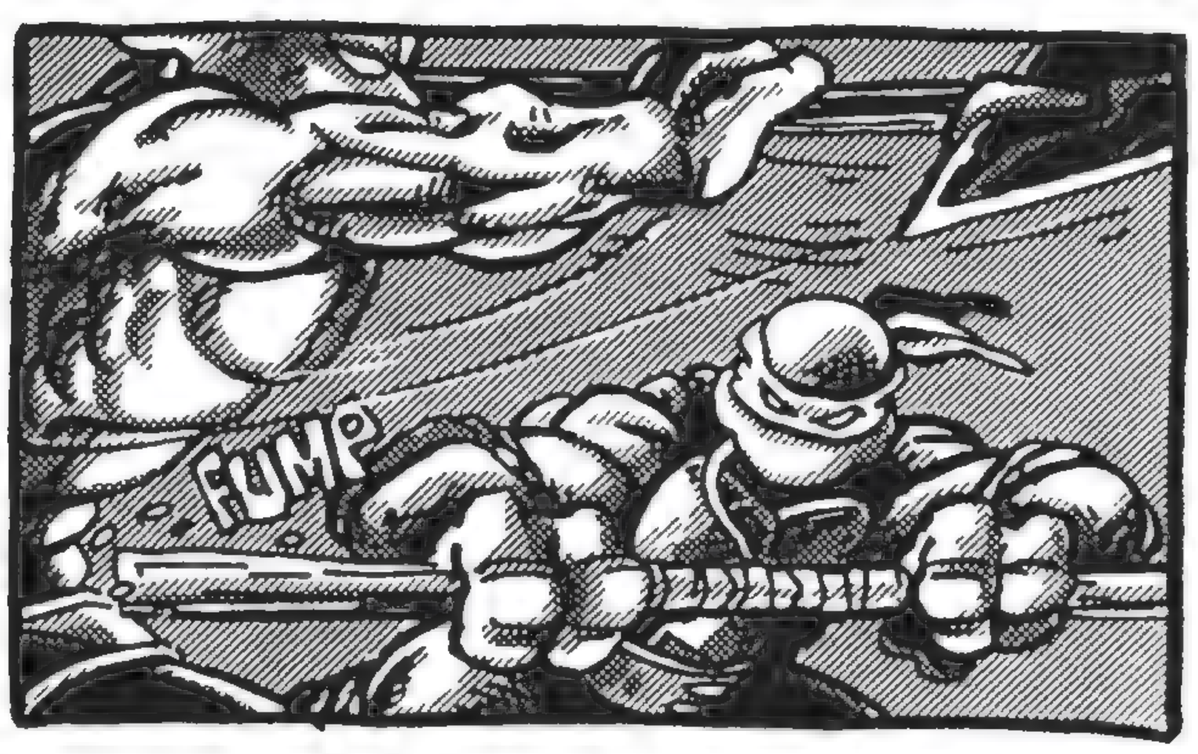

THUP
KANG
++++!

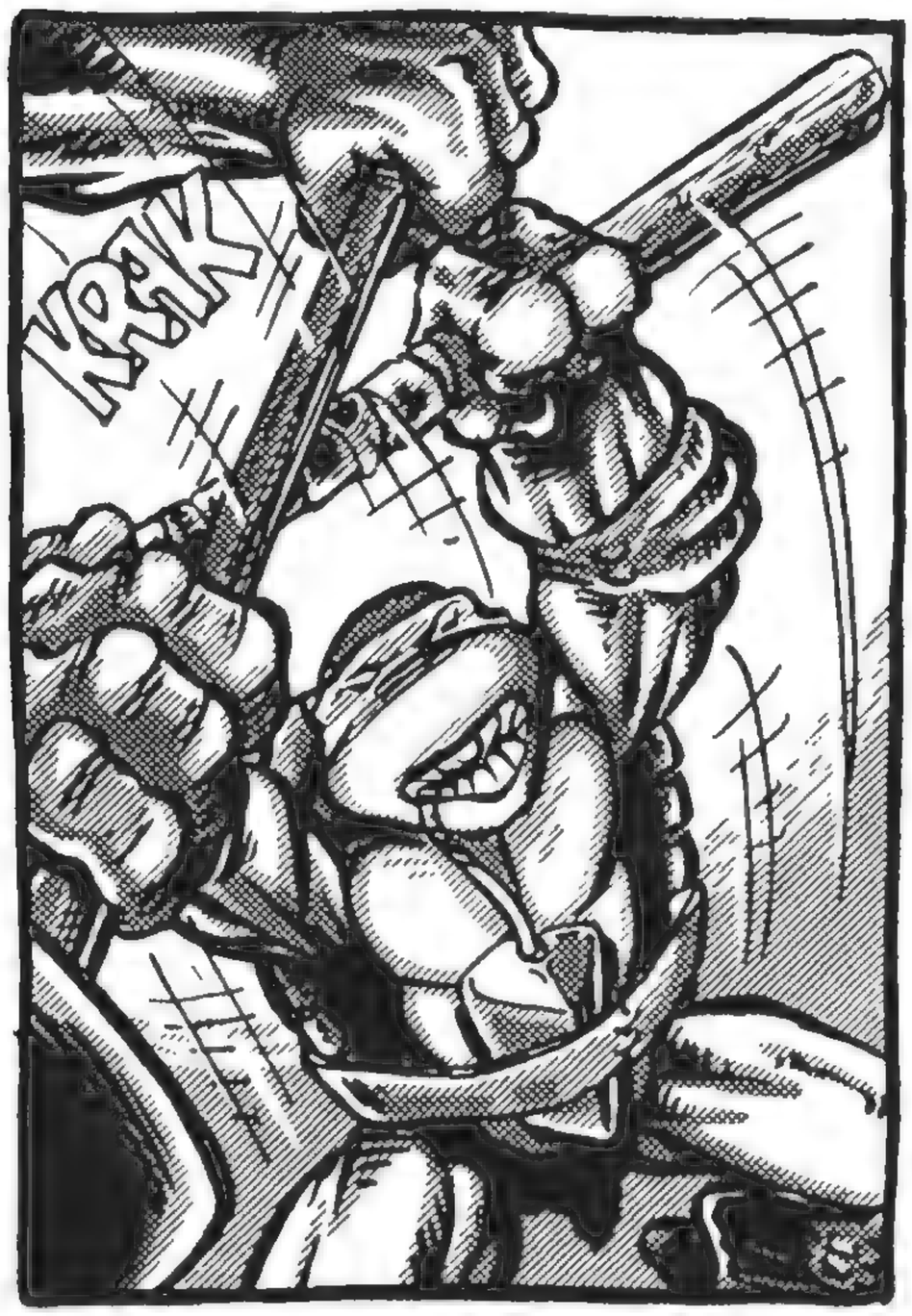

NNNNZZZZ
NNNN

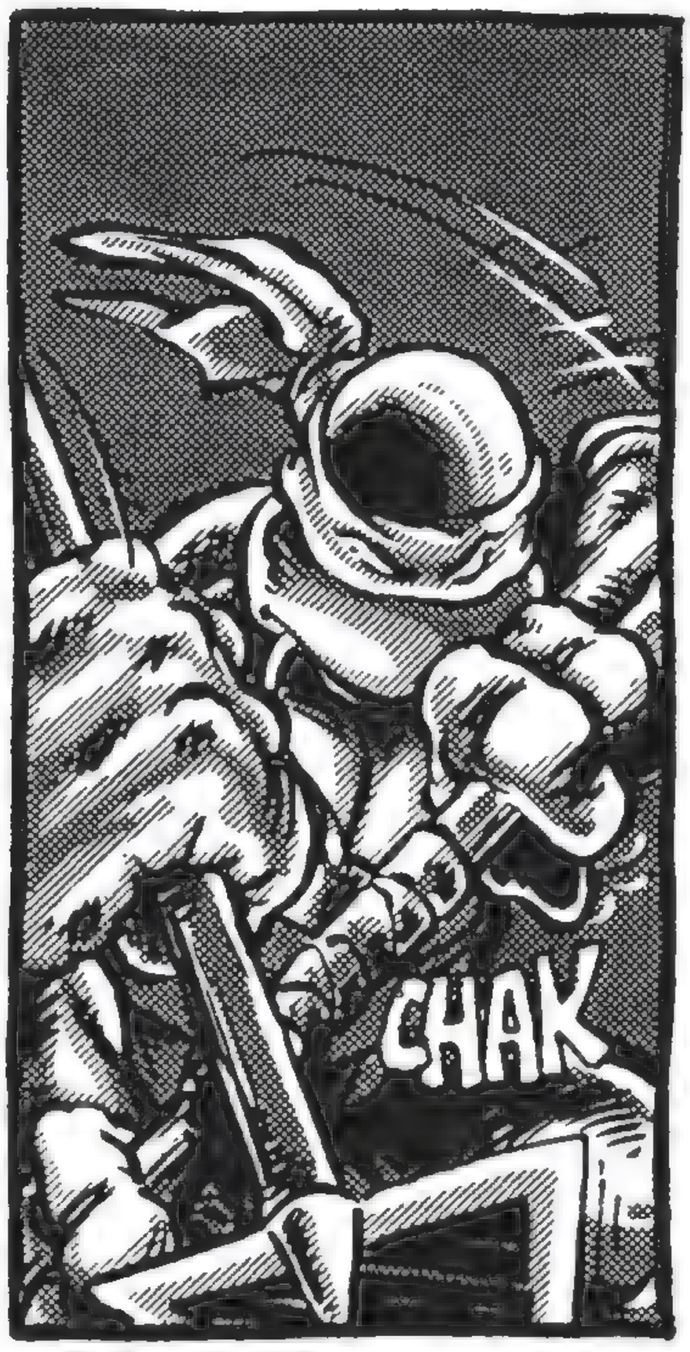





SPLAT


FUMP


KRAK

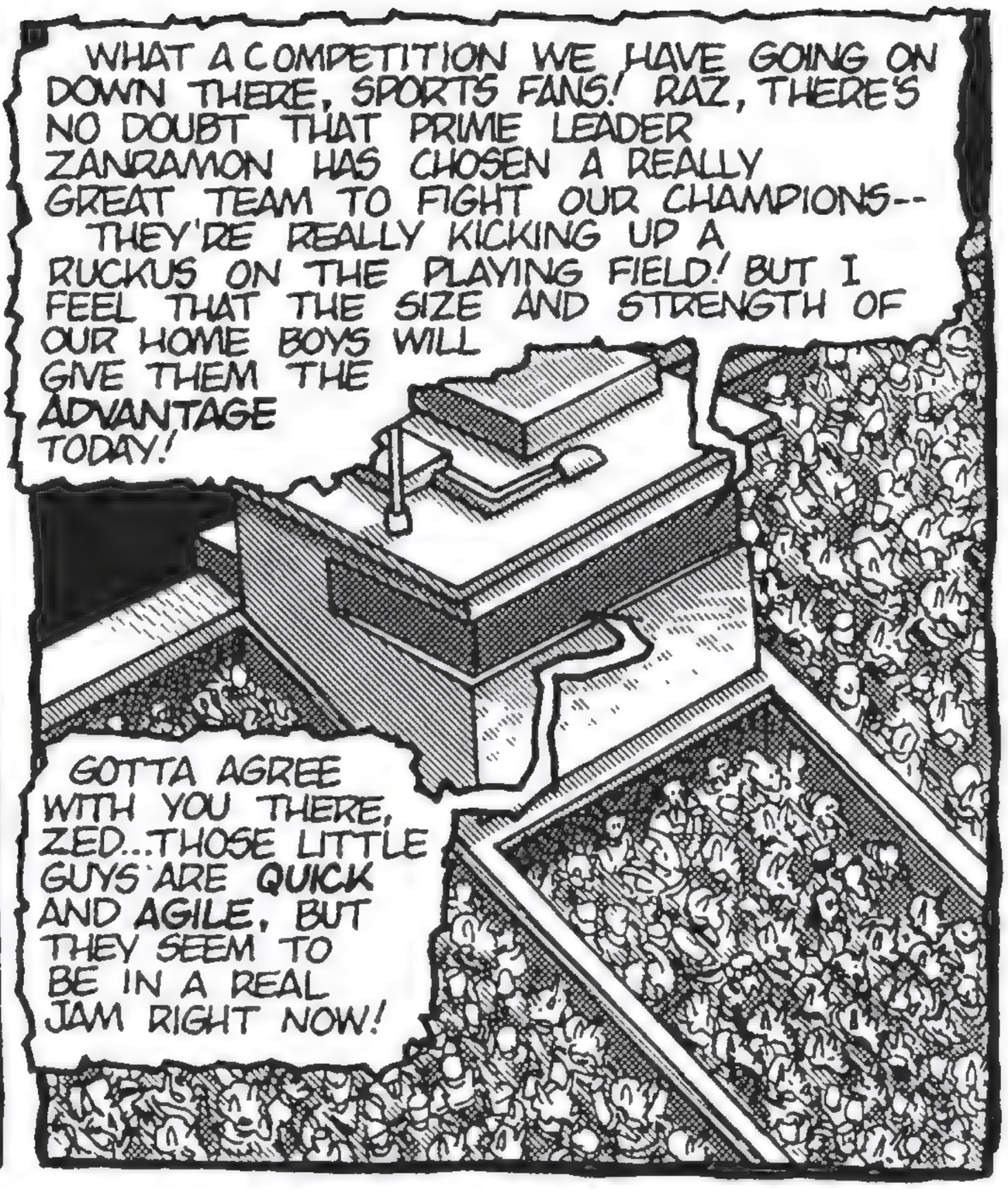

CHAK

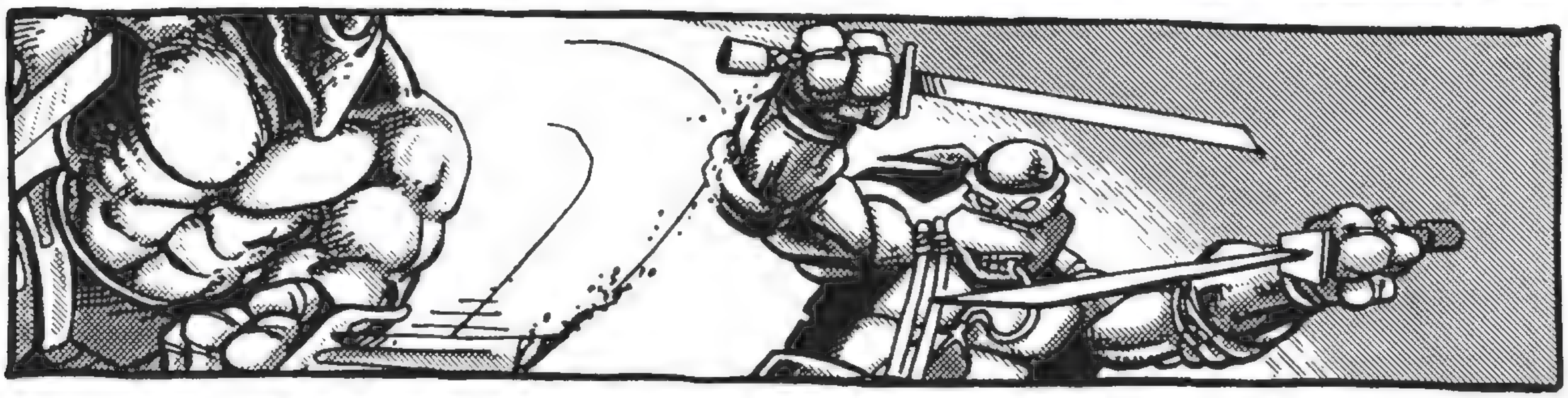
BAP

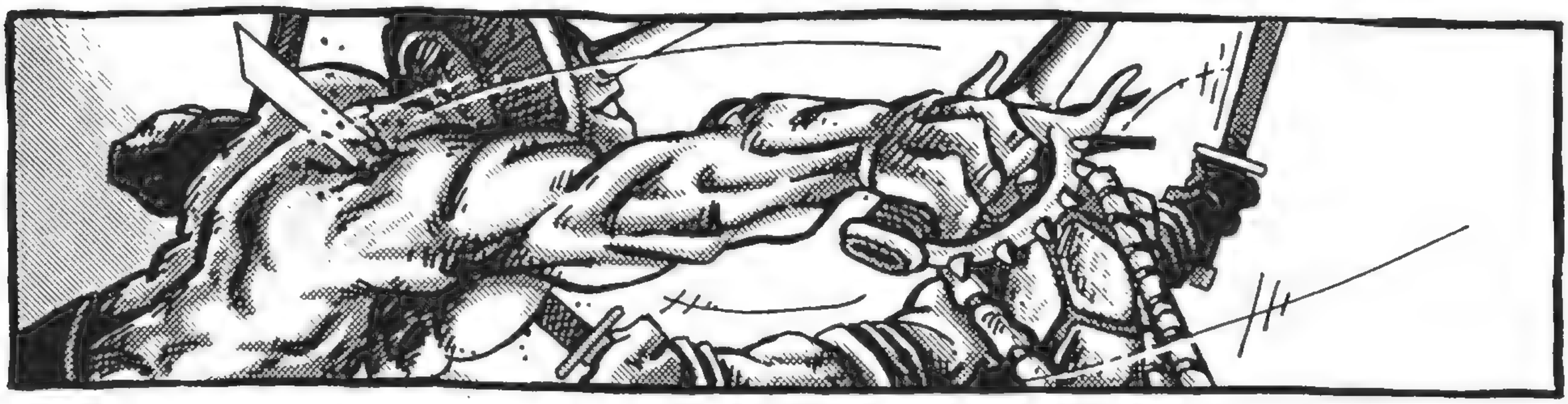
KLAK KLAK KL

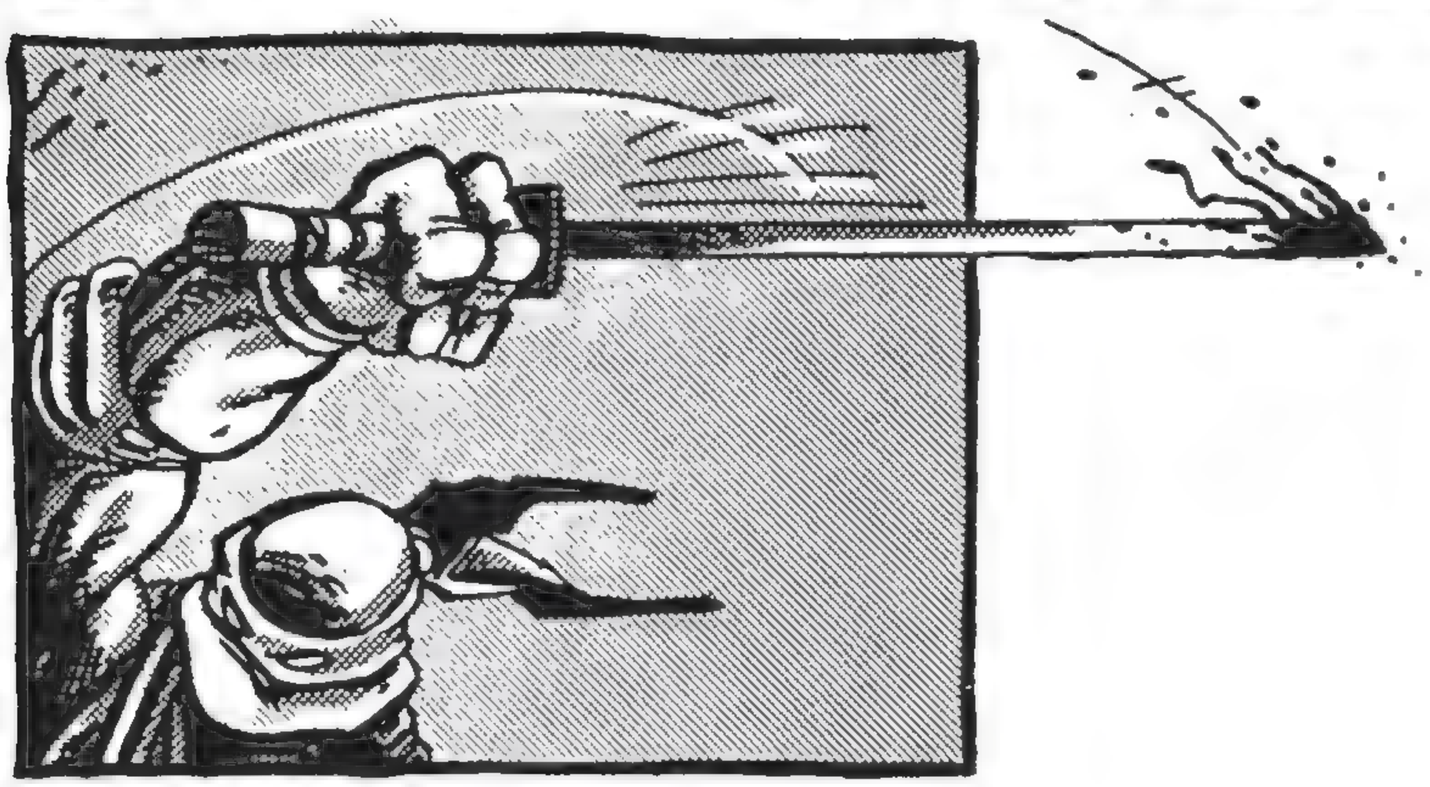
TUP

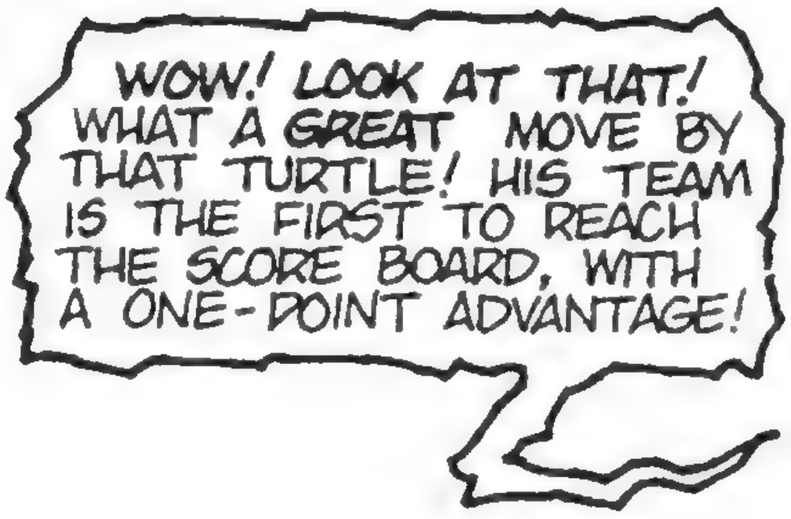
CRACK

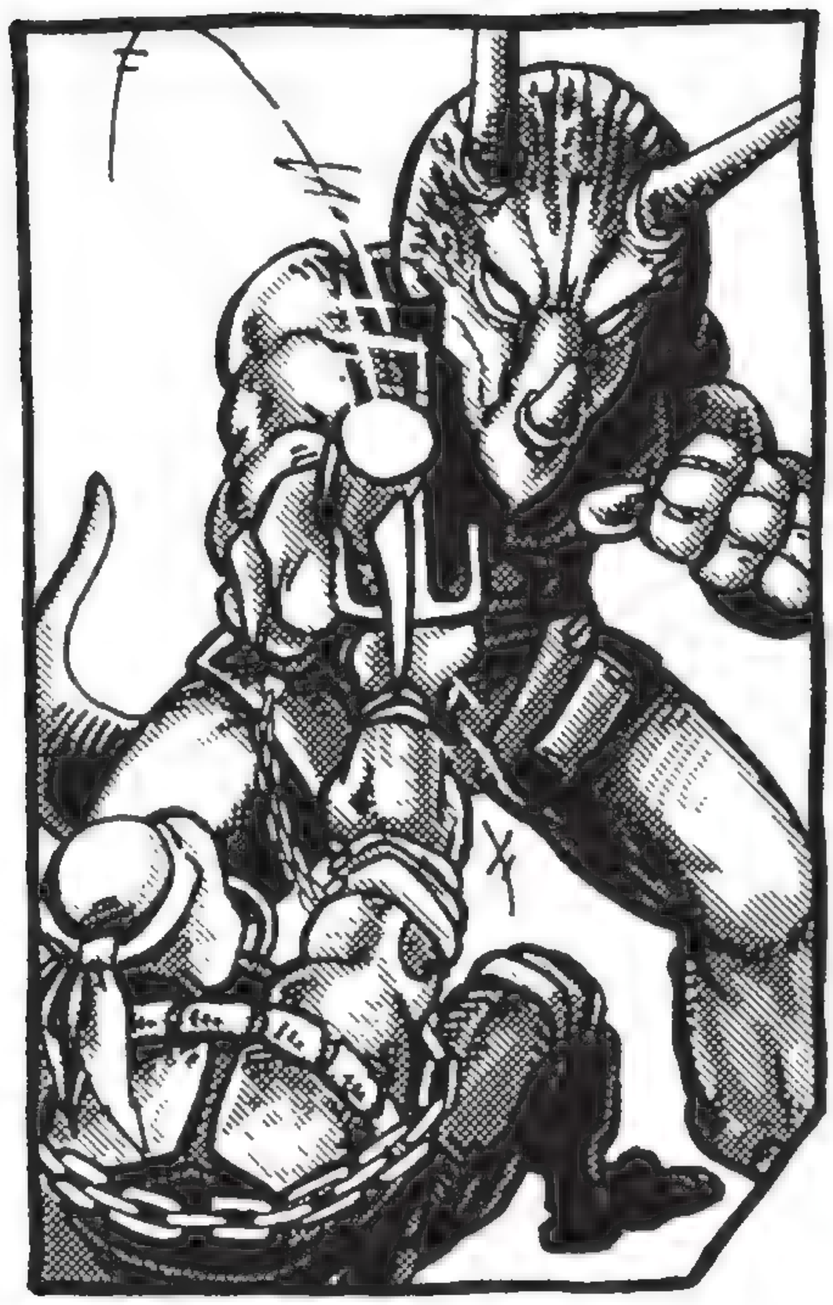

WHAT A COMPETITION WE HAVE GOING ON DOWN THERE, SPORTS FANS! RAZ, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT PRIME LEADER ZANRAMON HAS CHOSEN A REALLY GREAT TEAM TO FIGHT OUR CHAMPIONS-- THEY'RE REALLY KICKING UP A RUCKUS ON THE PLAYING FIELD! BUT I FEEL THAT THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF OUR HOME BOYS WILL GIVE THEM THE ADVANTAGE TODAY!
GOTTA AGREE WITH YOU THERE, ZED...THOSE LITTLE GUYS ARE QUICK AND AGILE, BUT THEY SEEM TO BE IN A REAL JAM RIGHT NOW!

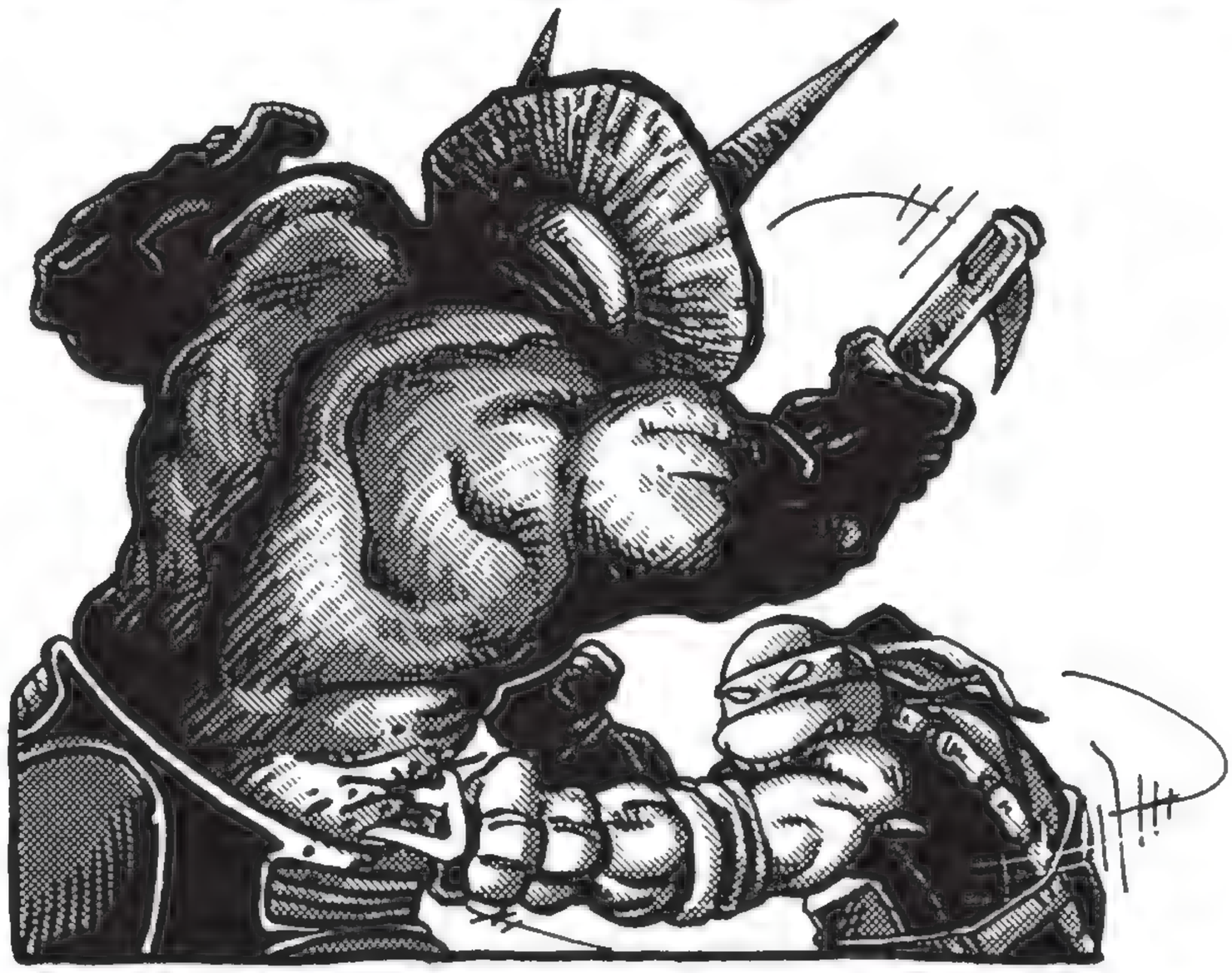


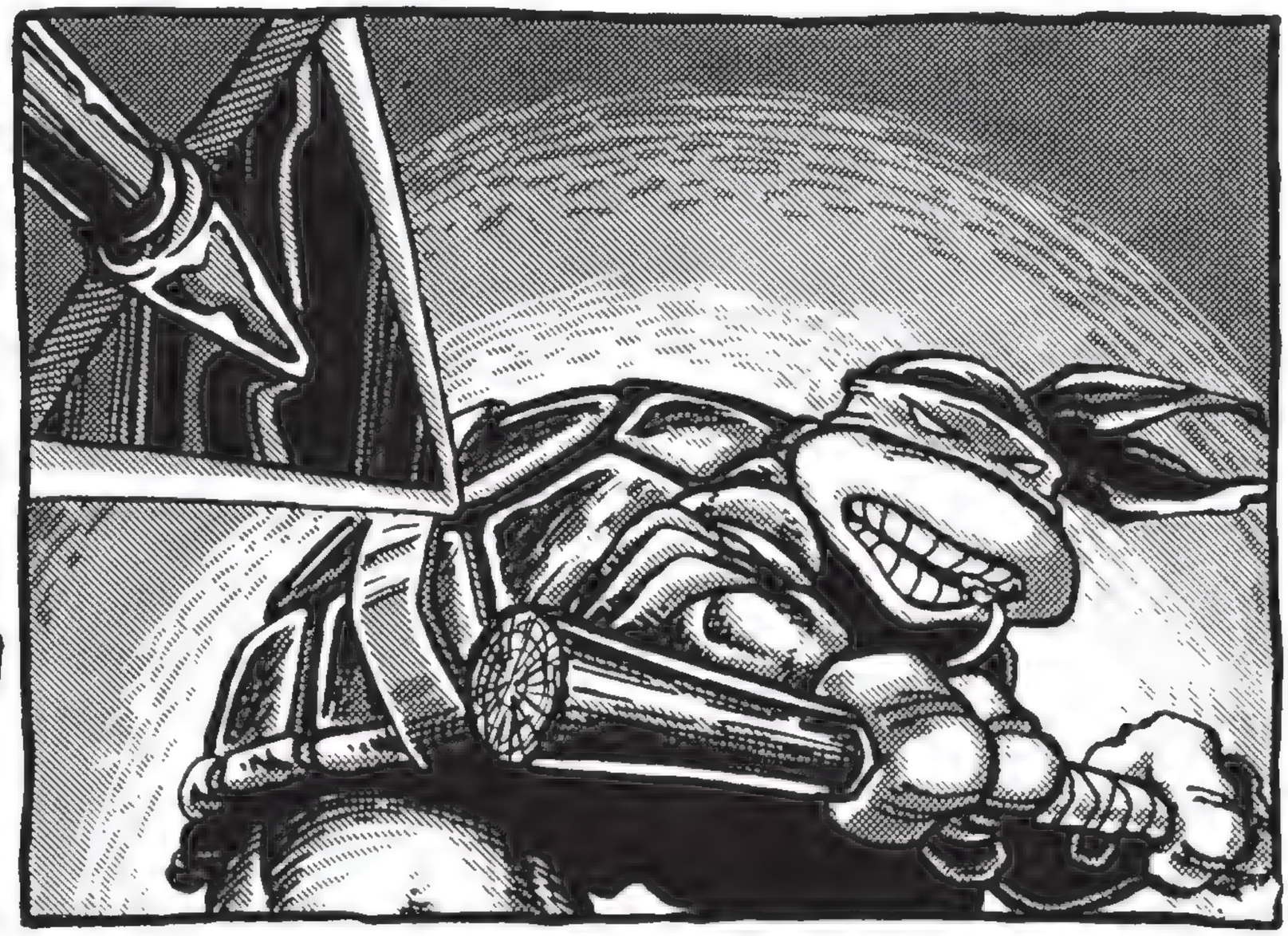




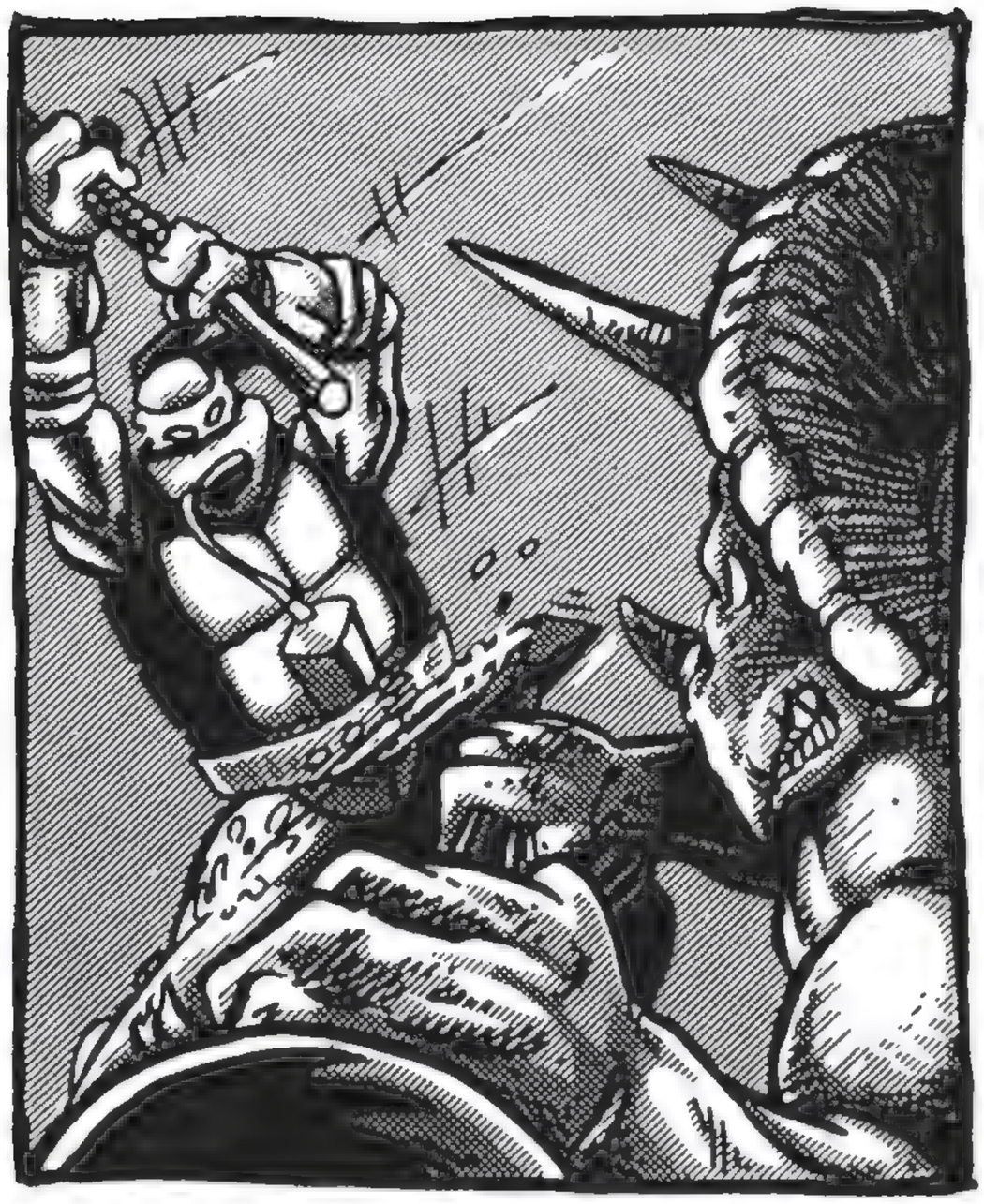

WOW! LOOK AT THAT! WHAT A GREAT MOVE BY THAT TURTLE! HIS TEAM IS THE FIRST TO REACH THE SCORE BOARD, WITH A ONE-POINT ADVANTAGE!



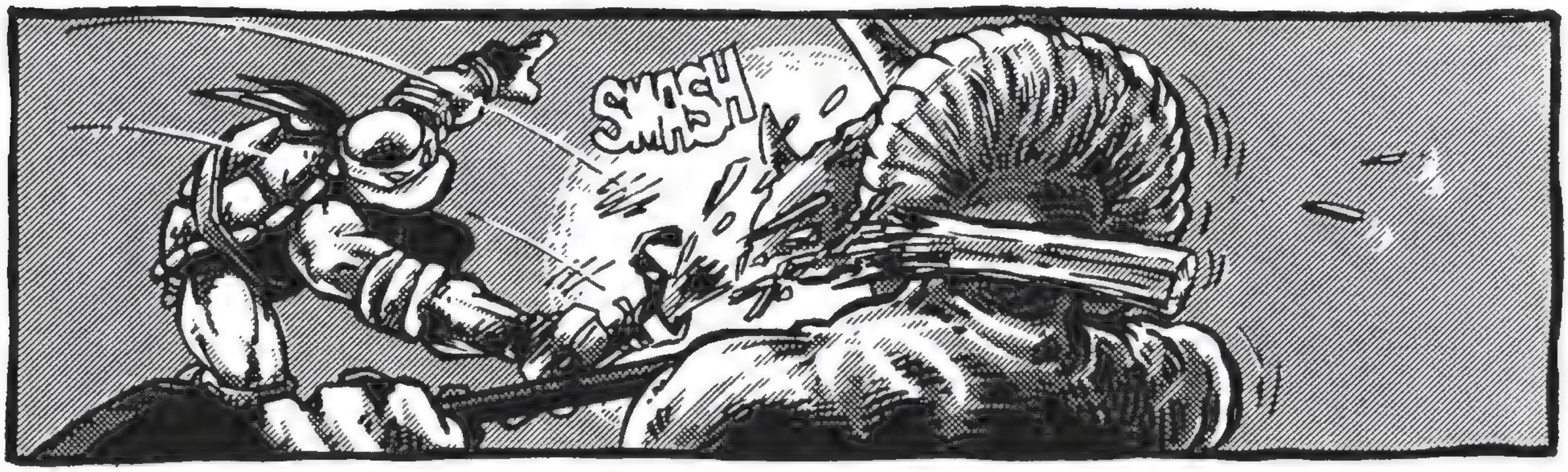


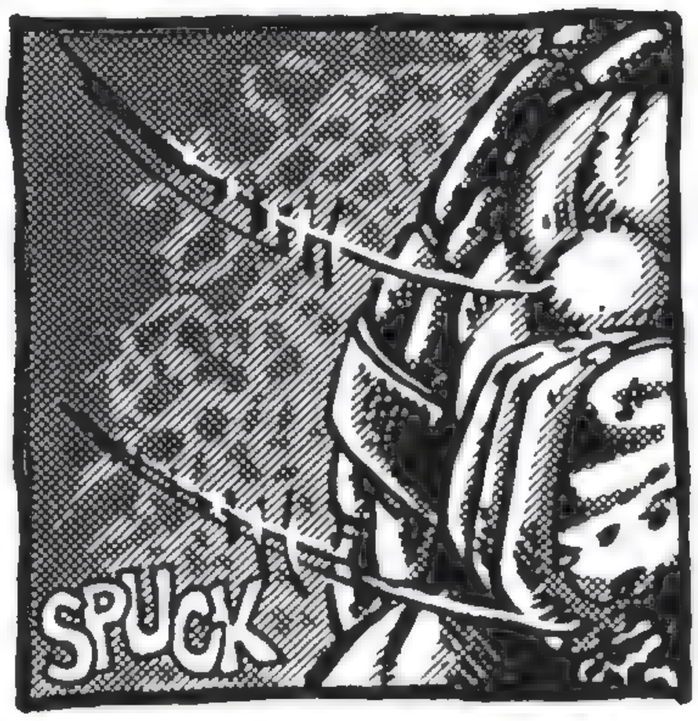


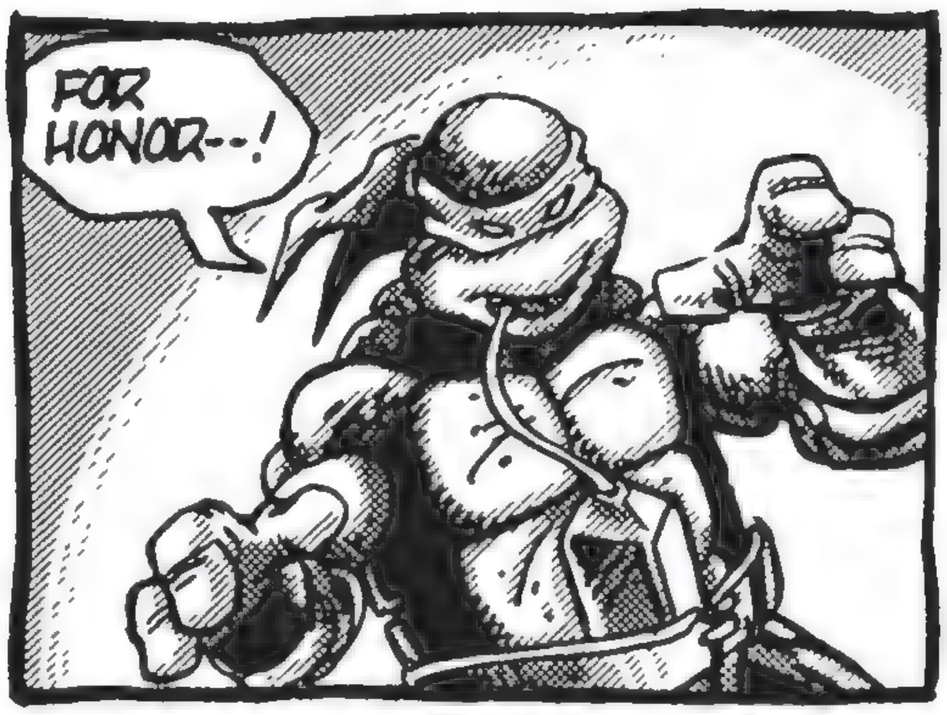
RAZ, THE FANS ARE GOING WILD! ***I CAN'T BELIEVE IT***-- THATS TWO IN A ROW FOR THE ***TURTLES!*** COULD IT BE BEGINNERS' LUCK? ARE OUR BOYS OVERCONFIDENT? I DON'T KNOW... BUT I HOPE THE CAMERA CREWS ARE GETTING ***CLOSE-UPS*** -- THESE GUYS ARE GOOD!!!

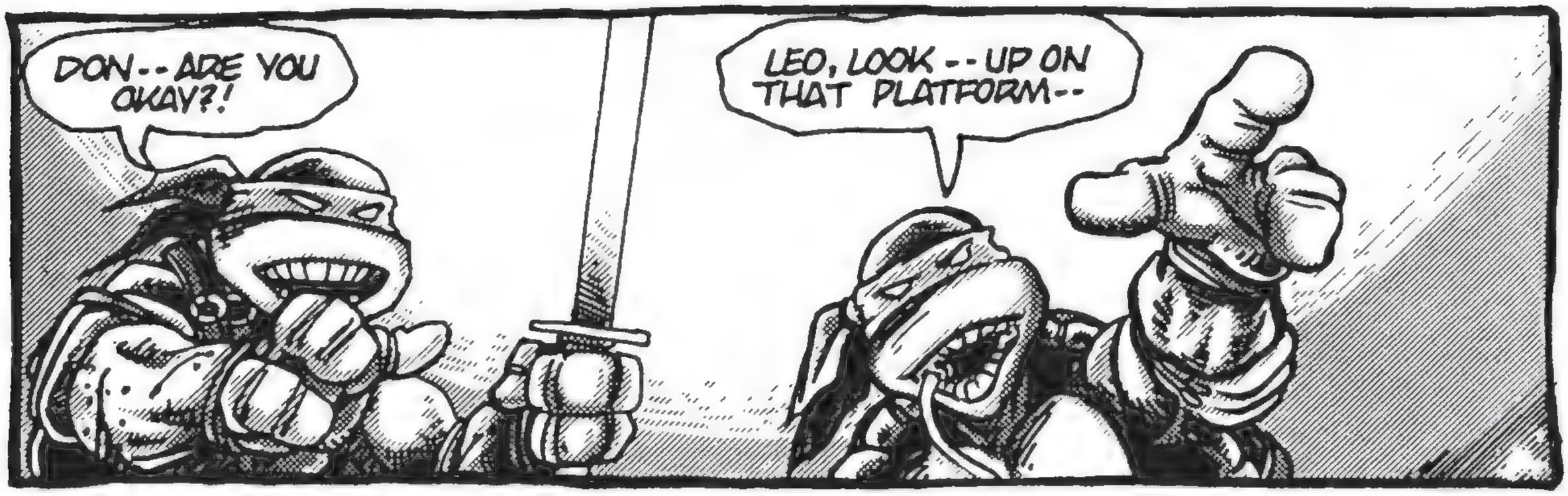


KRAK


SMASH


SPUCK


FOR HONOR--!


DON--ARE YOU OKAY?!
LEO, LOOK--UP ON THAT PLATFORM--

IT'S HONEYCUT! HE'S HERE--WE HAVE TO RESCUE HIM!

LET'S RESCUE OURSELVES, FIRST--!

RAPHAEL--!?

STILL KICKIN', LEO! WHERE'S-- OH, NO! MIKE!

MIKE--!

CRUNCH

COUGH COUGH

KRA

INCREDIBLE! WHAT AN UPSET, FOLKS! THE TURTLES ARE FOUR FOR FOUR!

MIKE, QUICK-- I NEED A LIFT--

--TEN O'CLOCK HIGH!

GOTCHA!

H-HEY! YOU CAN'T INTERFERE WITH PRIME-TIME GAME COVERAGE--!

YOUR SHOW'S BEEN PRE-EMPTED, PAL!

YAAAA!

EVERYBODY IN--! BEFORE THE HORNHEADS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING--

WE'RE GONNA RAM THIS SUCKER RIGHT DOWN THEIR THROATS!

GUARDS--STOP THEM! SHOOT THAT CAMERA PLATFORM DOWN--QUICKLY!

TRI SPORTS

NO!

HEY, YOU STUPID ROBOT--!

GET READY, GUYS--!

YOW!

WHEN I FLIP THIS THING OVER --

KER-BLAM!

JUMP!

NAIL THOSE GUARDS, AND GRAB HONEYCUTT--

--I SEE OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!

PRIME LEADER, MAKE ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE LIZARD CUTLETS! CALL OFF YOUR GUARDS-- NOW!!!

AHHH--!!

Y-YOU HEARD HIM--BACK OFF! GIVE HIM ROOM! DON'T GULP SHOOT!

OH MY GOD...! FANS AND FELLOW TRICERATONS... OH MY GOD! THE COMBATANTS-- THOSE TURTLES HAVE ATTACKED AND NOW HOLD PRISONER OUR PRIME LEADER--! OH MY GOD--! THIS IS TERRIBLE, HORRIFYING...

...CAMERA SIX, CAN YOU GET A CLOSE UP OF THE ACTION?

OKAY, PAL-- YOU JUST HELP US GET OUT OF HERE, AND WE'LL TURN YOU LOOSE UNHARMED!

BROTHERS, GRAB SOME WEAPONS, AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING...I DON'T TRUST THESE CREEPS!

THIS WAY, LADS--! THERE'S AN ACCESS CORRIDOR BEHIND THIS PLATFORM!

YOU CREEPS STAY PUT-- AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TRYIN' SOMETHIN'!

RAPHAEL, GET IN THE ELEVATOR WITH THE OTHERS-- HONEYCUT SAYS WE SHOULD GO DOWN A COUPLE LEVELS!

OKAY, BIG SHOT-- WHAT'S THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE FASTEST SHIP? C'MON, YOUR ROYAL HIDE IS ON THE LINE!

G-GO RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORRIDOR INTERSECTION. MY PERSONAL DOCK IS ON THIS LEVEL!

GO RIGHT HERE--? WHOOP'S!!

SPAK

CHUK

LOOK, YOU UGLY HUNK OF SNOT, WE'RE NOT FOOLING AROUND! YOU'D BETTER CALL YOUR GOONS OFF REAL QUICK OR YOU'RE HISTORY!

DON'T SHOOT! HOLD YOUR FIRE AND PULL BACK! I, YOUR PRIME LEADER, ORDER YOU!

NEARBY...

GENERAL ZHATH, THE TERRORISTS ARE NOW IN THE ACCESS CORRIDOR TO THE PRIME LEADER'S PRIVATE HANGER...

THEY'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THE CORRIDOR, EMERGING INTO THIS OPEN SPACE, WHICH THEY'LL HAVE TO CROSS TO GET TO THE PRIME LEADER'S SHIP.

WE CAN POSITION SNIPERS AMONG THE MACHINERY IN THE HANGAR BAY, AND TRY TO PICK OFF THE CRIMINALS WHEN THEY'RE IN THE OPEN.

ITS RISKY, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE--!

DO IT!

BUMP

POSITION THREE REPORTING -- TERRORISTS IN SIGHT... WE'RE READY TO--! OH, NO...

HUH?

DAMN!

CLANK CLANK

OVER THERE--! GET BACK, YOU GUYS-- IT'S A TRAP!!!

STOP! DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT--

--MEEA-AGHH!

OH, NOOO! WE'VE SHOT THE PRIME LEADER!

DAMN! THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

THERE GOES OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!

WELL, WE'RE NOT GOIN' DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT! PULL BACK TO THE ELEVATOR--

HUSTLE IT, YOU GUYS--!

HAH!

AW, SHOOT--!

UNFF!

HAH! THE ELEMENT OF SUPRISE ALWAYS TURNS THE TIDE! GRAB THEIR BLASTERS!

ALRIGHT, YOU CRIMINAL SCUM-- TRY TO ENJOY YOUR LAST FEW SECONDS OF LIFE!

GO AHEAD, SHOOT!

WE'RE NOT AFRAID TO DIE WITH HONOR!

SUDDENLY....

I-I'VE FELT THIS BEFORE--!

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING!

WHAT?

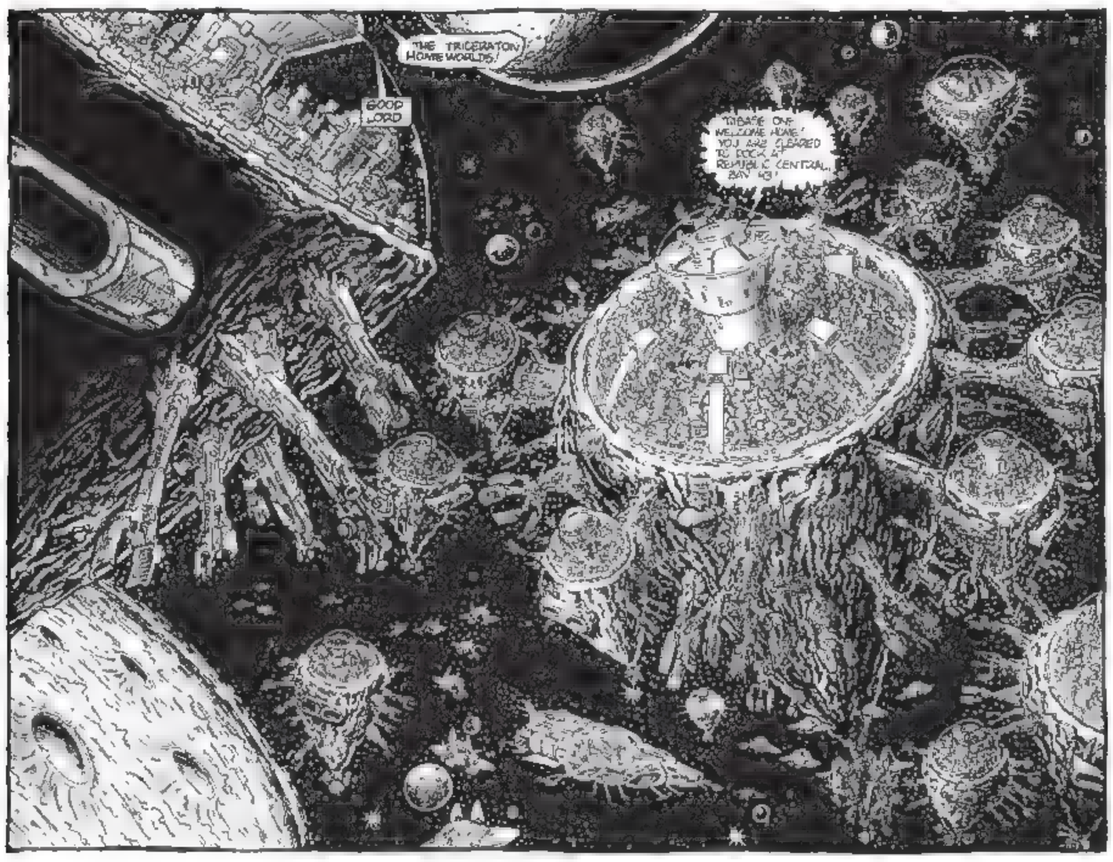
COLONEL-- SOME SORT OF ENERGY FIELD HAS ENVELOPED THEM! THEY'RE--

ZZZ

# ANNOTATIONS

**Page 1:** A little science fiction/science fact to bring you all up to speed. Around this time, even at the good steady pace we worked, it was still taking us roughly ten weeks or so to get through a story/issue start to finish, for a number of reasons. The plots were a bit more complex, as we needed to make sure we were tying all the threads together, and also because we were carefully looking past this issue—to issue #7, where it would end—to make sure everything fit into the pages we had available.

Also, the drawing from both of us was improving and we were spending more time on the details. We had gone from doing several handfuls of six- to eight-page short stories over several years to now doing well over five-and-a-half full books (more than 200 pages) in a fraction of the time! Speaking of details… the first two-page spread is the perfect example of what we were reaching for at this point.




**Pages 2–3:** This spread is awesome and the perfect example of what I tell people that come to me for portfolio reviews at comic conventions: "If you can think it, you can draw it!" Never let your artistic abilities alter or limit your story possibilities, especially in the visual sense. Establishing shots are as important to telling a story as the dialogue and the action.

This spread, in our continuing love poem to all things George Lucas, embodies the effect the man had on us all—inspired by his Death Star idea, we injected it with steroids. Seriously, we wanted these monster spaceships to look like they worked, and that people REALLY lived on them! I think it took us as long to put in all the stars as it did to draw everything else! What a blast!

**Page 5:** Is the classic OUT for the cliffhanger we left you with in issue #5, especially for ninjas—meditation, bro! Even with mystic arts and comic characters, we still need you to buy the premise that they could slow their breathing and survive. And it worked for us, so…

**Page 7:** Funny to see all the massive word balloons, and they only get thicker and longer as this issue and the next carries on—there's blocks here that would make Stan Lee jealous!

**Page 8:** Love this splash page—our prison block scene tribute. I love all the classic tough guy trash talk from our guys, real James Cagney stuff!

**Pages 9–10:** *War and Peace* text-wise, but a cool transition back to Earth and a very worried April. Not only a nice way to keep everything grounded on the personal side, but it allowed us to keep hooked into the drama heating up at the TCRI lab.

**Page 13:** Besides the story importance, I have to point out the reporter, Jim McNaughton, who was a MAJOR buddy of mine in middle school—he was the Stan Lee (writer/publisher) of our geek trio, I was the Jack Kirby wannabe, and David Peabody was the Barry Smith! We published our own comics in seventh grade! Great tip of the hat to an old friend.

**Pages 16–17:** What kind of evil universe-threatening thugs would the Triceratons be if they didn't have an arena to pit the enslaved against each other in murderous games? Exactly—and a perfect way to get our guys into the fight!

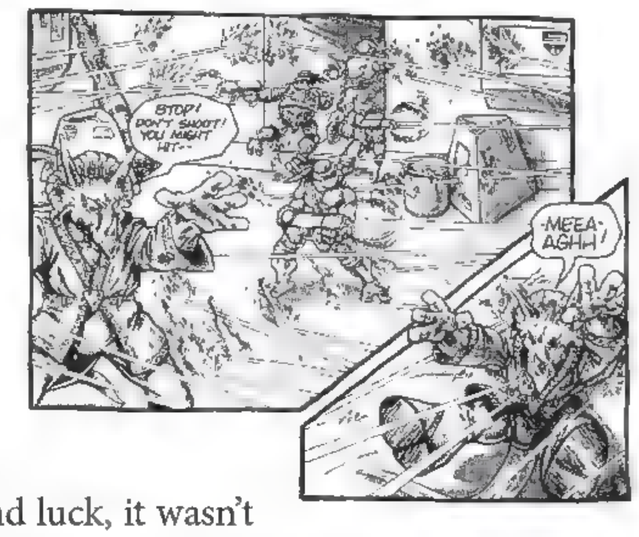
**Page 19:** They always say, "To make a hero more heroic, you need to make your bad guys REALLY BAD!" I said it before, but man, the Triceratons delivered in spades. Love the breather things the guys needed to wear as well.

**Pages 21–31:** This is what I lived for! I loved working out the fight stuff! I used to watch all kinds of Kung Fu movies on channels 38 and 56 out of Boston on Saturdays back when I was a kid, and I pulled on every memory I could find to work these out, mainly guessing on how the weapons were really used.

VHS was also king in those days, really just starting to take off, but you needed to live near a major city with a cool rental store that had foreign movies to find the really good martial arts ones, besides the Bruce Lee stuff. Luckily, Pleasant Street Video was the place that had it all. I was in there all the time, and it was there, years later, that I found all the first John Woo films. I used that influence in a Casey and Raphael story I did with Simon Bisley called "Bodycount!"

Regardless, I love the fight choreography, and always swore I would do a whole issue without words and just a fight—something I came close to with the Leonardo one-shot.

**Page 32:** So the tables have turned. We had the guys overcome the fierce Triceraton warriors and seize the chance to make a full escape, save their new friend the Fugitoid, and take the Prime Leader hostage to boot!




**Page 35:** Our heroes don't even know the whole story, but they go with their guts and try to do the right thing—all in the middle of our craftily disguised escape from the Death Star!

**Page 37:** It all comes down to the wire and it looks like despite all the effort and blind luck, it wasn't enough. Heavily armed and seasoned Triceraton storm troopers get the drop on them, and it's over…

**Page 38:** Until you get to page 38, where they get beamed out again! Yes, another cliffhanger, kids!

I specifically remember this page being done. We hadn't worked together in the same studio since the Dover days. And although we spent a lot of time together, much of the final drawing was done at night and the passing of the pages back and forth happened the next day. I'd always respected Pete's skill, but when he brought the inked phasing-out scene over one morning it blew me away! I remember thinking, "I'll never be able to draw as good as this guy!" What an inspiration he always was to me.

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
# TURTLES

NO. 7
$1.75
$2.50 IN CANADA

Eastman 86

#7

GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS OF NEW YORK! JIM McNAUGHTON HERE, REPORTING LIVE FOR NEWS CENTER 6 EYEWITNESS NEWS FROM THE SITE OF THE MYSTERIOUS T.C.R.I. BUILDING! T.C.R.I. -- OR TECHNO-COSMIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE-- REMAINS A BAFFLING PUZZLE EVEN NOW, THREE DAYS AFTER WITNESSES OBSERVED A BLINDING BEAM OF LIGHT...

TCRI

... LASTING SEVERAL MINUTES, WHICH EMERGED FROM THE TOP OF THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING AND SHOT INTO THE NEW YORK SKY. SINCE THEN, THE STRUCTURE HAS BEEN SEALED OFF FROM WITHIN BY HEAVY STEEL PLATES...

... AND THERE'S STILL NO WORD FROM ANYONE INSIDE, WHOEVER THEY MAY BE! AT THIS MOMENT, HIGHRANKING POLICE AND NATIONAL GUARD OFFICIALS ARE CONFERRING ON THE NEXT BEST MOVE. ONE OPTION UNDER SERIOUS CONSIDERATION IS TO ENTER THE BUILDING BY FORCE, WHICH -- WAIT A MINUTE ...!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING--!

STORY and ART by KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD
LETTERING by STEVE LAVIGNE

OH MY GOD--! IT'S INCREDIBLE-- UNEXPLAINABLE! CAMERA TWO, ARE YOU GETTING THAT? FOLKS, THIS IS AMAZING -- JUST SECONDS AGO A SEARING BEAM OF LIGHT LANCED DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT SKY AND STRUCK THE ROOF OF THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING!

THE WHOLE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH LIGHTS AND LEAPING BOLTS OF ENERGY--!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!!!

DOWN HERE IT'S UTTER CHAOS! HYSTERIA - RUNNING IN THE STREETS! PEOPLE - OW! ONE JUST EVERYWHERE - ONE CAMERAMAN! HIT OUR SECOND OKAY, PHIL? YOU

IT'S INSANE, FOLKS!

WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON?!

WAIT-- THERE'S THE OPERATIONS COMMANDER--! LET'S SEE IF HE CAN TELL US SOMETHING!

GENERAL HEDD, WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS? ANYTHING YOU CAN SHARE WITH US --?

TAKE OFF, McNAUGHTON!

SIR, THE PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW--!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!!! WE JUST GOT CONFIRMATION FROM THE GOVERNOR-- WE'RE GOING TO BLAST OUR WAY IN!

WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT, FELLOW NEW YORKERS-- THE POLICE AND THE NATIONAL GUARD ARE DEFINITELY PLANNING TO ASSAULT THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING, AND HOPEFULLY GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THESE BIZARRE HAPPENINGS!

LET'S WISH OUR BOYS THE BEST OF LUCK-- BUT I HOPE THEY'RE PREPARED TO HANDLE THE WORST!

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

AND, INSIDE THE T.C.R.I. FACILITY...

THE RETRO-SEARCH FUNCTION OF THE TRANSLOCATION MATRIX WAS SUCCESSFUL--

-- WE HAVE THEM.

BUT-- WHAT HAS COME BACK WITH THEM--?!

SET YOUR WEAPONS ON **STUN**-- AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

WE MAY BE IN LUCK-- THE BEAMING SEEMS TO HAVE STUNNED THEM--!

UHK--

GAHHRRR...?

OH, NO-- LOOK! TRICERATONS!

TRICERATONS! WHAT AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE THAT WE SENT THE TURTLES TO A PLANET INFESTED WITH THOSE REPREHENSIBLE SAURIANS!

TRUE-- BUT THE SAME COINCIDENCE ALLOWED THE TURTLES TO SURVIVE! RIDING THAT RANDOM BEAM--

--THEY COULD HAVE MATERIALIZED ON AN AIRLESS ASTEROID -- OR EVEN EMPTY SPACE! FORTUNATELY, OUR COMPUTERS RECORDED THE APPROXIMATE DIRECTION AND DISTANCE OF THE BEAM, AS WELL AS THE PARTICLE MAKEUP OF THE TURTLES!

TRUE-- WITHOUT THAT DATA, OUR SEARCH WOULD HAVE LASTED FOREVER! EVEN SO, WE HAD TO GUESS HOW WIDE TO MAKE THE BEAM...

...AND THUS RETRIEVED THIS EXTRA FLOTSAM-- THREE TRICERATONS AND A... ROBOT...? HMM...

OHH... MAN!

WHERE ARE WE?

GRRR... WHAT... IS THIS...?

HARD... TO BREATHE!

LEO-- WE'RE BACK ON EARTH! THERE ARE THOSE T.C.R.I. GUYS, AND--

--OH, CRAP-- LOOK WHAT CAME BACK WITH US!

AARRGHH! TRICERATONS!

WHAT IS THIS MADNESS?!

WHERE ARE WE?!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF OUR TROOPS?

ANSWER ME-- I COMMAND YOU!

REMAIN STATIONARY! OUR NERVE BLASTERS ARE SET TO RENDER YOU UNCONCIOUS!

STAY CALM, AND YOUR SITUATION WILL BE EXPLAINED!

THIS... MUST BE :KOFF!: A STINKING FEDERAT TRAP!

SOMEHOW :KOFF!: WE'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY A SPECIAL FEDERAT FORCE! NO DOUBT THEY SEEK TO :COUGH!: TORTURE US FOR INTELLIGENCE INFORMATION!

CALM YOURSELF, TRICERATON! WE SOUGHT ONLY THE TURTLES -- THE REST OF YOU WERE BROUGHT ALONG BY ACCIDENT! WE APOLOGIZE -- AND WILL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME WORLDS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

EH? HOW CAN YOU...?

WAIT A MOMENT! :KOFF!: NO SHIP BROUGHT US HERE... THAT ENERGY FIELD... :COUGH!: ...YOU BEAMED US HERE!

YOU HAVE A WORKING TRANSMAT DEVICE!

...AND :KOFF!: FOR THE GLORY OF THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC--

--WE MUST SEIZE IT!!!

COMMANDOS-- ATTACK!!!

UH-OH...

FOR THE REPUBLIC--!

--HERE WE GO AGAIN!

HURRY, MY FRIENDS--

--BEFORE THESE MAD BEASTS DESTROY EVERYTHING!

STOP! STOP! THIS IS UNNECES-SARIEEEE

THE TRANSMAT=KOF! MUST BE OURS!

TRUE TO THEIR NATURE, THE TRICERATONS DO NOT LISTEN TO REASON! SADLY, MORE FORCE IS NEEDED TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY DAMAGE THE TRANSLOCATION DEVICE--!

SET BEAMS ON HEAVY STUN--!

--FIRE!

FOR THE GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC-- KOFF!

--DIE! UGH!!!

WE MUST STOP THEM-- THEY'LL RUIN ANY CHANCE WE HAVE OF LEAVING THIS PLANET!

SPRING

YOW!

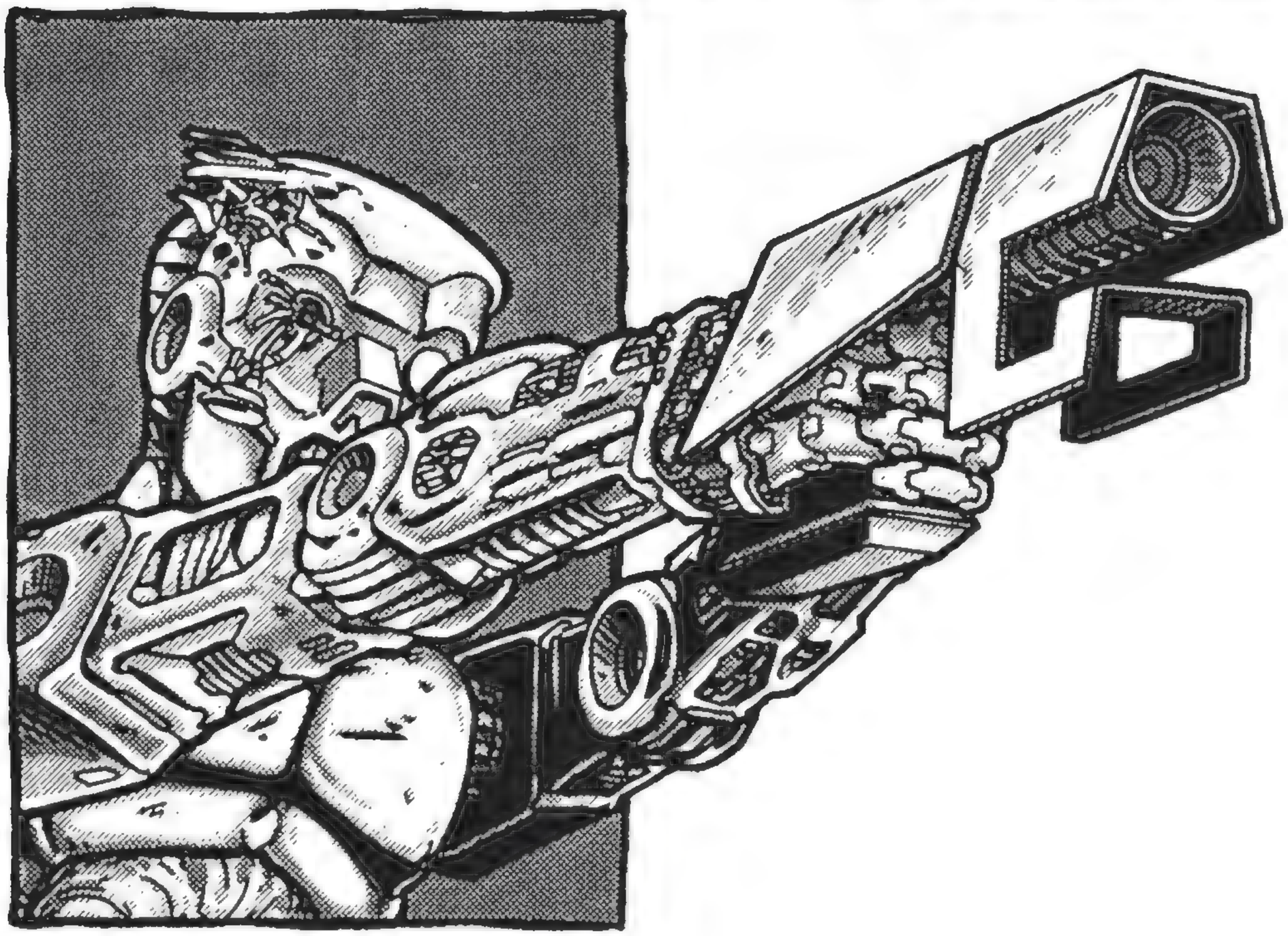
OOMPH! GET OFF ME, YOU DISGUSTING LIZARD--!

HELP!

HAH!

THERE'S TWO DOWN--!

YEAH-- BUT STILL ANOTHER REAL LIVELY ONE TO GO--!
UNF!



LONG =KOFF!= LIVE THE =COUGH!= RE--

--UCK!!!

WHEW! THAT DOES IT-- THEY'RE ALL DEAD... OR STUNNED!

YEAH-- BUT NOW WHAT?!

GOOD POINT, RAPHAEL! KEEP SHARP, GUYS-- BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

RIGHT-- WHO KNOWS WHAT THESE T.C.R.I. CREEPS ARE GONNA DO?!

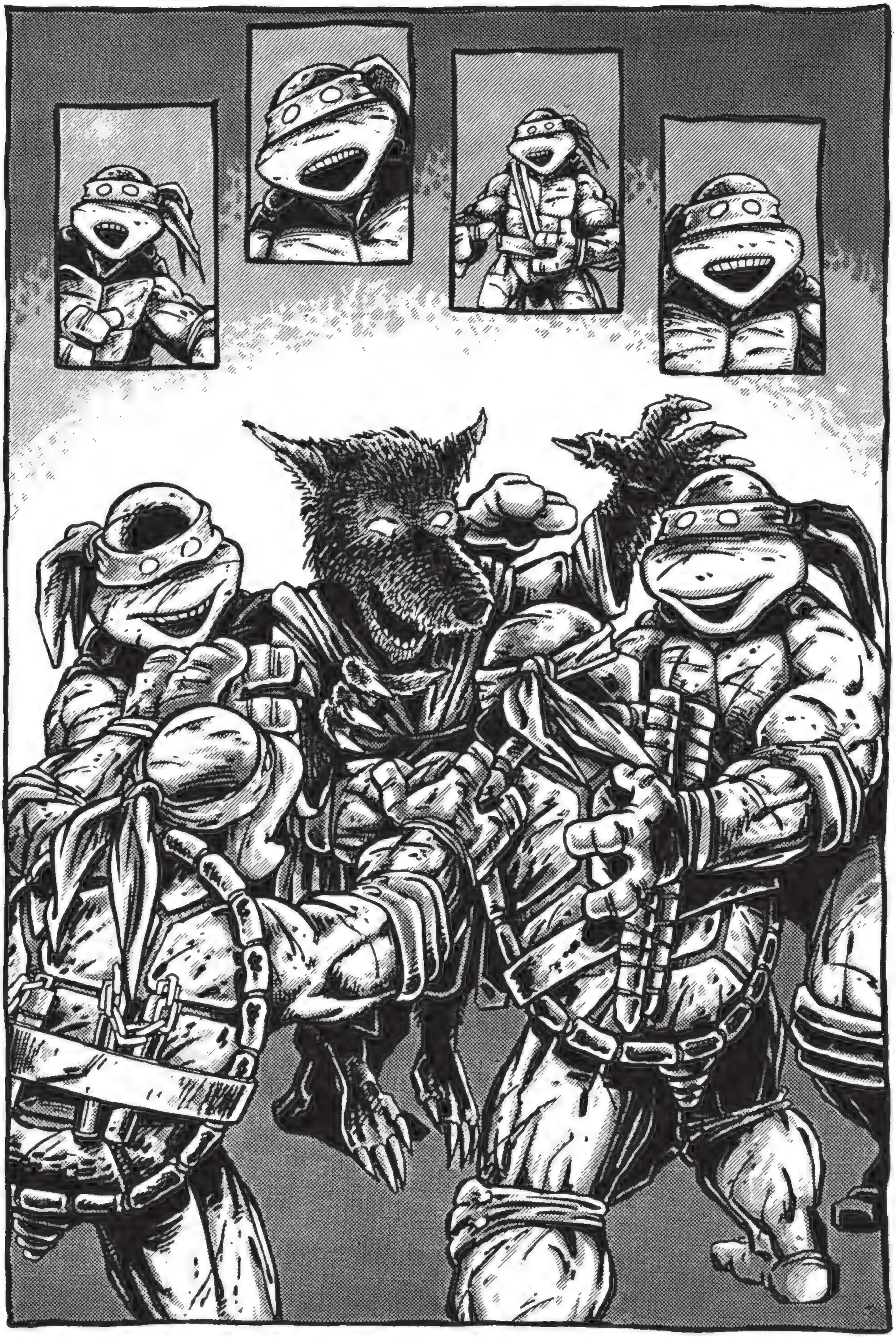
I DON'T KNOW-- BUT... IF THEY REALLY WANTED TO ZAP US, WOULDN'T THEY TRY IT NOW, WHILE WE'RE STILL WEAKENED!?

YOUR PERCEPTIONS DO YOU CREDIT... LEONARDO? WE HAVE NO WISH TO HARM ANY OF YOU, ESPECIALLY NOW... NOT THAT WE EVER HAD ANY **MALICIOUS** INTENT TOWARD YOU! WE MERELY SOUGHT TO PROTECT OURSELVES!

HEY-- HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!

THERE IS MUCH THAT WE KNOW ABOUT YOU ALL... NOW. IF ONLY WE HAD KNOWN IT WHEN YOU FIRST ENTERED OUR FACILITY-- WE COULD HAVE AVOIDED ALL THIS UNPLEASANTNESS! FORTUNATELY, WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, WE HAVE BEEN AIDED IN OUR COMPREHENSION BY SOMEONE WHO, I THINK, WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN...!

HUH--? WHO--?



ATTENTION. CITIZENS-- PLEASE CLEAR THE AREA!
ATTENTION !!! THIS IS THE NATIONAL GUARD--YOU ARE ORDERED TO LEAVE THIS AREA AT ONCE OR FACE ARREST!
WHAT NOW? WHAT ARE THEY PLANNING TO DO?!

HOLY MACKEREL-- LOOK AT THIS PLACE! POLICE, SWAT TEAMS, AND NATIONAL GUARD! OH, GEEZ-- I HOPE THE GUYS AREN'T IN THAT BUILDING--!

THIS WAS WHERE THEY WERE HEADED THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM..

OVER THREE DAYS AGO!

MA'AM? BEG PARDON, BUT I'VE GOT ORDERS--

THIS AREA IS TO BE CLEARED OF ALL CIVILIANS! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON?

SORRY, MA'AM-- AFRAID I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY!

PLEASE--A FRIEND OF MINE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO THERE YESTERDAY TO ...UH... APPLY FOR A JOB-- AND I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER SINCE!

I'M SORRY... I... AH... OH, HECK!

C'MON-- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW AS WE'RE WALKING! THIS WAY, QUICKLY--!

I DON'T KNOW ALL THE DETAILS, BUT THE BOYS UPSTAIRS ARE GETTING PRETTY NERVOUS--THEY THINK SOME KIND OF SECRET TERRORIST ORGANIZATION COULD BE INSIDE.

WE'LL BE TRYING TO ENTER THE BUILDING BY FORCE PRETTY SOON--

--COULD BE A REAL MESS!

GOTTA GO NOW-- YOU FIND SOME-PLACE SAFE!

I WILL-THANKS A LOT!... AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS!

OK, YOU PEOPLE, LET'S MOVE IT OUT, NOW!

I KNEW IT WAS USELESS FOR ME TO COME DOWN HERE... WHAT GOOD COULD I DO?

ANYWAY, THE GUYS PROBABLY CAME HOME WHILE WAS OUT...

YEAH, THAT'S IT.

MASTER SPLINTER--!! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY YOU!

WE THOUGHT YOU HAD... HAD...

...WELL, PASSED ON...

HA, HA, HA! NO, NOT YET MY SONS! AH, I AM SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU ARE ALL ALIVE AND WELL!

I'M VERY CONFUSED, JONIN SPLINTER--HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS...

...WHAT IT MEANS TO US?

YES...

CLEAR THAT PLATFORM AREA--AND GIVE ME A DAMAGE REPORT QUICKLY!

EXCUSE ME--MIGHT I BE OF SOME HELP?

...AND IT'S QUITE A STRANGE TALE! COME... SIT, AND REST--AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW...

IT ALL STARTED ALMOST A MONTH AGO, AS YOU ALL KNOW. WHEN BAXTER STOCKMAN LET LOOSE HIS LITTLE METAL MONSTERS IN THE STORMDRAINS... *

YES, THE MOUSERS! WE-- WE THOUGHT THEY HAD EATEN YOU!

*IN TMNT #2

YES...I VERY NEARLY MET MY END WHEN FOUR MOUSERS BROKE IN AND ATTACKED ME IN OUR UNDERGROUND HOME...

WHILE FIGHTING THEM, I WAS WOUNDED, BUT ESCAPED INTO THE DRAINS-- ONLY TO CONFRONT MANY MORE!

I WAS SURROUNDED.. THEY MOVED IN FOR THE KILL...

WHEN SUDDENLY-- THEY TURNED AND LEFT!

OH GEEZ! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN WE ATTACKED STOCKMAN'S UNDERGROUND LAB! HE MANAGED TO ACTIVATE A SELF-DESTUCT PROGRAM, WHICH CALLED ALL THE MOUSERS BACK TO THE LAB TO DESTROY IT-- AND ALL INSIDE!

THEN, I OWE YOU MY LIFE! THANK YOU, MY SONS!

THIS IS A BIT FOGGY... BUT APPARENTLY I COLLAPSED, WEAK FROM BLOOD LOSS...

...THAT WAS WHEN I WAS FOUND BY THESE BEINGS. THINKING ME A MERE DEAD RAT, AND ABOUT TO VAPORIZE ME, THEY WERE SHOCKED WHEN, IN MY DELERIUM, I SPOKE!

WHEN I AWOKE IN WHAT SEEMED TO BE A HOSPITAL BED, I WAS SURE I'D BEEN CAUGHT, AND IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO ESCAPE! THAT IS WHEN I HAPPENED TO SEE THE ALIENS IN THEIR TRUE FORM-

THE SHOCK WAS TOO GREAT FOR MY WEAKENED STATE, AND AGAIN I COLLAPSED. FEARING HEART FAILURE OR STROKE, THEY PUT ME INTO A SORT OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR OBSERVATION AND CARE.

THAT, THEY TELL ME, IS WHEN YOU SHOWED UP...

YES, WE DISCOVERED THIS BUILDING DURING AN EXERCISE RUN--
--THE NAME T.C.R.I.--
--THE SAME NAME AS ON THE CANNISTER THAT CAUSED OUR MUTATION...

...WELL, WE HAD TO INVESTIGATE-- TO FIND OUT MORE!

--AND FOUND ME! IT WAS YOUR EMOTIONAL REACTION TO MY PRESENCE THAT EVENTUALLY MADE THE TCRI'S BRING ME OUT OF SUSPENSION SO THEY COULD FIND OUT WHY.

BUT AT THAT TIME THEY HAD NO IDEA WHO OR WHAT YOU WERE, OR THAT THEY HAD-- INDIRECTLY -- CAUSED OUR MUTATIONS! UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE ANY EXPLANATIONS COULD BE MADE...

I'M FALLING!

HE'S HIT THE TRANSLOCATION CONTROL PANEL!

...YOU ACCIDENTALLY SET OFF THE TRANSLOCATION DEVICE, SENDING THE FOUR OF YOU ON A RANDOM TRIP INTO DEEP SPACE!

THE T.C.R.I'S WERE ANGRY THAT YOU HAD DAMAGED THEIR MACHINERY, AND WERE NOT PLANNING TO SEARCH FOR YOU OR TRY TO BRING YOU BACK-- BUT I MANAGED TO CONVINCE THEM, AIDED BY THEIR CURIOUSITY ABOUT YOU, ONCE THEY FOUND OUT THAT SOMETHING OF THEIRS HAD CREATED US...

SO THEY BROUGHT US BACK-- SO WHAT NOW? THEY GONNA PUT US UNDER A MICROSCOPE, OR WHAT?! WHO ARE THESE GUYS ANYHOW--?!

I BELIEVE I CAN ANSWER THAT...

ABOUT A HUNDRED OF US CAME HERE OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, AS AN EXPEDITION TO OBSERVE THIS PLANET AND ITS DOMINANT LIFE FORMS...

UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAD A CRITICAL MALFUNCTION IN OUR SHIP'S DRIVE SYSTEM UPON ENTERING YOUR ATMOSPHERE... AND CRASH LANDED!

OUR CRAFT WAS ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED... ONLY A THIRD OF US SURVIVED THE CRASH. WE HAD NO WAY OF CONTACTING OUR HOME PLANET, AND THEY THOUGHT WE HAD PERISHED.

VERY LITTLE WAS SALVAGEABLE FROM THE WRECK--MOSTLY OUR EXOSKELETONS AND PORTABLE POWER SOURCES.

USING OUR EXOSKELETONS AND FALSE SKINS, WE TOOK UP RESIDENCE HERE, IN YOUR NEW YORK CITY... FOUND JOBS... AND WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO NEVER BE DISCOVERED...

EVENTUALLY, WE ACCUMULATED ENOUGH OF YOUR CURRENCY TO BUY THIS BUILDING, AND WE BEGAN ADAPTING IT TO OUR NEEDS...

...AND STRIPPED THE INTERIOR TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE INTER-GALACTIC COMMUNICATOR WE WOULD ATTEMPT TO BUILD, USING THE PRODUCTS OF YOUR CRUDE TECHNOLOGY... AND, LATER ON, WE'D USE THE SPACE FOR THE TRANSLOCATION DEVICE...

...AND THEN YOU ENTER THE PICTURE! YOUR MASTER SPLINTER TOLD US THAT YOU ARE FIFTEEN AND ONE HALF YEARS OLD...

...EXACTLY THAT MANY YEARS AGO WE HAD OUR ACCIDENT...

"WE WERE MOVING THE LAST OF OUR SALVAGE FROM THE SHIP INTO THE CITY BY TRUCK..."

"IT WAS PEAK RUSH HOUR SO WE TOOK SOME BACK STREETS TO MAKE BETTER TIME. IT WAS ON ONE OF THOSE STREETS THAT A **BLINDMAN** STRODE INTO THE PATH OF OUR TRUCK..."

"...OUR BRAKES COULDN'T STOP US IN TIME-- WE WERE GOING TO HIT HIM!"

"SUDDENLY A YOUNG MAN LEAPED FROM THE SIDEWALK..."

SKEEEEEEEEEE

"AND PUSHED THE **BLINDMAN** OUT OF OUR PATH!"

SKREEEE

"THEN A CANNISTER WAS JARRED LOOSE FROM THE BACK OF OUR TRUCK AND STRUCK THE BOY ON THE HEAD!"

T.C.R.

"ONCE WE HAD CALLED AN AMBULANCE, AND SEEN TO THE CARE OF THE **OLD MAN** AND THE **BOY**, WE RETURNED TO LOOK FOR OUR **CANNISTER**... BUT FOUND NOTHING-- IT HAD DISAPPEARED!"

"WE NEVER KNEW WHAT BECAME OF THE **CANNISTER**, UNTIL YOUR **MASTER** SOLVED THE MYSTERY FOR US. HE HAD WITNESSED EVERYTHING FROM A NEARBY ALLEY...

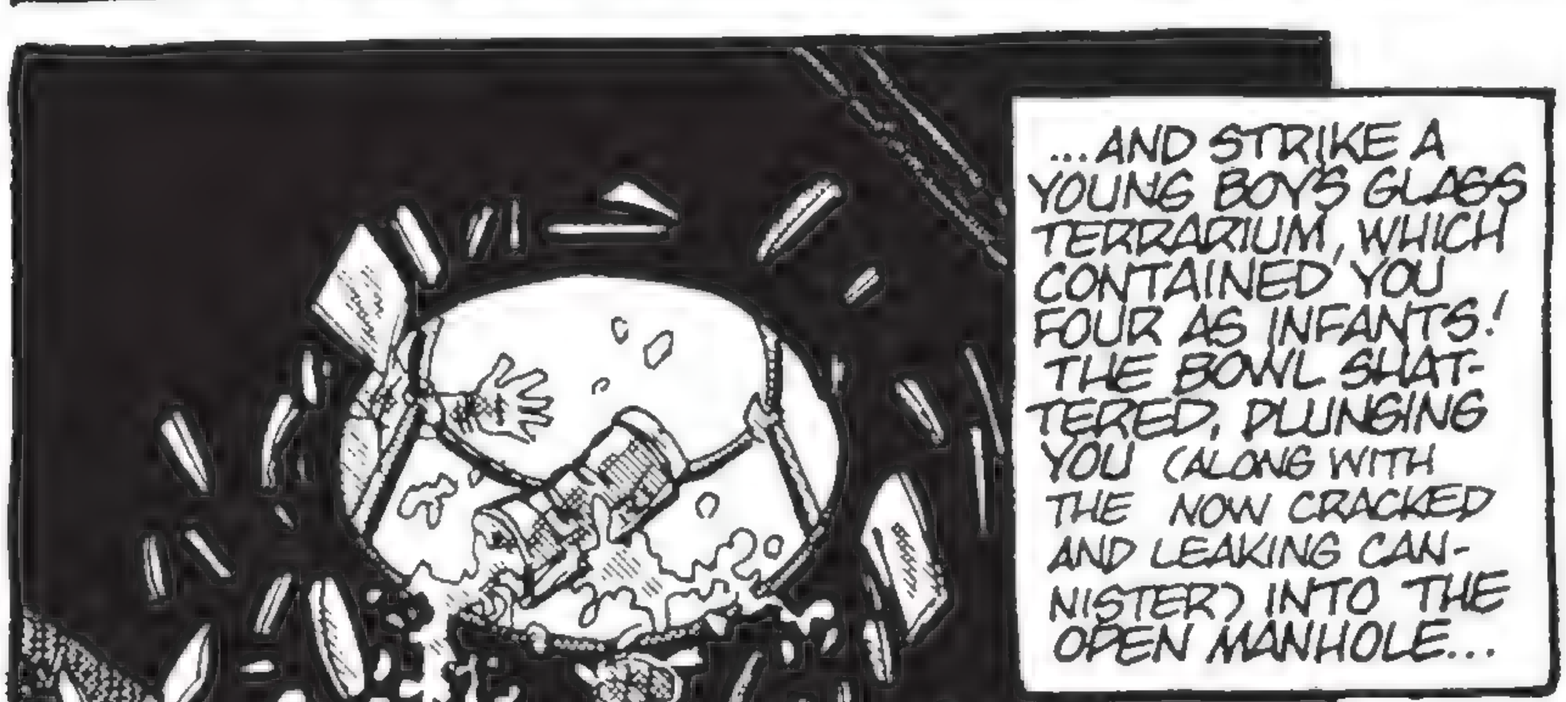
FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, HE SAW THE CANNISTER CONTINUE TO BOUNCE DOWN THE STREET...

HEY DAD--IS IT AN ACCIDENT? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
YEAH--SOME TRUCK ALMOST HIT A GUY, I THINK!
OUT TO LUNCH
IN WORK

T.C.R.I.

CHESTER-LOOK OUT--!
HUH?

MY TURTLES--!
T.C.R.I.


...AND STRIKE A YOUNG BOY'S GLASS TERRARIUM, WHICH CONTAINED YOU FOUR AS INFANTS! THE BOWL SHATTERED, PLUNGING YOU (ALONG WITH THE NOW CRACKED AND LEAKING CANNISTER) INTO THE OPEN MANHOLE...

YOU OKAY, CHET? YEAH? AWW... SORRY ABOUT YOUR TURTLES--GUESS THEY WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THAT FALL! DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET YOU FOUR NEW ONES, OKAY?

...MOMENTS LATER, SPLINTER FOLLOWED, AND FOUND YOU ALL ALIVE AND UNHURT, AND COVERED WITH THE GLOWING OOZE THAT HAD LEAKED FROM THE CANNISTER.
GATHERING YOU UP INTO A DISCARDED COFFEE CAN, SPLINTER WAS HIMSELF EXPOSED TO THE SAME SUBSTANCE--
A MUTAGENIC AGENT WHICH CAUSED YOU ALL TO CHANGE INTO WHAT YOU ARE TODAY!

MEANWHILE, WE HAD SUCCESSFULLY REESTABLISHED HYPER COMMUNICATION WITH OUR HOME PLANET. AS WE HAD SURVIVED AND ADAPTED SO WELL TO THIS WORLD'S WAYS, OUR LEADER ASKED US TO STAY ON AND CONTINUE OBSERVATION OF YOUR WORLD.

...AND TO BUILD A PERMANENT (BUT SECRET) BASE HERE. WE HAD JUST COMPLETED OUR TRANSLOCATION DEVICE, AFTER YEARS OF WORK, WHEN YOU ENTERED THE PICTURE!

UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN YOU SMASHED THE CONTROL PANEL AND SET OFF THE DEVICE, KEY CIRCUITS WERE CROSSED-- AND THE RESULTING POWER SURGE MELTED OUR COMMUNICATIONS GRID, DESTROYED THE BEAM SUPPRESSION SYSTEMS--

--AND CAUSED AN ENERGY FLASH THAT WAS SEEN ALL OVER THE CITY! AS A RESULT, WE ARE NOW BESEIGED BY THE NATIONAL GUARD AND THE N.Y.P.D.!

WE'RE SORRY FOR OUR PART IN ALL THAT... BUT LISTEN-- WON'T THE FOLKS ON YOUR HOME PLANET DO SOMETHING TO HELP YOU? IF YOU'RE OUT OF CONTACT FOR A FEW DAYS, WON'T THEY GET WORRIED AND SEND HELP?

SADLY, NO... TO KEEP DISCOVERY RISKS TO A MINIMUM, WE ONLY COMMUNICATE WITH HOME ONCE EVERY THIRTY DAYS... AND, SINCE IT'S ONLY BEEN ELEVEN DAYS SINCE OUR LAST MESSAGE...

YEAH... NOT EXPECTING TO HEAR FROM YOU YET, YOUR RADIO SILENCE WON'T WORRY THEM! DAMN! CAN'T YOU ESCAPE ANY OTHER WAY? WHAT ABOUT--

--THE TUNNEL EXITS, SUCH AS WHERE WE FOUND YOUR MASTER SPLINTER? A GOOD IDEA, BUT OUR SENSORS PICKED UP MUCH UNDERGROUND ACTIVITY--TROOP MOVEMENTS-- AND WE HAD TO SEAL THEM OFF...

GREAT...

...BUT DON'T WORRY--WE CAN BEAM YOU OUT TO ANY LOCATION YOU DESIRE! YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO LEAVE!

HEY-- THANKS!

COMMANDER! IMPORTANT NEWS. PLEASE COME QUICKLY!

I'VE BEEN MONITORING THE RADIO TRAFFIC AMONG THE HUMANS OUTSIDE--THEY'VE CLEARED THE STREETS, AND ARE NOW PREPARING A FORCED ENTRY INTO THIS COMPLEX... I'M AFRAID WE HAVE JUST MINUTES BEFORE THEY ATTACK!

AND THE DAMAGE REPORT ON THE TRANSLOCATION DEVICE...?

NOT GOOD-- THE CONTROL PANEL SUSTAINED SERIOUS DAMAGE FROM THE TRICERATONS' BLAST RAYS...

IT CAN BE REPAIRED, BUT WE NEED MORE TIME--!

NOTIFY ALL SECTIONS TO GO TO CRISIS CONDITION FOUR-- AND ALERT ALL PERSONNEL TO BE READY TO BEAM OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS THE DEVICE IS FIXED!

ACTIVATE ALL AUTO-DEFENSE BOTS ON THE FIRST THREE LEVELS--STUN SETTING ONLY! THAT WILL GAIN US SOME TIME... HOPEFULLY ENOUGH!

OUTSIDE...

ABLE SQUAD, CHECK IN...

ABLE SQUAD IN POSITION...

BAKER SQUAD CHECK IN..

BAKER SQUAD READY...

CHARLIE SQUAD CHECK IN..

CHARLIE SQUAD ALL SET!

CHARLIE SQUAD--

FIRE!

BA BOOM

BA-BOOM

AN EXPLOSION!

YES--THE HUMANS HAVE BEGUN THEIR ASSAULT!

SITUATION UPDATE, PLEASE!

WE HAVE THREE MAJOR PROBLEM POINTS...

THE #2 DEMATERIALIZER HAS A SMALL HOLE IN IT'S SHEILDING... IT'S ALMOST COMPLETELY PATCHED..

THE DIRECTION MOTIVATOR ALSO RECEIVED MINOR DAMAGE; ITS MAIN POWER CABLE NEEDED TO BE REPLACED AND SEVERAL HYPER-CONDUCTORS BLEW... IT SHOULD BE REPAIRED MOMENTARILY...

...BUT THE REAL PROBLEM IS THE MAIN CONTROL PANEL. IT'S TAKEN ALOT OF ABUSE-- HALF THE INTERNAL COMPONENTS WERE COMPLETELY FUSED! THE, AH, ROBOT, DR. HONEYCUTT, HAS BEEN VERY HELPFUL-- ITS KNOWLEGE OF MAGNETIC BUBBLE MEMORIES AND ULTRA-MICRO CIRCUITRY IS INCREDIBLE!

GOOD SHOOTING, CHARLIE SQUAD-- BUT MOST OF THE DOOR'S STILL UP--

--HIT IT AGAIN!

FIRE!

GO!

BOOM!

COMMANDER! A SECOND MISSLE HAS TAKEN OUT A LARGE PART OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE BLOCKADE-- THEY HAVE ACCESS NOW!

UNDERSTOOD, CONTROL...

THE BUILDING HAS BEEN PENETRATED... HOW MUCH LONGER...?

AT LEAST TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE TRANSLOCATION MATRIX IS WORKING... BUT... THE COORDINATE-SETTING CIRCUITS ARE A CHARRED, HOPELESS MESS! THE ONLY COORDINATES WE CAN USE ARE THE ONES PRESET IN PERMANENT MEMORY--

-LUCKILY, THOSE ARE FOR THE HOME WORLD!

NOT SO LUCKY-- FOR THE TURTLES!

THE SECOND MISSILE DID IT--THE BARRIER IS DOWN!

ALL CLEAR, LEADER ONE!

OVER! LOCK AND LOAD, MEN--THIS IS IT, MOVE IN!

ABLE SQUAD, ADVANCING!

BAKER SQUAD, MOVING IN!

LOOKS CLEAR-- NO MOVEMENT SO FAR!

FORWARD SLOWLY KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED...

WATCH YOUR STEP, MEN... EASY DOES IT...!

HUH?! THIS WALL THING MADE A--

KLICK

LOOK OUT! COULD BE A BOMB--!

PA-TOO

TAKE COVER--!

CRIPES! MORE OF 'EM-- AN' THEY'RE SPROUTIN' LEGS--!

UH-OH-- DROP BACK AND--

FIRE!

DARN! I FEEL SO USELESS--I KNOW ALOT ABOUT ELEC-TRONICS, BUT T.C.R.I. STUFF IS WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE!

HEY, LISTEN!

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE! THE TROOPS MUST BE IN-SIDE THE BUILDING!

LET'S GO CHECK ON THE TRANSMAT-- IF THESE GUYS DON'T GETUS OUT OF HERE QUICKLY, THOSE TROOPS WILL BE ALL OVER US!

HOLY SH--!!

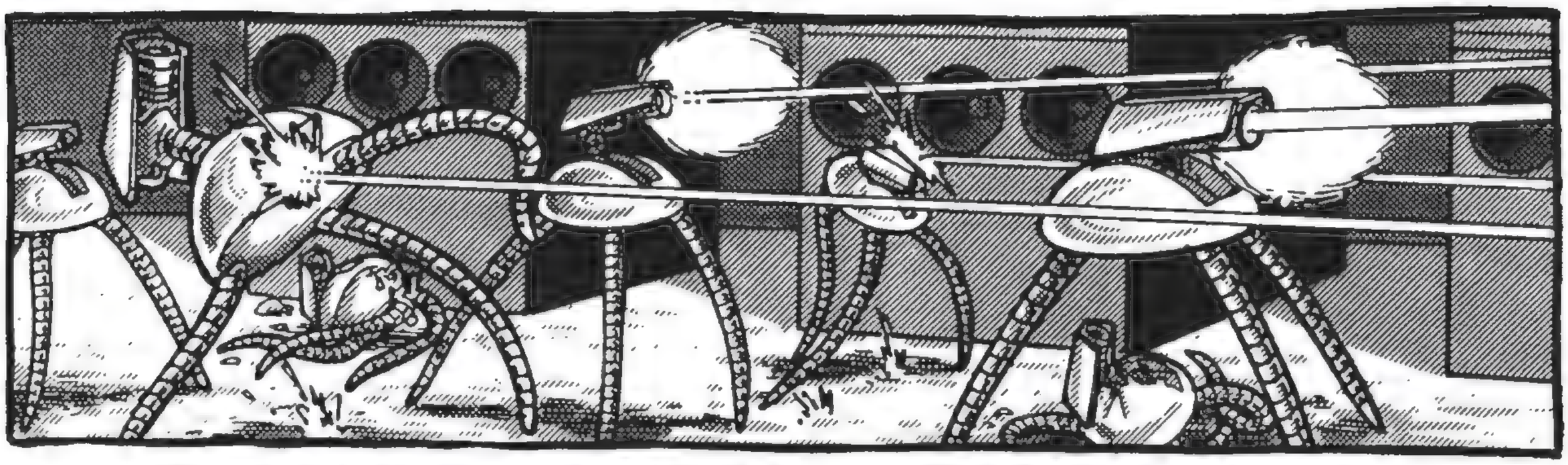
--WE'RE GETTIN' TORN APART!

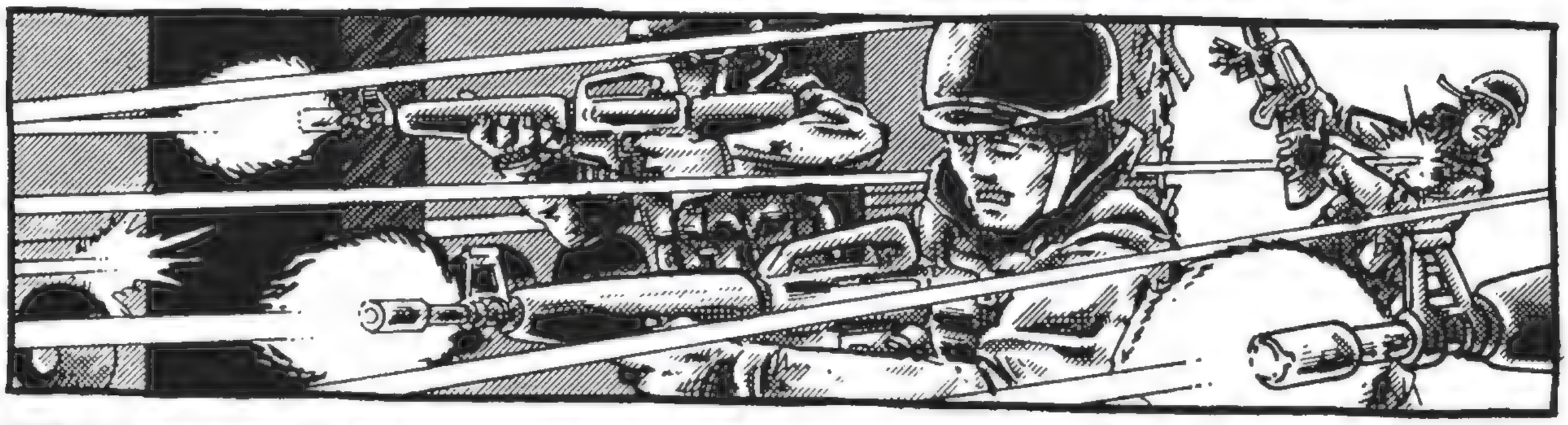
LIEUTENANT, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT--

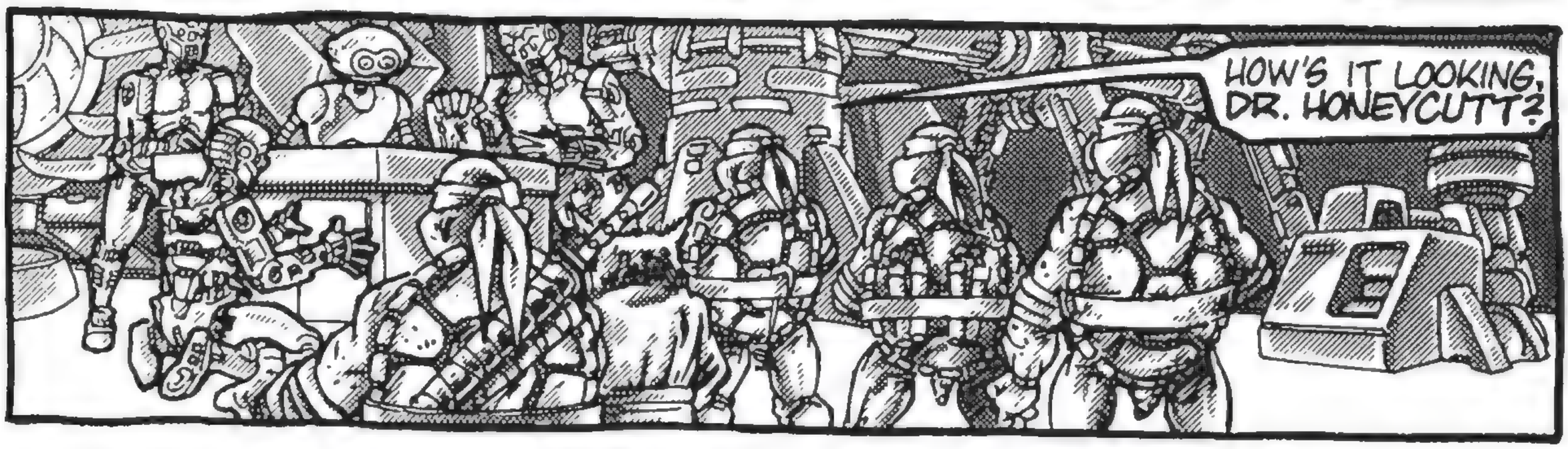
--THESE MEN AREN'T WOUNDED!

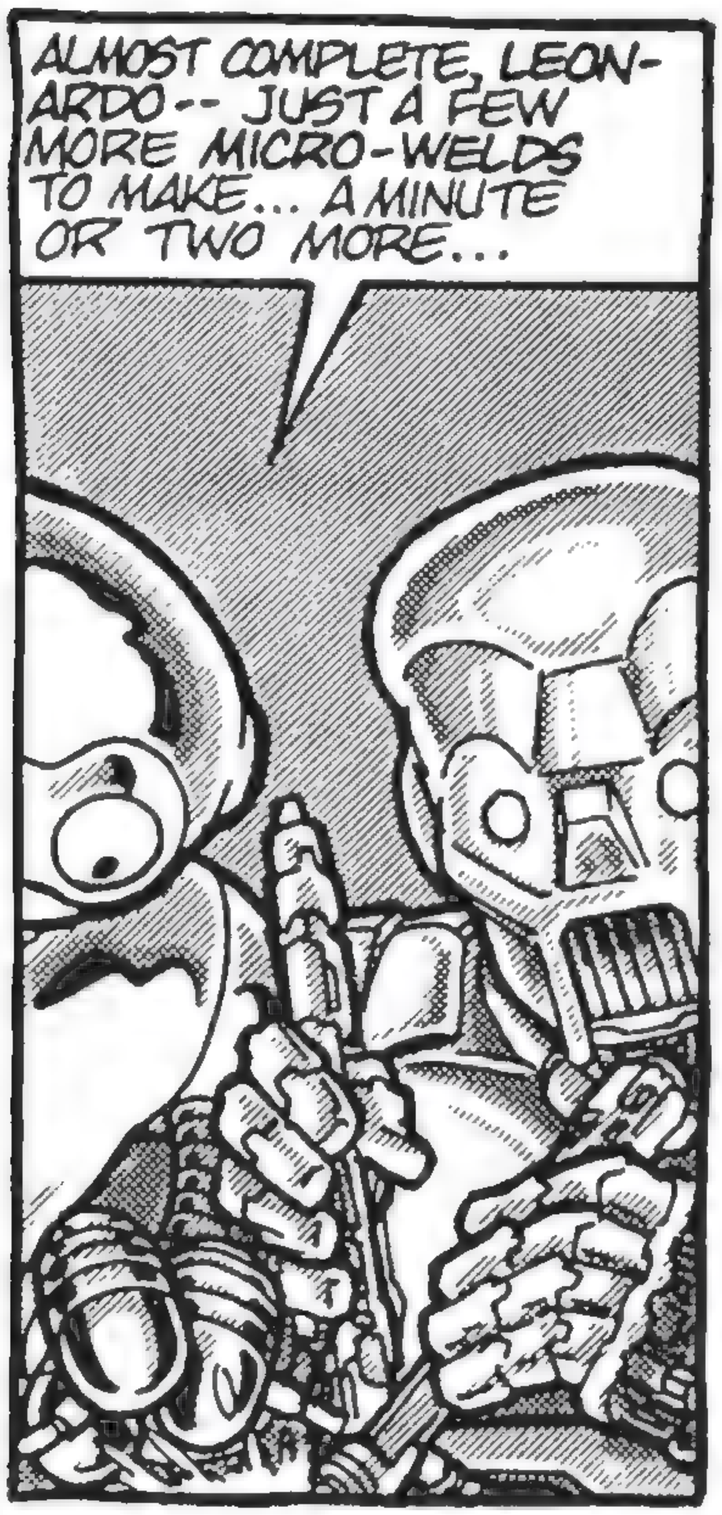
WHATEVER THOSE THINGS ARE FIRING AT US, IT ISN'T HARMFUL-- THESE MEN ARE JUST UNCONCIOUS! MUST BE SOME KIND OF... STUN RAY!

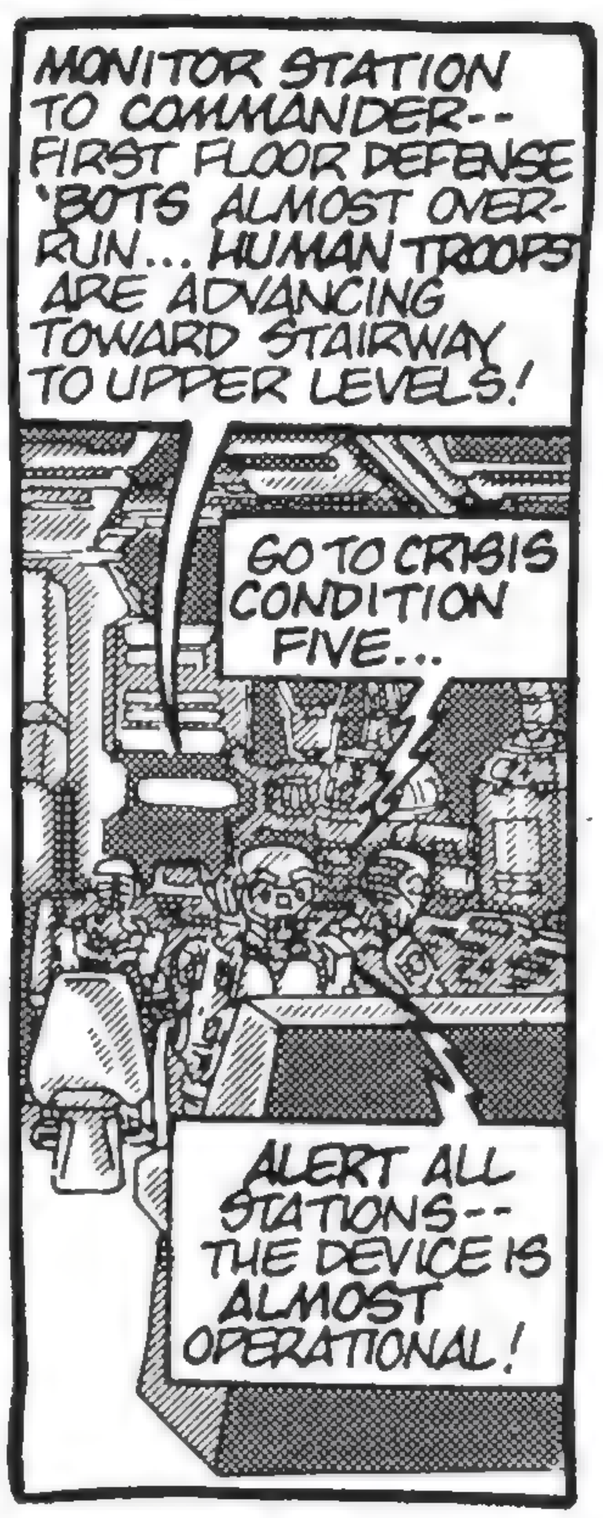
OK, YOU MEN-- HIT'EM AGAIN!

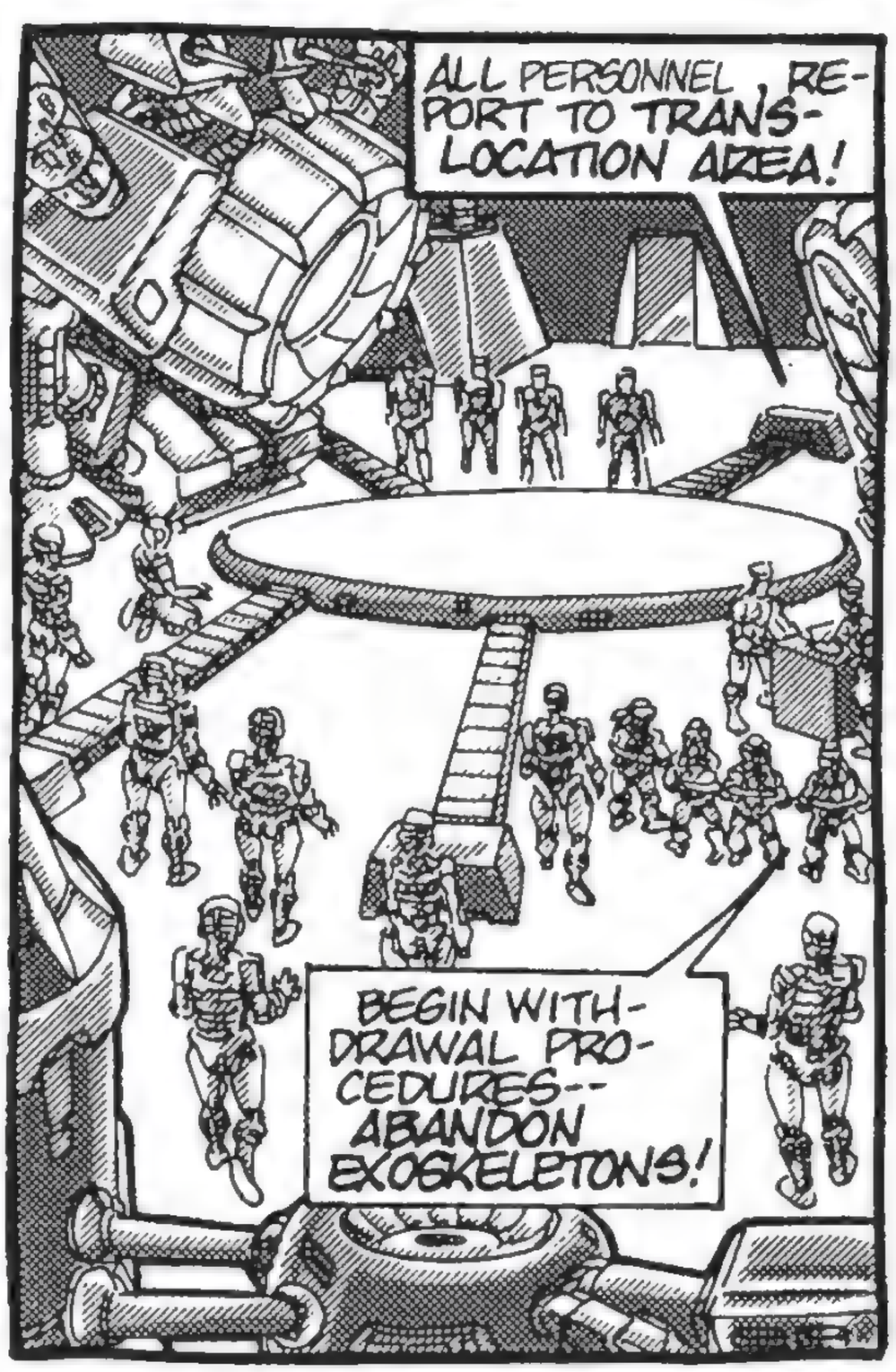





HOW'S IT LOOKING, DR. HONEYCUTT?


ALMOST COMPLETE, LEONARDO -- JUST A FEW MORE MICRO-WELDS TO MAKE... A MINUTE OR TWO MORE...


MONITOR STATION TO COMMANDER -- FIRST FLOOR DEFENSE 'BOTS ALMOST OVERRUN... HUMAN TROOPS ARE ADVANCING TOWARD STAIRWAY TO UPPER LEVELS!
GO TO CRISIS CONDITION FIVE...
ALERT ALL STATIONS -- THE DEVICE IS ALMOST OPERATIONAL!


ALL PERSONNEL REPORT TO TRANSLOCATION AREA!
BEGIN WITHDRAWAL PROCEDURES -- ABANDON EXOSKELETONS!

FIRST FLOOR SECURE, LIEUTENANT!

THOSE ELEVATORS AREN'T OPERATIONAL -- ONLY WAY TO GO IS UP THE STAIRS!

TAKE NO CHANCES!

UGH!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE AS READY AS WE'LL EVER BE...

...HIT THE POWER!

POWER...

...ON!

AND, BLOCKS AWAY...

OH MY GOD--! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN--!

JIM McNAUGHTON REPORTING LIVE-- LOOKS LIKE OUR BOYS ARE WALKING STRAIGHT INTO HELL!

CHET

TV6

THAT MYSTERIOUS BEAM OF LIGHT IS BACK, JUST MINUTES AFTER NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS ATTACKED THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING--

--AND ONCE AGAIN, THIS FLASH CAN BE SEEN THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME COULD BE HAPPENING? ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

THE DEVICE IS 100 PERCENT OPERATIONAL...!

QUICKLY, FELLOW BEINGS--ONTO THE PLATFORM!

MOVE IT, MOVE IT'! UP THIS WAY!

YOU FOUR MEN CHECK THIS LEVEL-- THE REST COME WITH ME TO THE THIRD FLOOR!

PROGRAMMING SET... POWER LEVEL BUILDING TO TRANSIT THRESHOLD... WE HAVE ONLY SECONDS LEFT TO GO!

HEY, WAIT!!

WHAT ABOUT US?!

YOU SAID YOU'D BEAM US OUT FIRST, TO ANY PLACE IN NEW YORK WE WANTED TO GO! WHAT HAPPENED?!

YEAH!

PLEASE-- DON'T WORRY! WE'LL--

COMMANDER, YOU MUST LEAVE NOW! THE HUMAN FORCES ARE ON THIS FLOOR-- ALL OUR PERSONNEL HAVE RELOCATED TO THE HOME WORLD--

--ALL DEPARTURE PROCEDURES HAVE BEEN COMPLETED!

SELF-DESTRUCT DEVICES HAVE BEEN ACTIVATED--ALL EVIDENCE OF OUR PRESENCE HERE WILL BE OBLITERATED!

WE MUST LEAVE NOW!

CAREFUL, MEN-- FEEL THAT STRANGE VIBRATION IN THE FLOOR?

CHECK ALL DOORS AND STAY SHARP!

QUICKLY, DR. HONEYCUTT-- SPLINTER-- TURTLES--

--NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!

TRUST ME-- AND FOLLOW! WE'LL SE-

NO! WAIT--! WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO YOUR WORLD--!

STOP!

THAT LITTLE CREEP--! SHOULD'VE DROP KICKED HIM THE FIRST TIME I-- UH-OH. MORE TROUBLE!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

NO TIME TO COMPLAIN, RAPH-- WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE-- AGAIN!

WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE-- THE ARMY'S BLASTING THROUGH THE DOOR. RIGHT NOW!

'BYE, EARTH!

COME ON, MASTER SPLINTER!

WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT THIS IS!

HOLY MOTHER!

LOOK AT THIS PLACE!

HEY-- LISTEN!

ATTENTION! THIS STRUCTURE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN FIVE MINUTES--ALL LIFE-FORMS SHOULD EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY! ATTENTION--!

TO RECAP NEW YORK CITY'S THREE DAY MYSTERY CRISIS, WE'LL GO NOW TO THE LOCATION OF THE EXIT T.C.R.I FACILITY...

GOOD EVENING-- THIS VIDEO TAPE FOOTAGE IS OF THE LAST BURST OF LIGHT FROM THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING AS VIEWED FROM A THREE BLOCK DISTANCE!

THAT FINAL BLAST OF LIGHT WAS SEEN BY THOUSANDS THROUGHOUT THE CITY, PRECEEDING -- BY FIVE MINUTES -- THE COLLAPSE OF THE T.C.R.I. STRUCTURE...

ALTHOUGH MUCH OF THIS IS STILL A MYSTERY, WE HAVE GENERAL HEDD HERE TO RUN DOWN THE ACTION THAT TOOK PLACE JUST OVER ONE HOUR AGO... GENERAL--?

WELL, JIM, OUR BOYS-- OVER COMING FIERCE OPPOSITION-- TOOK THE BUILDING WITH NO CASUALTES, OTHER THAN A FEW BUMPS AND BRUISES...

UNFORTUNATELY, THE WHOLE PLACE COLLAPSED INTO ITSELF BEFORE WE COULD FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT IT! OUR BOYS JUST BARELY MADE IT OUT THEMSELVES!

THANK YOU GENERAL. SO... NO CASUALTIES, MINOR INJURIES, AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE T.C.R.I. BUILDING! THE CRISIS IS OVER, BUT THE MYSTERY REMAINS...

...WHO-- OR WHAT-- WAS IN THAT BUILDING? OFFICIALS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN EXCAVATION OF THE RUBBLE, LOOKING FOR BODIES... NO SURVIVORS ARE EXPECTED.

FOR NEWS CENTER 6, THIS IS JIM MCNAUGHTON SAYING "GOOD NI☼

CLICK

OH, GREAT... JUST GREAT! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUYS!? WHAT DO I DO NOW--?

BA BOOMP

EEEYYOOO!

YOW!

W-WHAT WAS THAT--!!?

IT CAME FROM THE BATHROOM!

HOLY!

GACK!

UMPFH! HI APRIL!

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THE STORY WE HAVE TO TELL YOU!

GAK! THOSE LITTLE CREEPS! "OH, DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BEAM YOU RIGHT INTO THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN LIVING ROOM--NO PROB!"

HAH! RIGHT!

AH, WELL, I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO KICK THAT LEADER GUY...

THE END!

# ANNOTATIONS

## EASTMAN & KEVIN

In a wide variety of ways I feel like book #7 was a mini-milestone for us. It was published in May, three years after the first issue, and we were still making a living drawing comics—and sales were still improving. We were doing a lot of signings and conventions, the fan base was building, we were doing some licensing (role playing games, collectible figurines, stuff like that), and we had gotten a few calls from agents telling us they thought our creations could be more than just comic books. We thought they were all kinda crazy and slimy—besides, we had never really thought they'd be anything other than comic book characters.

HOLY MACKEREL-- LOOK AT THIS PLACE! POLICE, SWAT TEAMS, AND NATIONAL GUARD! OH, GEEZ-- I HOPE THE GUYS AREN'T IN THAT BUILDING--!
THIS WAS WHERE THEY WERE HEADED THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM..
OVER THREE DAYS AGO!

On the creative side, this had it all. Not only were we wrapping up a major four-issue storyline, the MEAT of it would stretch all the way back to issue #1 and the very origin of the TMNTs. It was almost like saying, "Well, it has been a great ride, but here is a perfect full circle to end it on!" But thankfully our fans wouldn't have it. The cover of this one still remains one of my all-time favorites, and as if life couldn't have gotten any better around this time—and I honestly don't think it could have—I asked my second biggest artistic influence, Richard Corben, if he'd ink a four-page story if I penciled it. And he said yes! I tried to color it like he did, and we printed it as an insert in this issue—the first color TMNT story. Freaking awesome.

# ANNOTATIONS

**Pages 1–3:** We were messing around with this one—several large blocks of story recap with Jim McNaughton, and "Something's happening—!" (Man, was I glad we had a letterer by this time!) Then there is the spread! I think after the #6 spread we had set the bar pretty high, and this was a great attempt to top it! As I mentioned before, it really does take these kinds of shots to make a story work—you need the big scenes to bring everybody in, and have them buy into the acting when you get them there.

**Page 4–5:** I loved the dramatic reporting, "God Bless America!" bit on page four, and no cooler way to top it than the splash on page 5, where the guys are back—with guests no less!

REMAIN STATIONARY! OUR NERVE BLASTERS ARE SET TO RENDER YOU UNCONCIOUS!
STAY CALM, AND YOUR SITUATION WILL BE EXPLAINED!
THIS... MUST BE :KOFF!: A STINKING FEDERAT TRAP!
SOMEHOW :KOFF!: WE'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY A SPECIAL FEDERAT FORCE! NO DOUBT THEY SEEK TO :COUGH!: TORTURE US FOR INTELLIGENCE INFORMATION!
CALM YOURSELF, TRICERATON! WE SOUGHT ONLY THE TURTLES-- THE REST OF YOU WERE BROUGHT ALONG BY ACCIDENT! WE APOLOGIZE-- AND WILL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME WORLDS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
EH? HOW CAN YOU...?
WAIT A MOMENT! :KOFF!: NO SHIP BROUGHT US HERE... THAT ENERGY FIELD... :COUGH!: ...YOU BEAMED US HERE!
YOU HAVE A WORKING TRANSMAT DEVICE!
...AND :KOFF!: FOR THE GLORY OF THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC--
--WE MUST SEIZE IT!!!

**Page 7:** Setting the stage and we're weaving like crazy—bringing the TCRIs in tune with the Triceratons, and linking in the Fugitoid—and the faithful readers don't know how far we'll go yet!

**Page 10:** But not before a little fighting! Thinking back now, I'm pretty sure I drew the cover before we'd fully gotten into the issue, and now I needed the scene where we paid it off. Here's that page...

**Page 13:** After some intense action, time for a little more connectivity and an AWESOME reunion splash page when the boys are back with their father! I love this page, even though Splinter looks more like a wolf here than a rat, and his head is too big for his body in that drawing... just me getting picky here! Still emotional though.

**Page 15:** Another perfect chance to keep all the family coming back together, with a cut to a worried April, the mom/sister figure, arriving at the guys' last known location.

**Page 17:** Now it was time to catch the guys up with what happened to Splinter when he went missing in issue #3. It was the perfect segue into the bigger origin story to come shortly...

**Page 19:** Heh! A couple hundred words later and that brings us up to the backstory of the TCRI Aliens and how they arrived on Earth over twenty years ago, which drives the whole thing home to the TMNTs' origin. The TCRIs match the details of their story of losing a radioactive canister while driving through the city fifteen years ago with Splinter's explanation of how he and the Turtles were born!

**Page 23:** So there you have it—after nearly 300 pages of Turtle tales, we have pretty much connected all the dots, and the origin is complete... now back to the action!

**Page 24+:** And starting with page 24, that is exactly what we wanted to have happen! From here until the end, we used every classic storytelling trick in the book—everything we knew that worked—and all the stuff we loved! From the ticking bomb under the table, to the second and third endings, to every MacGyver trick we could throw in along with the kitchen sink... and I think it all worked.

From the rocket launcher shot on page 25 to the tech talk and all-hands-on-deck of page 26, we pushed the pace. With the army attacking on page 28 we needed some robot help on page 29—and I'm sure Pete pulled this idea from one of the countless novels he'd read, and I loved it. The firefight was on! Every page we would have the army inch closer as the whole crew fights to survive—not only so the Aliens and the Fugitoid could leave, but so the Turtles could get beamed to safety as well.

**Page 33:** So by the time we get you here it is all coming to a head! The beam is on but they can't adjust it, the Army is at their doorstep, and the self-destruct is on and counting down! There is no time left, and everyone must leave!

**Page 34:** And yes, we're going to take you all the way there... with no time to explain. The little Pac- Man-looking TCRI guys say, "Trust us," and the Turtles say good-bye to Earth—and then the Army busts in! That's it. Then, in the lower righthand comic book page, we have you thinking the guys are going back into space—perfect—now turn the page.

**Page 37:** Now that you've seen all the guys safely jammed into April's tub/shower, you glance back over to page 36 for Jim McNaughton's wrap-up and see that everything is still a mystery, and their secret is safe.

It was the coolest "The End" that we got to put on the bottom of the last page... it was the biggest and the longest story we'd ever done. It was an awesome kind of exhaustion but, although I don't think we 100 percent knew what the next issue would be at that time, I know we had a lot of ideas...

PLATE NO#1.

PLATE #2

NEWS ST
NYPD
PLATE#3

YOU ROOK MAH-VO-LUS!!
TA DA!
PLATE #4

# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION, VOLUME 1

TCRS